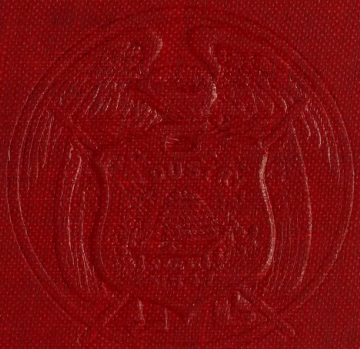

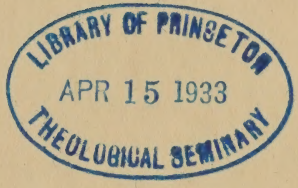

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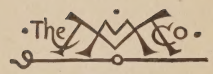
THE STORY OF UTAH

THE BEEHIVE STATE



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THE STORY OF UTAH

THE BEEHIVE STATE

BY

JOHN HENRY EVANS

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1933

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TO THE READER

Utah is rich in natural beauty and resources, in the spirit of romance and adventure, and best of all, in examples of what men can do working together instead of separately.

More than one world traveler has been entranced by its nooks and corners of quiet loveliness, its varied moderate climate, its cool streams rushing down into the valleys, its canyons of rock and foliage, its gorgeous sunsets over the inland sea. In the bosom of its rugged hills, moreover, is to be found almost every mineral, even the rarest, known to man, and Utah's coal deposits could "keep the home-fires burning" on all the hearths of the world for a hundred years and more.

Here, too, the adventurous spirit in man has found no leash. While the people who settled Utah were looking for homes, not adventure, when they came West, yet they experienced the thrill that comes from discovery in any field of human endeavor. From Salt Lake City, in 1847 and later, they pushed out in all directions to explore, to see what was to be found — up the unknown canyons, into the untrod valleys beyond, and down the unresting streams. No mountain was too high, or canyon too winding and difficult, or desert too parched, or narrows too impassable for those strong men and courageous women to attempt. And then, wherever they set their stakes, they faced unflinchingly the foes of all first settlers, whether they appeared in the form of the dry east wind, the cricket and grasshopper, or the undiscriminating tomahawk in the hand of the Indian.

But Utah has also been the Land of Teamwork. That is the best thing in its history. The pioneers, as a matter of fact, had to pull together or die separately. Nowhere else in America has the spirit of coöperation been so dominant as in Utah. Together men plowed their fields, fenced them, planted the seed, and harvested the crops; together they cut down the trees on the mountain side, hewed them into shapely logs, and set them up into not uncomely houses; together they built roads between the towns and from canyon to town, and dug canals and ditches for irrigation purposes; together they built walls around their towns for protection from Indians; together they erected schoolhouses and established a political government, that they might have an ordered and cultivated life.

Like the colonies of New England, Utah remains a unique place in our country to study nation building; only, in Utah the task is made easier by reason of the completer record of the processes of statesmanship. For in the western commonwealth everything as it happened was set down in writing; the documents are numerous and in great detail — as any one may see for himself who will visit the Church Historian's office in Salt Lake City.

In the following pages no attempt has been made to see how many names and figures could be crowded into them. To be sure, there are such in this book, but they are few in number, and they are here because of their importance in the history of the State. But names and figures do not make history. Certainly they do not make interesting reading — except to specialists.

Rather the aim here has been to see how vividly the life of the men and women in earlier Utah could be reproduced — their struggles to found a commonwealth on an enduring

principle, their ways of working and playing and living, their joys and sorrows in the group life, their sources of succor and inner peace. And so everywhere human-interest details have been sought and set down in this book, in late as well as in early chapters.

Perhaps also it ought to be added that, in the main, this book is based on a study of the source material in Utah history. Almost never has secondhand material been followed. This will explain the occasional differences to be found here between what appears in this book and in others on certain incidents — the seagull story, for instance. It is a difference rather in the facts that have been selected and the point of view in the telling. And then, too, there is less in the way of comment and explanation than is usually found in books of this sort. The incident known in Utah history as the "Johnston Army episode" is an instance of this. The facts are told and then left to speak for themselves.

This material has been organized in the interest of simplicity and clearness — first into large sections, or "Parts," then into chapters, with a further division of chapters, made unobtrusively apparent by wider spaces between their organic parts. This breaking up of the material into small and large units will facilitate the mastery of the book where it is used for class study.

The two-page map on pages 186 and 187 locates for the reader practically all of the features of Utah, both physical and political, and including chief railroad lines, mentioned in this book. Only a few obscure and transitory place names have been omitted.

Salt Lake City, Utah,
November, 1932. J. H. E.

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I do not in the least want to know what happened in the past, except as it enables me to see my way more clearly through that which is happening to-day.

— VISCOUNT MORLEY.

PART I

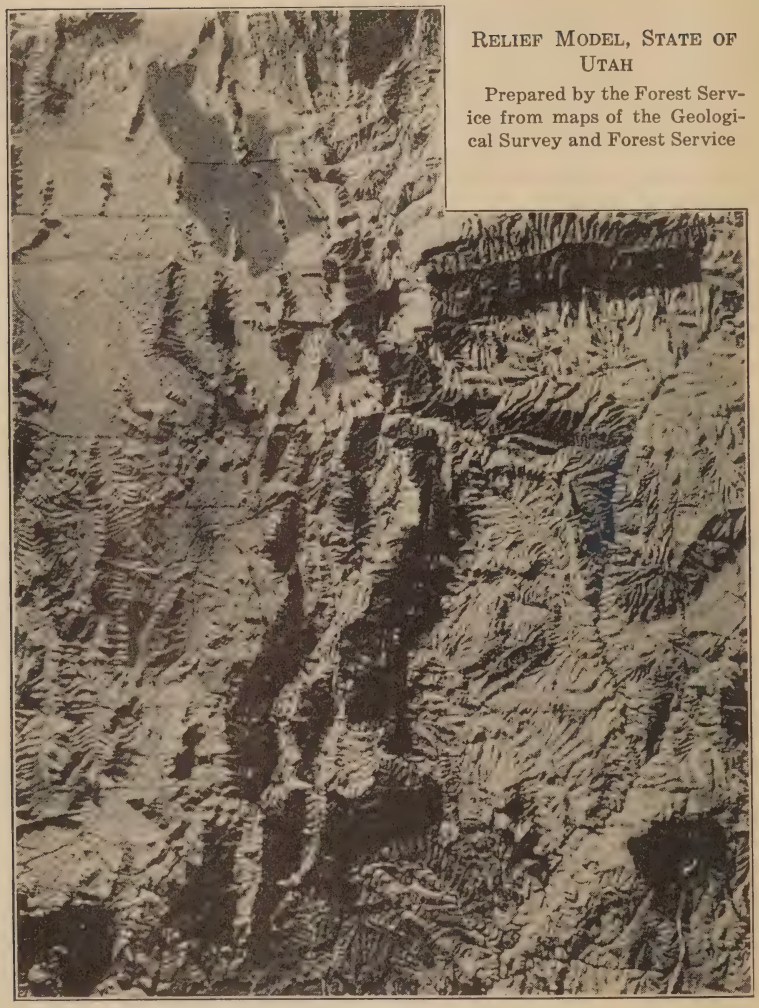
THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS

In Utah, Together with an Account of Those Who Preceded Them and of the Natives Whom They Found There; Also of the Explorations of and the Settlements Made in the Valleys of the Region

Just why did white people come to America in the first place? And why did so many men and women, children of those first immigrants, leave the old settlements in the East and push out into the wilderness and mountains of the West?

The answer is the same in both cases. Some of them were in search of gold, some of adventure; but many of them were looking for a place in which to make a home.

Now Utah, it is pleasant to think, was founded by a people who were home seekers and home builders — a far higher motive than a desire for adventure or gold. They came to the West because they wanted to find a place where they might live in greater peace and freedom than they were enjoying in their old homes. And this fact is at the bottom of almost everything that has happened in Utah since then.



RELIEF MODEL, STATE OF UTAH

Prepared by the Forest Service from maps of the Geological Survey and Forest Service

CHAPTER ONE

A COMPANY OF HOME SEEKERS

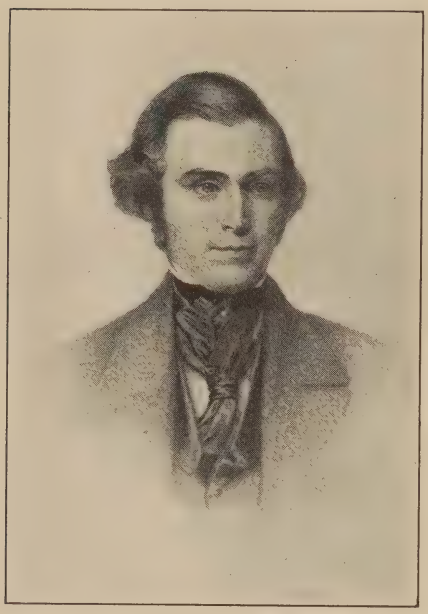
On a certain blistering afternoon in July, 1847, two men might have been seen picking their way carefully up through the brush on the eastern slope of a hill near the mouth of a canyon overlooking what is now known as Salt Lake City. The hill has since been named Red Butte and the canyon Emigration Canyon.

One of the men was thirty-five years old; the other, twenty-eight. They had but one horse between them, which the younger man was leading by the bridle reins. Both were in their shirt sleeves; the older one carried his coat on his arm; the younger man's was hanging from the horn of the saddle. Also both were unshaved, having a few days' growth of beard on their faces. And each saw things out of a pair of very sharp, intelligent eyes. One could see at a glance that the men were neither adventurers nor fur traders.

Having reached the summit of the hill, they stopped to look out over the valley below them to the west, each thinking his own thoughts, but keeping them to himself. Evidently they were satisfied with what they saw and with what they thought. For after they had gazed in silence for a few seconds, they snatched off their hats, as if they had got the same idea at precisely the same moment, and shouted joyously, meanwhile waving their hats. It is very doubtful

whether the echoes thereabouts had ever been disturbed before in this strange fashion.

The scene they looked upon was far different from what it is to-day after over eighty-five years. A long, somewhat narrow and irregular bowl lay before them. On the whole, the ground was level. It was cut into two unequal parts by a ribbon of water running north and south through the valley. Beyond the stream shimmered a glassy lake, and on the other side of the lake rose a ridge of mountains. Here and there, out of its blue depths, jutted some islands — mostly composed of rock, it appeared. As for the land itself, that was white and barren-looking, and waves of heat rose from its alkali surface everywhere. Both ends of the bowl, it seemed, were shut in by low hills.



ORSON PRATT

Not a tree, not a green thing, was in sight, except some willows along a creek that stole glimmeringly out of a canyon to the northeast, and something that looked like a patch of grain on another small stream to the southeast.

The only human beings to be seen anywhere were some Indians, not very numerous, over toward the river; and they acted for all the world as if they were trying to corral some fowls or animals so small as not to be visible from that distance. What they were actually doing, as the men afterwards learned, was shooing myriads of black crickets into a writhing mass, where the pests might be caught. The natives were thus preparing their food for the winter!

Having feasted their eyes on the landscape and seen in it apparently more than met the eye, one of the men, the older, descended into the valley, while the other went back after his coat, which had fallen from the horn of the saddle.

The older man first made his way toward the patch of green that resembled waving grain, to the south. But presently, as he came near enough to discover that it was not wheat but canes, he retraced his steps in part, and bent his course toward the willows to the north. Before reaching these, however, he stopped and looked round for a good spot on which to make a camp. For they were but scouts, these two, preparing the way for others that were to follow.

All this happened on the twenty-first of July. The next day, after the men had returned over the hill and into the canyon out of which they had come, a line of covered wagons creaked their way lumberingly down into the valley. They followed the same general course the scouts had first taken.

Twenty-three wagons there were in all, with forty-three men, counting the two we have been speaking about. On and on they came, these prairie schooners, as they have been

called, till they reached the place which had been selected as a camping site.

The first thing they did, after unhitching and feeding their animals and themselves, was to hold a prayer meeting. One of the men — the older of the two scouts, who was also their leader and a minister of the gospel — called them together. He told them that the land was to be dedicated before any work was done on it. So the forty-three men knelt down on the ground in a circle, most of them facing the preacher.

And thereupon he prayed aloud.

He thanked God for the safe journey over the plains and the hills, the rivers and the gorges. For no one had died on the way. He thanked God also for the place to which, he said, Providence had led them. And he invoked the blessings of heaven on the soil, that it might yield abundantly under the hand of the tiller; on the seed they were about to plant, that, despite the lateness of the season, it might not be utterly unfruitful; on the climate in the valley and on the mountains, that they might be tempered to the benefit of those who were to live there; and on the people, that they might not forget God, but remember him in all their ways with gratitude.

This done, some plows were got out of the wagons. It was necessary, every one felt, to prepare against the future, as well as to test the soil. But the ground proved so hard and unyielding that several plowshares were broken in the attempt to turn it over.

Then it was that a brilliant idea came to one of the men. It was an idea that, in the words of an American

historian, was to "transform the sun-baked region into a country of almost unbelievable productiveness." That idea was nothing less than irrigation. The man proposed that a ditch be dug from the creek to the ground to be plowed, so that it might be flooded and thereby softened. And that is what they did.

That was one of the great moments in the history of Utah and in the history, too, of the West. Truly, necessity is the mother of invention!

Erastus Snow

After the ground had been allowed to dry a little, the plow turned it over beautifully. Then some potatoes were planted. These, however, did not mature. The season was too far advanced for that. But they grew till they were about the size of marbles and walnuts. Thereupon they were harvested, as if they were full grown, and carefully put away in a pit till spring. The next autumn they brought forth a crop that fully repaid the planting.

By the time five acres of land had been plowed on the banks of the stream, another line of covered wagons, a much

longer one than the first, came jolting out of the canyon from the east and down into the valley. And presently, instead of forty-three, there were exactly one hundred forty-three men, three women, and two children. The number of wagons now in the valley was exactly seventy-three. Three of the men were colored.

This second company arrived in Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847. It comprised, with those already here on that day, the first white people to enter the valley for the purpose of making a home. Also it was the first settlement by home seekers in what is now called Utah.

The day after their arrival was Sunday. Being a religious folk, these newcomers did not work on that day, but worshiped. They held two sacred services, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. It was a novel sight, this gathering of people in the great open spaces. While they sang and prayed and preached, the sun beat down on their heads, the tall mountains looked on in their impressive silence, and the parched ground sent up its heat to meet the heat already in the air.

The principal sermon was preached by the man who had dedicated the land on the twenty-second. As a foundation for his discourse, he read the striking and appropriate words of an old Hebrew prophet (Isaiah, LII, 7–10), which you may find in the *Bible,* if you care to look for them. This is how they read:

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, . . . that saith unto Zion, 'Thy God reigneth!' . . . Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places; . . . for the Lord hath

comforted his people. He . . . hath made bare his arm in the eyes of all the nations."

Just before the services drew to a close in the afternoon, another man rose to speak. A stockily-built man, yet on this occasion he was so weak from mountain fever that he was unable to stand up very long. He said:

"We must not work on the Sabbath. If we do, we shall lose more than we gain. Neither ought we to fish or hunt on that day. Men who persist in working or hunting or fishing on the Lord's day should not be countenanced among us.

"No man can buy land here, for no one has any land to sell. But every man shall have his land measured out to him, which he must cultivate in order to keep it. Besides, there shall be no private ownership of the streams that come out of the canyons nor of the timber that grows on the hills. These belong to the people — all the people. And, as there seems to be a scarcity of timber, only dead trees ought to be used for fuel — at least for the present."

After the meeting had adjourned, the men gathered in small knots to talk the situation over. They spoke of the difficulties of the journey from the Missouri, a thousand miles away; of the appearance of the country to which they had come; of the prospects during the approaching winter; and of the probability of trouble with Indians.

Some of the company, particularly the women, were not at all pleased with the looks of things, and that is not to be wondered at.

No doubt the lake was beautiful and the mountains impressive, but one could not live on beauty and grandeur.

Besides, the great hills on the east only stood as a barrier to the way back, and no one knew what lay ahead of them. As for the rest — the sultry air, the alkali soil, the nasty black crickets, the half-starved natives — it was enough to make the heart sick. One of the women was disconsolate because there were no trees in the valley. Another expressed the wish to go farther on, without knowing whether she would fare better or worse. And all that one of the men could see was those wretched Indian folk dining on insects.

Acme Photo Co., Salt Lake City

PIONEER VIEW MONUMENT
"This is the place!"

But most of the company, especially the leaders, were pleased for one reason or another. Nor can this be wondered at when we reflect on the optimistic nature of some people.

One of the leaders called attention to the streams and springs, the green grass on the banks of the creeks, the fertility of the soil he had examined, if only water could be had, and the fine sites for possible lumber and grist mills.

To another of these leaders the vastness of the valley appealed tremendously, as well as the richness of the soil as he had observed it on his way down the canyon. He said

he was "joyfully disappointed." Things were really better than he had been led to expect.

As for the leader of the entire company, he said very emphatically, "This is the place!" And his first view of the valley, too, had been from a sick bed in a wagon box, as the vehicle had stood on the brow of the hill eastward.

All of which goes to show that it is not what you see that counts, but what you see *with*. Anyhow, it was so in the case of this first company of settlers in Salt Lake Valley.

Who were these people? Where did they come from? And why did they come to a desert land, a thousand miles from anywhere, to make themselves a home?

CHAPTER TWO

THE FIRST SETTLERS IN UTAH

Those two scouts we saw coming over the brow of the hill out of Emigration Canyon on the twenty-first of July were Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow. Orson Pratt was the older of the two. The man who spoke against working on Sunday, and about the true ownership of water and timber, was no other than Brigham Young.

And those one hundred forty-eight persons who were in the valley of the Salt Lake were but the advance guards of a great host of men, women, and children, for whom they were preparing the way — a company of able-bodied men, for the most part, blazing trails for others who were also pioneers. That larger company, or rather series of companies, was awaiting the word to set in motion their long trains of covered wagons toward the West.

These hundred forty-eight persons, with those who were expecting to come here, were known as Mormons. They called themselves, however, Latter-day Saints.

In two main respects the first settlers of Utah differed from other settlers in the West, both during these years and afterwards. In the first place, they were from a larger number of different communities than any other single group of early Western home seekers.

As a rule, immigration into the Far West was made up of small companies, the members of which were bound together by ties of kinship or common locality. About the only exception to this, outside of the Mormons, were the first settlers of California, and they were really not an exception, because they did not come west in one company, nor in a series of related companies, but rather in many separate groups, as was the case in the gold rush of 1849.

From Historian's Office, Salt Lake City
BRIGHAM YOUNG

The Mormons, however, came west in a great body — twenty thousand of them, men, women, and children. They really formed a separate and distinct community by themselves. They were bound together by a common religious faith and by pressure from without.

Most of them were from New England — Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. But some of them hailed from such States as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, and Ohio. It is not at all improbable that all the States then in the Union were

represented in the group. Many of them were from Canada, and some had come from far-away England. Later immigrants to Utah, as we shall find, were to hail from Great Britain, France, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries.

In the second place, the Mormon people, like the Pilgrims of New England, came to the West in search of a place in which to make a home, where they might enjoy peace and freedom to work out their social and religious problems. Indeed, the early settlers in Utah have often been compared with the first settlers of Massachusetts in their general character.

Both the Pilgrims and those colonists of Utah were an earnest people. They took life seriously. Also, they were both very religious. That is why, perhaps, they were sober-minded. Not that either of them lacked the sense of humor, which so often helps us out of difficulties by giving us a better understanding of things. And then, too, both had found it impossible to worship God in perfect freedom in the old homes. We shall see pretty soon just why this was so in the case of the first settlers in Utah. Hence, both peoples sought a new home in the wilderness — the Pilgrims in the wilds of the New World, the Mormons in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains.

This religious outlook, this seriousness of purpose in the people who first settled Utah, as we shall learn in the progress of our story, was what made life go on differently here in some respects from the great stream of contemporary life elsewhere in the United States.

The Mormons were followers of Joseph Smith. He had been their prophet leader until his death in 1844. Mormon-

ism was a new religion. Its adherents, however, were but dissenting Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Catholics, what not. Many of them, although deeply religious, had not been members of any of the churches before connecting themselves with the Latter-day Saints.

The organization arose in the western part of New York State. That was in 1830. Its teachings were based on the *Bible* and the *Book of Mormon* in part. The latter professed to be a history of prehistoric America; the Mormons claimed that it had been revealed to the founder of the faith in a series of visions.

Everything would have gone on very well with the people — so at any rate it seems — if it had not been for a peculiar doctrine held by them. That doctrine was what they termed the "principle of gathering." According to this idea it is necessary for the people of God (whom the Mormons claimed to be) to collect in one place, preferably on the American continent. The purpose of this, it appears, was to afford a better opportunity for group life, for coöperative effort.

At first the gathering point was in New York State, chiefly in the towns of Fayette and Colesville. But in 1831 the Church, numbering only a few score, moved to Ohio, on the Chagrin River. Their main town was Kirtland. Here hundreds joined the new society. At the same time settlements were begun in Missouri, where their Zion was to be established. Presently most of the Mormons — those in Ohio as well as elsewhere — assembled in western Missouri. It was here that the doctrine of the "gathering" became most troublesome.

The "old" settlers in Jackson County were from the South,

principally from North Carolina and Tennessee. They, therefore, believed in slavery, and were anxious that the practice should be maintained. The newcomers, on the contrary, were from the North, and did not accept the doctrine of slavery. Moreover, the two groups kept pretty much apart, went to different churches, and divided at the political elections.

As the Mormons were coming into the county very numerously, it was clear that in time they would outnumber the old settlers, and that therefore their views would prevail in the end. And so, the old settlers thought, the matter must come to a head before the Mormons got to be too strong. Then occurred the expulsion of the Latter-day Saints in a body.

It was the same in Illinois, where they next gathered.

If, however, the Saints, instead of collecting in one large group, had been content to remain where they were when they were converted to the faith, there would not have been the clashes that came of necessity between them and non-Mormons in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois. And in that event they would not have acted under the impulse to move west; and in that event, too, the story of this State would have been very different from what it is.

So much of the history of the first settlers here before their arrival in Utah is necessary in order to understand some of the events and problems in the history of the State. It is necessary, too, in order to know why it was that they came to the West instead of going somewhere else to make a new home. For character and environment react on each other. When you know a person — his parentage, his ideals, the

life he has led — you have something by which to account for what he does.

At the time when the first pioneers were turning over those five acres of soil in the valley and taking an inventory of what there was to be seen here, the rest of the twenty thousand trekkers were mostly on the western borders of the United States.

Their settlements formed a slender cord stretching between the Mississippi and the Missouri River. It had knots in it, this cord, big or little according to the number of people each represented. One of the biggest of these was at a place called Mount Pisgah; another, at Garden Grove; and a third, the largest of all, at Council Bluffs — all of them either in Iowa or on Indian territory. There was a big knot also on the west side of the Missouri River, which had been named Winter Quarters. It was from here that all the companies set out for the West.

But some of the Mormons were in California — five hundred of them, the ablest-bodied in the camp. These have become known in history as the Mormon Battalion. Just then they were helping to hold the West Coast for the United States against Mexico. This army had performed one of the most notable forced marches in American history. It had gone over deserts, through deep gorges, and across high mountains amid extreme dangers from Indians, hunger, and thirst.

A large company, however, was even now on its way to the Salt Lake basin. It numbered upwards of two thousand persons — men, women, and children — and was under the direction of Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor. These people

and their goods occupied between six and seven hundred wagons, drawn mostly by oxen. So anxious were they to reach the valley before snow began to fly that they could not wait to hear from the pioneer company. Those were not the days, you know, of the railway, the automobile, or the telephone and the telegraph.

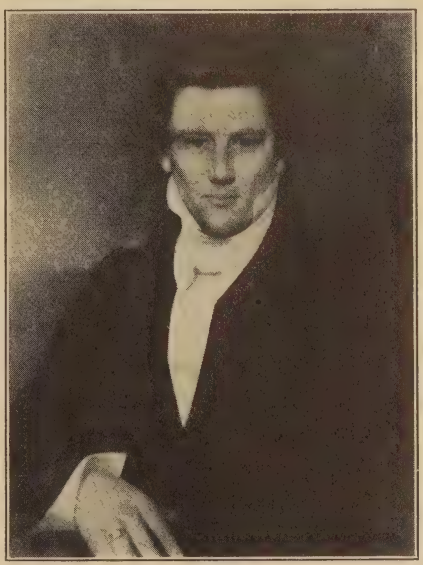
But why did the Mormon people come out to what was then set down on the map as the Great American Desert to make a home, instead of going, say, to Texas, where they would not be so far from civilization? The answer to that question makes a very interesting story, and at the same time throws an attractive sidelight on a phase of United States history.

We have already seen how the Mormons happened to be in Illinois. They were driven there by their old-time neighbors in Missouri. At that time there were about twenty thousand of them in the State — nearly all in the City of Nauvoo.

They had been well received by the Illinoisans, for the State was in sore need of settlers — or, strictly speaking, of taxpayers — especially if they promised to be thrifty, as the Mormons had the reputation for being; and the political parties were such close rivals that it was nip and tuck between them at the polls.

But right here lay a snare for the unwary feet of the newcomers. For whenever election day came round, it so happened usually that, as the Mormons thought, it was to their advantage to vote together. Then there was trouble, of course, no matter which way the election went.

When Joseph Smith, the leader of these people, saw how things stood, he naturally looked for a solution of the problem. He could see that the more Mormons came to Illinois, the bigger the problem would become. Also, he knew that it would be the same in any other old community. So he bethought him of the West.



JOSEPH SMITH
From a painting owned by Frederick Smith, Independence, Mo.

It happened that, about this time, there was considerable interest in the West. For one thing, a preacher named Jason Lee gave a number of addresses in Missouri and Illinois, in 1838–9, on the opportunities to be found beyond the Rockies. And then, for another thing, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, suggested to Joseph Smith that he take his people to the Oregon region, occupy it in the name of the United States, and establish there a government. Whether or not these things influenced the Mormon prophet is not known. That, however, is what he decided to do.

He set men to finding out everything they could about the Salt Lake basin. These men read books, studied maps

of the territory, and marked out possible routes thither. Smith asked Congress to aid in the movement by giving its consent, for he proposed to do the job on a big scale. He would take the country from Mexico in the name of the United States, move upwards of a hundred thousand people there, and then organize them, with the consent of Congress, into a State.

But Joseph Smith was killed before he could carry out his plans. And so his successor, Brigham Young, took up the work where it had been laid down by the dead leader.

That is why the Latter-day Saints came west to the Rocky Mountains, instead of going elsewhere.

CHAPTER THREE

PATHFINDERS, WHITE AND INDIAN

While the Mormons were in reality the first white *settlers* in what we know as Utah, they were by no means the first *persons* to visit this region and to pick up information concerning it. Before them were the missionary, the fur-trader, and the explorer; and before these — ages before them, as a matter of fact — were those stealthy wanderers of the forest and the plains, the Indians of America.

We have seen that the Mormons came here in search of a home. That was not the reason the white people before them entered this wild country. These earlier folk came to Utah for purposes of business mainly.

The first of these was a Spaniard named Cardenas, with a chronicler by the name of Sotomayer and a few others. But as nothing ever came of this expedition, except an imaginative and impossible map, we need not pause here for details. That was in 1540.

Then silence for more than two hundred years.

In 1776 a Catholic priest, also a Spaniard, with eight other men, entered this region. His name was Escalante. There is a monument to his honor on the Green River, near the little town of Jensen, where the dinosaurs were found, and another in Spanish Fork.

His purpose, it appears, was not to preach Christianity to the Indians, as one might be led to believe — although he did that, too, as we shall see presently — but rather to establish a shorter line between the towns of Santa Fe, in what is now New Mexico, and Monterey on the Pacific Coast. The party did not find that shorter route, though, for discouragement entered the hearts of some of the men; so, after casting lots and reading a passage in the *Bible*, they went back.

Monument to Escalante at Spanish Fork

Escalante tells us a good deal about this wild region and the natives whom he met here. Entering Utah at the Green River, the party pushed its way into Wasatch County, the Provo Valley, Spanish Fork, and passed out of the State at a point in Washington County. Escalante did not go as far north as the Great Salt Lake, but he heard about its brackish waters from the natives.

On the Provo River he told some Indians about the

gentle Nazarene. It was one day under the shadow of Mount Timpanogos, not far from Utah Lake. The simple sincerity and eagerness of the Indians impressed him not a little. He felt assured, he says, that, moved by divine grace, they would accept Christianity.

Farther on, too, past the Sevier desert, he preached the gospel to another group of natives. These, it seems, had saved the party from a terrible death by thirst. Both the whites and the Indians were very much moved by the missionary's message of good will.

"We bade good-by to them all," says Escalante, "especially to the chief, and they took our hand with great tenderness and affection. We had only just left them, when they all, following the example of their chief, began to jump up and cry and shed tears, and even when we were a long way off we could still hear them lamenting. Poor lambs of Christ, wandering about for want of light! They so moved us to compassion that some of our companions could not restrain their tears."

While we are thinking about this devout Catholic missionary, we may as well say something of another Catholic priest, who knew perhaps even more about the great basin of the Rockies and its inhabitants and who exerted a powerful influence over them — although, chronologically speaking, he does not come into our story at this point.

Father De Smet was a Belgian by birth. At the age of thirty-seven he founded a mission at Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. Later he came farther west by way of the historic Oregon Trail. He must have been a man of noble impulses as well as clear vision, for as he looked upon the

rich soil and beautiful valleys on the banks of the streams, his mind went back to Europe's poor, who "cry for bread and wander without shelter or hope" and who "could end their sorrows" in western America, where, through industry and work, they "might rear a smiling home and reap in plenty the fruit of their toil."

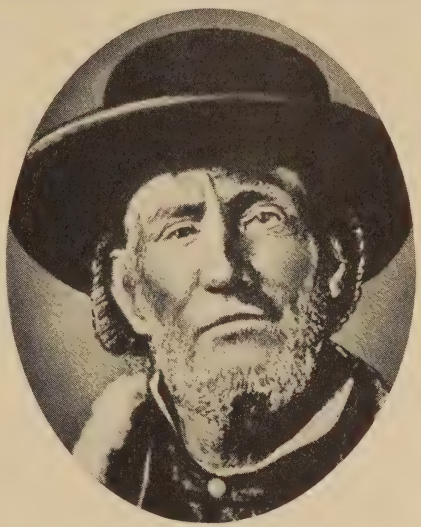
This man knew the Salt Lake Valley. He had visited it in 1841. And when he went back to his mission on the Missouri, he told the Mormon leaders there all about it, in answer to their inquiries. While this information did not decide the question as to where the Mormons should go, yet it must have helped them to visualize the place for which they were headed. The leaders were grateful for what the priest told them about it.

De Smet's influence with the Indians was very great. He attended some of their councils during this period and helped to form their policy toward the whites. It is not at all improbable that he paved the way for more peaceful relations between the natives and the settlers here than would otherwise have existed. He, too, should have a monument in Utah to perpetuate his name and his kindly personality and deeds.

Among the fur traders and scouts of the great West in those days James Bridger was outstanding. So we cannot do better than to center in this unusual frontiersman the information we need concerning the explorations made by his type of early Westerners.

He was born in 1804, and lived to be seventy-eight years old. At fourteen he lost his father. Four years later, in

answer to an advertisement, he joined the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, owned by a Mr. Ashley and a Mr. Henry. There were just ninety-nine others hired out to this organization at this time, among them such men as Etienne Provost, for whom Provo was named, and the Sublette brothers. This was in 1822. It was the intention to row up the Missouri River to the Three Forks in what is now Montana.



JAMES BRIDGER

Jim Bridger was a typical scout. His tall, spare, straight figure easily became inured to the hardships of a frontier life. And then he was naturally endowed otherwise for the work he was to do. Shrewd, companionable, and generous by nature, he found no difficulty in creating confidence in the natively suspicious Indians. Also he was very observant. Nothing escaped his keen brown eyes. It is said that he could see clearly objects that were not visible to other men even with a spyglass. And he remembered everything, too. Once he had visited a region, it was forever impressed on his plastic mind.

Bridger, although not educated, carried in his brain a complete map of the whole country bounded by the British

possessions, New Mexico, the eastern Rockies, and the Pacific Ocean. He had gone over it all, at one time or another, and with his extraordinary sense for locality and direction, he never got lost.

In those days there was a great deal of money to be made in the fur trade. It was not an uncommon sight for trappers to be seen coming down the Missouri to St. Louis with fur packs worth anywhere from ten thousand to one hundred thousand dollars. There were several companies carrying on the trade, among which were the Hudson Bay Fur Company, the American Fur Company, and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

After two years Jedediah Smith, another famous trapper, took Henry's place in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. In 1826 he and the Sublette boys bought out Ashley and Henry, only to sell again in 1830 to Bridger and three others.

While Bridger was working for Smith and his partners, he had as many as two hundred men under his direction at one time, including the famous Kit Carson, for whom Carson Valley, Nevada, was named. When he bought into the company, he purchased a large collection of pelts from Peter Skene Ogden, for whom the "junction city" was named.

Perhaps no one knew the region within the present boundaries of Utah better than Bridger. One season he wintered in Cache valley. He was the first white man to look upon the Great Salt Lake, and one of the first to appreciate the wonders of the Yellowstone, whose beauties he never tired of depicting. No man, therefore, was in a better position to advise the pioneer company not to settle in the Salt Lake

Valley, as he is said to have done, but to go northward rather into Cache Valley.

Bridger was three times married — the first time to a Mormon woman, who divorced him; the second time to a Ute Indian woman, who did not live long; and the third time to a Snake Indian woman, who survived him. He was, therefore, what we know as a squaw man.

As for the Indians in this region — Utes and Pah-Utes (Piutes) — they were on the whole less warlike and dangerous than the general run of savages we read about in American history.

They were roving rather than stationary in their habits. They lived in cone-shaped wikiups of poles covered with hides, which they took down and moved whenever the germ of uneasiness began to work in them. For the natives of those times loved the fresh mountain air and the freedom which it breathes. They were true children of the woods and the hills; and when the time for moving came on, one might have seen their spotted ponies, of which they were very fond, heavily loaded with two bundles of pole ends tied to their sides (the other ends dragging on the ground) and with squaws and papooses atop, tugging their slow way windingly up and down and in and out. The women had done all the heavy work, the bucks supervising the job.

Of some of the Utah natives Father De Smet, who knew them well, does not speak with too much respect. One tribe he characterizes as the most miserable and degraded people on earth. They lived, he says, in crevices and holes in the ground, wore no clothing, used only the bow and arrow,

Ute Indians

and ate ants and grasshoppers. Rarely, he adds, did one find more than two or three together, and they were by nature timid in the presence of the whites. Another tribe, he says, burnt their deceased relatives, with the best horses that had belonged to them. And still another group, he

Courtesy D. F. Davis, Salt Lake City

PIONEERS MEETING INDIANS AND TRAPPERS

tells us, were very affable, very polite, very hospitable to strangers, and charitable among themselves. These lived by hunting and fishing, and on fruits and roots. The Utes in the eastern part of the region he speaks of as warlike.

Most of the Utah tribes cultivated the art of dressing the hides of the beaver and the buffalo and making them into wearing apparel. The Snakes, according to Lewis and

Clark, also wore, besides a robe of skins, a short cloak and a shirt, leggings, and moccasins. The Navaho in the south knew how to make wonderful blankets.

As a rule, these Indians were not unfair in their dealings with the white man — provided they were treated by him with justice. A man living in one of the southern counties tells of lending a Navaho twenty-five cents once and of being repaid twenty years afterwards with a beautiful colored blanket an inch thick.

Jim Bridger carried some bullets in his body for three years, which he had received in one of his trustful moods toward the natives. That goes to show that they could be cunning, treacherous, and cruel when these traits of character served their purpose. And the story is told of an Indian brave who went out with a flag of truce to meet a man from a group of traders, with whom the Indians were at war, and of his shooting the white man dead as soon as he came up. The white man, it seems, had killed one of his brothers.

Such were the people who preceded the first settlers in the Salt Lake basin and surrounding territory, and such was their work while making or finding paths in the Rocky Mountains fastnesses. The whole region in those days was a perfect network of narrow trails that led hither and yon through huge forests thick with underbrush, over hills and mountains, across and alongside of streams, where the beaver gnawed trees and built dams and where deer and elk came gingerly to slake their thirst. The most wonderful and famous of these trails was the one that led from Independence, Missouri, to the West Coast — the Oregon Trail.

There is something that appeals tremendously to the imagination in the fearless daring of those rough traders, scouts, and explorers, threading their way through this vast country of deep woods and burning deserts, of shady valleys and chilling mountains, of rushing rivers and quiet creeks, in search of fur-bearing animals or a short cut to somewhere, and never getting lost or experiencing an extra heartbeat on account of darkness or loneliness or danger.

All hail to those intrepid trailmakers, those persevering pathfinders!

CHAPTER FOUR

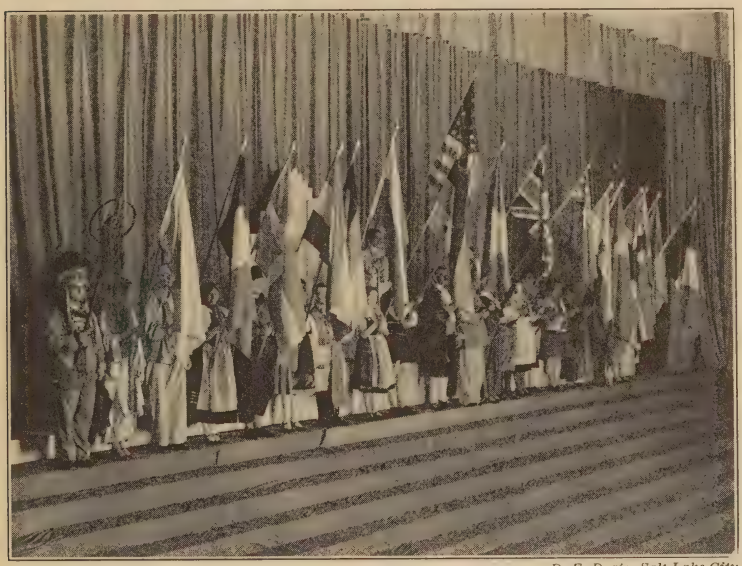
A STREAM POURS INTO THE BASIN

Let us now take up, in mind, a position somewhere in Great Salt Lake City, as the frontier town was grandiloquently called in the early days of Utah. Temple Square will be as good a place as any. But we must stretch our imagination a little and suppose that we can stay at our post for many years — say, from the autumn of 1847 to the time when the railroad was completed, in 1869. If we can do something like that, we shall witness a kaleidoscopic scene, the like of which has never been known anywhere else in the United States or, for that matter, in the world.

We shall see an almost continuous stream of people flowing into the valley of the Salt Lake. Most of them will be in covered wagons — some drawn by oxen, some by horses, and some by cows hitched up with oxen or even horses. In many cases, however, there will be lines of handcarts, loaded with provisions that diminish every day, and pulled or pushed by men and women. And always there will be people of both sexes and of all ages walking by the side of, or before or behind, the wagons and pushcarts.

We have already seen the pioneer company arriving in the valley, camping on the spot where the City and County Building now stands, plowing five acres of land after irrigating it, and holding a public meeting.

Five days pass, and a second train of covered wagons comes down from the eastern ridge into the basin. It comprises, first, a detachment of men from the Mormon Battalion, who, on account of sickness, were forced to turn back in the march and to winter in Pueblo, a Mexican town;



D. F. Davis, Salt Lake City

FLAGS OF THE NATIONS

second, the families of some of the soldiers in the battalion, who expected to go with them to the Coast, but who, instead, were sent back to Pueblo; and third, some Mormon families from Mississippi. The company is under the direction of Captain James Brown and Nelson Higgins.

Before long — that is, early in August — we observe two groups of covered wagons going back into the canyon, in-

stead of coming out of it. The first one consists of thirty-three wagons, with seventy-one men in them, chosen from the original pioneers and the ex-soldiers; the second comprises thirty-six wagons, in which are one hundred eight men, including Brigham Young. They are going to help those already on the way and to fetch more next year. Thus the population of the valley has suddenly been reduced from about four hundred persons to about two hundred.

On the last of August, though, a long caravan of prairie schooners wabbles endlessly out of the canyon. There are five hundred eighty of them. It is the Pratt-Taylor company, fifteen hundred or more men, women, and children, with almost as many different sorts of animals as Noah is said to have taken into the Ark with him — horses, oxen, cows, sheep, chickens, cats, dogs, and other living creatures. Also there are all kinds of seeds and tools.

Winter comes and goes. It is not so rough and boisterous as those two thousand persons had expected, nor so severe as they will experience more than once before they get through. Moreover, spring and summer come and go, without any signs up there in the canyon of an increase in the population.

And then in September, when we have just about given up the idea of any immigration for this season, the wagons begin to jerk their way awkwardly down into the basin. Brigham Young is returning with two thousand five hundred persons, who come in nearly eight hundred wagons. There are literally hundreds of sweating horses and oxen and thousands of loose cattle, sheep, pigs, chickens, cats, dogs, geese, pigeons, squirrels, and ducks — all mooing, bleating, squeal-

ing, clucking, barking, cackling, or squawking at the same time. There is even a hive of bees. The whole population of the town has come out to see if any of their friends have arrived and to give everybody a hearty welcome to the new home.

That was in 1848. From now on English immigrants continue to arrive in the valley by the thousands. They come overseas in shipload after shipload by way of New Orleans, thence up the river to St. Louis, and thence overland by ox teams to Salt Lake City. And presently — that is, after the year 1852 — immigrants begin to come from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. These also arrive by the thousands, over land and sea. In a little while German immigration begins. Americans, English, Welsh, Irish, Scotch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, German, what not — they continue to pour into the valley of the Great Salt Lake by the tens of thousands during these years before the railroad.

But there is one series of companies that come out of the canyon in a different way from any we have seen — from any, in fact, that has ever been seen, either before or since, in Western America. It is known as the handcart immigration of the years 1856 to 1861. About four thousand people came into the valley by means of the handcart — principally British and Scandinavian. It happened in this way:

One of the biggest problems connected with the westward trek of the Utah settlers was to get the necessary means of transportation for so many thousands across the plains and mountains. If each family had had its own equipment, the problem would not have presented itself at all. But unfor-

tunately that was not the case. Many of them were poor to begin with, and many who had been well-to-do had lost their possessions in the expulsions from Missouri and the enforced exodus from Illinois.

How Some Immigrants Came to Utah
From a statue by T. S. Knaphus

And then, as if that were not enough, the Mormon converts in England were determined to join their religious compeers in the new home. They wanted to do this for two reasons. In the first place, they yearned for a closer association with the body of their church in "Zion," as the gathering place in the West came to be called. And then, in the second place, England was at odds with Russia in what is known as the Crimean War. Hence, as generally happens

at such times, food was getting scarcer and scarcer every day in the British Isles. And no one knew then how long the war would last, although it came to an end in 1856.

So it happened that thousands of people were gathered at Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, waiting for the time when they could resume their westward journey; and thousands more were on their way there. As already stated, they could have gone on easily enough, if only they had had either the necessary outfit or the money with which to buy one. But they did not have either, and there was the problem.

The solution, however, as Brigham Young and others thought, was the handcart, which involved a minimum of outlay in money.

A handcart was a two-wheeled vehicle, with a box made of rough boards and a handlebar in front. This was loaded with provisions, bedding, and cooking utensils, and it could be pulled or pushed, according to the convenience of the owner. In order to provide against future contingencies, cows and teams and wagons went with the companies to supply milk and carriage for the sick and helpless. Every precaution was taken against needless suffering from hunger, thirst, and cold. And so the handcart companies came through to their destination with every one happy and in good spirits — all but the last ones.

For days before the arrival of the first company, we scan the east bench, as we sit at our post of observation somewhere on Temple Square, seeking signs of this strangest of all spectacles — hundreds of men, women, and children walking a thousand miles over dusty roads and plains and

mountains, through deep gorges, forests, and streams, camping at night in the glare of fierce, wild eyes, with the great darkness engulfing them. Everybody else in the valley, too, lifts his eyes up to the canyon mouth occasionally for the same signs of approach.

At last, one day in mid-September, they come into plain sight. They are headed by a brass band and a large delegation of people from the city, who have gone out to meet them and to usher them into their future home. And well they deserve such a reception and triumphal entry, for they have done a unique and beautiful thing.

Instead of one company, however, there are two — not together really, but so close that the second almost treads upon the heels of the first. Each has one hundred handcarts, with the required number of wagons and oxen, beef cattle and milk cows. One of the companies is conducted by Edmund Ellsworth, the other by Daniel McArthur. There are close to a thousand persons.

On they come, covered with smiles and white dust. The band plays, people shout and wave their hats and handkerchiefs, and animals look on in dumb amazement from pasture and corral. It is a great day.

Early in October of the same year (1856) another handcart company arrives. This one is made up of people fresh from Wales. It is in the charge of Edward Bunker. These Welsh folk have been on the way exactly one hundred days, having walked an average of ten miles a day.

No sooner have these immigrants been placed in temporary homes than attention is centered on the two other handcart companies still on the way. It is known that

they left Florence rather late in the season, considering the distance to be traversed. One of them left about the middle of August, and the other two weeks later. If winter does not set in earlier than usual, everything will be well.

But winter does set in earlier than usual, and so there is danger. At least, it is believed in the valley that there will be danger. Fear and alarm fill the air, for it is a terrible thing to be caught in a snowstorm in the mountains. All of the people now in the city have been over the road, and so they know. One of the first companies to enter the valley discovered on a certain morning that sixty of their oxen were frozen stiff in the snow. There are these poor people, nearly a thousand of them, who have to pull their own carts.

As soon, therefore, as the first signs of winter appear, steps are taken to forestall any suffering on the part of the immigrants. Joseph A. Young and Stephen Taylor leave the city in a light wagon, so that they may travel fast. They are to inform the people as they meet them that help is on the way and that it will soon be there. After that, as soon as things can be got ready, heavy wagons go up into the east canyon, loaded with food, blankets, and warm clothing. That is all that can be humanly done, and so we sit down and wait, hoping for the best.

It is not until the ninth of November that the first company — Captain Willie's — arrives. Captain Martin's comes in three weeks later. Of the one thousand who started with these two companies, one hundred forty-four have not been able to make the grade. Their bones lie back there on that lonesome trail, picked clean by wolf packs. Most of them are in what came to be called "Martin's Valley."

They come into the town, these handcart folk, between long lines of saddened people. It is like a funeral procession, not the triumphal entry of those first two companies. Brigham Young is one of the onlookers. A ten-year-old daughter is with him, holding his hand. Every once in a while his hand grips hers and trembles; and when she looks up into his face, she sees tears chasing one another down his cheeks. It is the first time she has ever seen her father weep. He is fifty-six years old.

And that is the story, simply and briefly told, of the stream of men and animals that flowed irregularly into the valley of the Salt Lake between the year 1847 and the year 1869. And what a stream!

We are often reminded by those who have made a study of the matter that some day, maybe after the lapse of centuries, we may expect some very unusual greatness to come out of the American "melting pot." They mean that, because so many different nationalities are represented in the United States, there will be built up here a great civilization and culture. That is probably true, if the ancient Greeks and Romans and the English people are anything to go by; for they were each a sort of melting pot in their day, though on a smaller scale than ours.

But what shall we say of the people of Utah? All of the best and strongest nations are fused here, and fused, too, with a thoroughness that can hardly be found in any other American community. For here are the already compounded Americans from every state in the Union; the sturdy English, with their admixture of thrifty Scotch and

vivacious Irish and musical Welsh; the Germans with their solid notions of things, and their sense for organization; the Scandinavians and Icelanders, with their ideas of individualism and self-government; and so on almost without limit.

If these different peoples mix well, if they create a helpful environment as a background to their activities, and if they cultivate the kind of personal qualities that experience shows have the best chances for survival, then there ought to come out of the Utah crucible a new sort of human amalgam.

CHAPTER FIVE

UTAH IS EXPLORED AND SETTLED

Have you ever found yourself in an altogether new situation — in an old house, for instance, with several stories and many rooms; or in a mountain cave, like Timpanogos, with avenues leading out from here and there into strange quarters; or in a wild country with numerous hills and dales, woods, and streams? If so, then you are in a position to appreciate the feelings of the pioneers of Utah, when they entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake and knew that everything was before them to discover. It is positively thrilling to be on the edge of a new discovery in any field of human endeavor.

The Europeans in the time of Columbus experienced that thrill when they began to push out from the home seas and to enter the great unknown on other seas and in other lands. We almost envy such men as Marco Polo, Vasco da Gama, and the greater Columbus.

The early explorers of the New World experienced that thrill — Balboa, when he first looked out over the Pacific Ocean, and De Soto, when he rowed across the Mississippi River. So, too, did those daring scouts in the Great West — Lewis and Clark, Escalante, De Smet, and Bridger. In our own times the thrill of achievement in discovery came also to Lindbergh, to Byrd, and to the round-the-world fliers.

In another field, it was experienced by Newton, who discovered the law of gravitation; by Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; by Pasteur, who discovered the germ theory of disease; and by that unassuming American dentist who tried out anesthetics. It is being experienced to-day by all those silent workers in electricity, chemistry, and physics, to mention only three of many sciences that could be named.

It may be taken for granted, also, that the men who pushed out from Salt Lake Valley into the unexplored regions north, south, east, and west, although they were looking for a place to make a home, got the same sort of thrill. Pioneering was not all hardship. There was the new — always in sight, but never attained. There was the spirit of the conqueror. And there was the feeling of satisfaction that comes from having subdued nature. They had a deep sense of overcoming.

On Monday, the second day after the entrance of the main body of the pioneer company into the valley, a number of men rode up to the summit of a large knoll north of where they had set up their tents. From here they got a clear view of the whole basin. Brigham Young, who was a member of the party, named the mountain Ensign Peak.

The day following, the same group took a ride out into the valley. They went first to the river, which they named the Jordan. Then, crossing this stream, they went to the lake, eighteen miles farther west, to a point where a huge black rock juts out of the salt water. Here they took a swim in the buoyant waters of the lake — probably the first white men to do that.

Early in December of the same year (1847) Parley P. Pratt and a few others went south as far as what is now known as Utah Lake. Here they launched a boat, which they had taken with them, and rowed out into its clear, fresh water.

Stevens and Wallis, Inc., Salt Lake City

GREAT SALT LAKE

Most of the explorations as well as the settlements in Utah appear to have been carried on according to one of two plans. Some of them were made by groups acting on their own individual initiative; others were made by groups who were "called" to make settlements by their leaders.

In the second company to enter the Salt Lake basin from the Missouri — the Pratt-Taylor company — was a man by the name of Perrigrine Sessions. He was then thirty-three years old. The company, as you may remember, arrived here on the twenty-sixth of September.

Sessions, with a friend named Samuel Brown, rode northward as far as what we now call Bountiful. They drove before them a herd of three hundred cattle. One or both of them must have gone there previously and made an inspection of the country. For it is hardly probable that they would have taken cattle there without knowing beforehand about how these would thrive. The animals belonged to the community. This was on the twenty-ninth of September, so that Sessions and Brown did not lose any time.

It was the range that had tempted them. North and south, as one passed along the hills to the east, the land was extremely fertile — as it still is. "A rich farming country" is the way the observant, optimistic Wilford Woodruff puts it down in his ever-present journal. And surely it was that. But, as one went west toward the lake, he came to a region described as "very much cracked by the drouth," and therefore "dangerous for horses."

These two men lived in a wagon that winter, which, fortunately, was mild. Later they went back to Salt Lake for their families. In the spring they were joined by five other families, and in the fall by a few more, including Anson Call. For purposes of protection from Indians, as well as for social contact, they built their houses together. The settlement was called Sessions. It was not till 1855 that it was named Bountiful.

What is now Centerville was settled in much the same manner. In 1847 a certain Thomas Grover, with a few others, went there from Salt Lake City and herded cattle on the range — their own and others. The creek near which they camped was named Deuel Creek, for one of the men in the party. Some time later Grover built an adobe house, which was torn down only recently.

Farmington was settled by Hector C. Haight, who went there directly from Salt Lake City. His purpose also was to herd his own and others' cattle on the range. When others joined him later, it was from Bountiful, in the same general locality.

In December, 1847, James Brown bought nearly all of what is now Weber County from a frontiersman named Miles Goodyear. Brown was a Battalion man. He had brought into the Salt Lake Valley a detachment of Battalion boys and some families from Mississippi a few days after the pioneers had arrived. The price paid for the land was nineteen hundred fifty dollars. Goodyear claimed to have been given a grant of land there by the Spanish government. Probably he had only what was called a "squatter's right."

At all events, he had built a fort in the valley, in which he was living, with a few others — half-breed Indians. He himself was a squaw man. The fort consisted of split cottonwood logs set upright in the ground. It stood twelve feet in height. In each corner was a log cabin. There was a community garden. Situated on the bank of the Weber River, it afforded, with the garden, a satisfactory protection against hunger, thirst, and Indians.

This hardy frontiersman has two other rather picturesque

episodes attached to his name in Utah history. Before the pioneer company had entered the valley and while they were puzzling as to how to leave the beaten trail to the best advantage, Goodyear visited their camp. He drew for them a map, outlining the shortest route, and gave it to them. Later, after they had arrived at their destination, he paid them another visit — probably with commercial intentions. And while there he gave to one Hulda Thurston a little tin cup painted red, with the words inscribed on it, "For a Good Girl."

Early in 1848 Brown moved to the Weber country with his family. In a little while other families joined him — for he had not purchased the land with his own money nor for himself alone.

The Weber Valley was as uncertain in its attraction, it seems, as the southern valley had been. To some it appeared beautiful, fertile, rich, with abundant water to irrigate the soil. One of the residents there, however, told some visitors who had said it looked as if it might yield well: "Yes, a hundred bushels of crickets to the acre, and fifty bushels of mosquitoes!" But perhaps this was said on one of his off days; for the fact is that it was not long before the settlers on the Weber were raising wheat and oats by the tens of thousands of bushels. It was therefore productive of something besides crickets and mosquitoes.

And the settlement grew apace. In 1850 there was a large influx of settlers from the immigration of that year into Utah. Other forts were built north of the old one. In 1853 the population was given as close to one thousand, all told. The year before had seen a Spanish wall erected.

A Spanish wall is made of dampened earth mixed with straw. In this case the wall was eight feet high, three feet wide at the base and eighteen inches at the top, and inclosed one square mile. It cost about forty thousand dollars — a sum raised by taxation. About this time James Brown, the

From Historian's Office, Salt Lake City

ONE OF THE FIRST HOUSES IN UTAH

original settler, obtained permission to construct two bridges across the Weber; but they both "sailed away on the first spring freshet," as a reporter of the *Deseret News* put it.

The first settlement in Cache Valley was at Wellsville. It was begun by Peter Maughan. Maughan had lived in Tooele, a settlement made a few years earlier, southwest of Salt Lake City.

Wellsville was an extremely hazardous undertaking. The winter snow and frost in those days were severe and death-dealing. At one time, after the settlement had started, a young man named Gardner froze to death before he could get to his home from the Weber settlement, to which he had gone on business. He had tried to make it on horseback. His frozen body was found a week later, less than half a mile from his home.

Another settlement was made on the second plan — the "call" plan. It was Parowan. The account of this settlement is full of human-interest details. In December, 1849, a party of fifty men, headed by Parley P. Pratt, went south on an exploring trip. They had been appointed by the Provisional Government, of which we shall speak in another place. Their duty was "to examine the country and ascertain the resources to sustain a population." When they returned to Salt Lake City, they recommended that a settlement be made at what is now Parowan, with Beaver as a second point.

The very next year George A. Smith was requested to go south into what was then called Little Salt Lake Valley, now Parowan, with a company of his own selection, and to establish a settlement there. This company was to consist of one hundred men. Fifty of them, it seems, were chosen by Smith himself, but fifty were advertised for in the newly established *Deseret News*. Provo, which had already been settled, was to be the rallying point.

When the men got there, however, the leader was not satisfied. There should be a hundred twenty men, and the

cattle were not the best-looking for such an enterprise. So more men were recruited, and the poorer animals were traded for better ones. Here is the company and its outfit as it left Provo on the seventh of December:

120 men	9 sets carpenter's tools
30 women	3 sets blacksmith's tools
18 children	1 set sawmill irons
101 wagons	3 whip saws
2 carriages	57 plows
100 horses	137 axes
12 mules	100 spades and shovels
368 oxen	98 hoes
166 head loose cattle	72 scythes and cradles
14 dogs	45 grass scythes
18 cats	45 sickles
121 chickens	436 light panes glass
56,922 lbs. flour	190 pounds nails
35,370 lbs. wheat	55 stoves
3,486 lbs. corn	1 brass cannon (6 pounds)
2,163 lbs. oats	129 guns
1,267 lbs. barley	52 pistols
3,240 lbs. potatoes	9 swords
1,228 lbs. groceries	1000 rounds ammunition
	44 saddles

George A. Smith was a unique man in more than one respect. He weighed two hundred fifty pounds. Few men dared ask him into their carriage or light wagon, because of the danger of breaking a spring, as the vehicle jolted over the rough roads of the period. He had studied law, was known among his people as an advocate of short prayers and short sermons, was strong on coöperation in every community, and always showed good executive ability.

Before leaving Provo, he wanted to make sure how he stood with his men. So, like Napoleon, he made them a brief speech. He said, "This is the first time we have seen one another's faces. I would like to know your mind about my being your leader." Their mind was that he should lead them, as they told him frankly.

"Very well," he went on. "There are some things I would like to tell you. I hope our ears will not be saluted with swearing or the taking of the name of God in vain. We want no gambling. Sunday must be observed as a day of rest. Every day we shall move ahead, even if it is only a mile. If we work together with our whole heart and mind, we shall succeed."

The company was organized first into fifties and then into tens — fifties and tens as to wagons. Every night there was an armed guard. "We are a military people," the leader explained. "We must be; for we are going into the territory of the Indians. Every man must be ready for service. Be careful of your arms."

On the way some of the teamsters used their whips too freely, according to the notions of the leader. He reproved them. But afterwards he apologized to the whole company, explaining, "I have been irritable, and spoke rather roughly — for which I ask your pardon."

Little Salt Lake Valley impressed everybody as "one of the loveliest places" in the great basin. They particularly liked the "towering mountains," with their heads in the angry clouds, when it stormed; and the spaciousness of the valley, with its "serene beauty" and its clear sunshine, even when those clouds capped the mountains. Known

to-day as Parowan, it is two hundred fifty miles from the capital city.

Arriving there on the nineteenth of January, 1851, after a journey of thirty-six days (We make the same journey

Courtesy D. W. Parratt

PUFFERS LAKE, BEAVER COUNTY

nowadays in five hours or so!), they held a meeting. Everything must be done by "common consent." Smith told them they would have to live together within a fort for a time. Some of the men demurred; it was too unpleasant. Thereupon they were informed: "Not so unpleasant,

though, as to have your back stuck full of arrows!" They readily agreed, when it was put this way. "You are as near to me," the speaker added, "as my own brothers. When the country is safe, you can spread out." After laying before the men his plan for the settlement, which he had thoroughly worked out in his mind, he asked them for their action on it. The plan was approved unanimously.

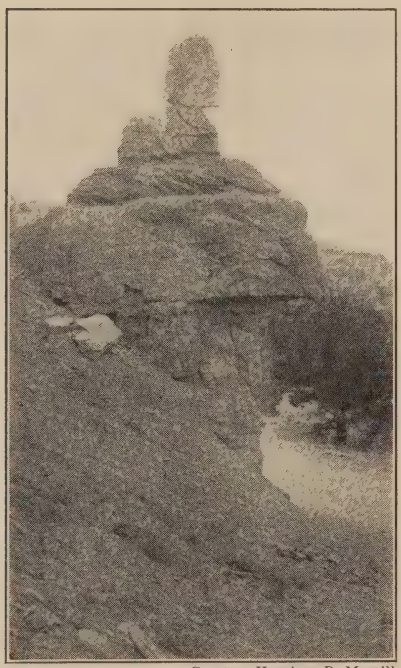
Coöperation was the keynote here. The men were divided into groups, each with a leader, and a specific job was laid out for each group.

One group went at the delightful task of exploring the country, to see what could be counted on in the new home. The soil, they found, was reddish in hue — "bloody" some of the men called it — but appeared to be fertile. There was plenty of grass for the animals, as the snow had fallen rather lightly that season. The mountains abounded in timber of several varieties, including the hemlock, the bark of which is good in tanning hides. Also there was plenty of coal, and a puddler in the company said the iron was of a good variety. Everything considered, the men were pleased.

Another group set to work making a road up the canyon; another to cutting down trees for a fort and for log houses; another to hewing the logs so as to make the best appearance; another to building the fort and the houses; another to taking charge of the camp, looking after the cattle and the sick folk, if any needed nursing; another to laying out a city, as well as the fort; and so on, till everybody was busy at the work he knew best how to do.

Presently there rose on that red soil a village. The

fort inclosed a plot of ground fifty-six rods square, with a public corral in the center, covering ten acres. On this a liberty pole was erected — and thereby hangs a tale. The houses were within this inclosure. They were set back on the lots so as to leave space enough for flowers when spring should come. There were to be gardens in the rear. A ditch was dug from a canyon stream, so that the land below might be irrigated. And when planting time came, hundreds of acres were put under cultivation. In a little while there were grist and saw mills at the mouth of the canyon.



Courtesy Harrison R. Merrill

THE SPHINX OF RED CANYON

If ever there was a community that was wholly self-supporting, it was Parowan. They raised everything they needed, except sugar and other sweets. As the men in the company had been chosen for the different things they could do, the community had no difficulty in getting its shoes mended, its horses shod, its plows sharpened, its wagons kept in repair, even its iron smelted and made into whatever simple things were needed.

The winter following saw an educational process begun. School was held in the community house, where also church was conducted, political meetings convened, and dancing engaged in. The school, attended by adults as well as children, was taught by George A. Smith himself.

PART II

COMPARATIVE ISOLATION

First Struggles of the Utah Settlers for Food, for Shelter, for Clothing, for Safety from Indians, for Education and Culture, and for Recreation

Life consists of conflict, of struggle. Man must conquer his environment or be conquered by it. Intelligence is what does the job. And intelligence, as understood nowadays, best expresses itself in finding the way out of a bad adjustment between man and his surroundings. Especially is this the case where the situation is entirely new.

Now, the first settlers in what came to be known as Utah found themselves in an altogether new situation. Instead of a populous country, with a political government and a cultural surrounding, they discovered themselves in a desert, inhabited by wild animals and hostile natives. Therefore, they had to build up a civilization and culture almost from the ground.

How did they succeed in this gigantic struggle with nature, with the Indians, with themselves? That was the supreme test of their intelligence; and we may judge what they were by what they did, by the way in which they brought about the proper adjustment in their new environment.

Utah Photo Materials Co., Salt Lake City

SEAGULL MONUMENT ON TEMPLE SQUARE, BY MAHOURI YOUNG

CHAPTER SIX

HUNGER AND THE GAUNT WOLF

First and most pressing among the needs of the new settlers in Utah was food. None realized this more keenly than those who were in the Salt Lake Valley. They were a thousand miles, east and west, from anything that could in the least be looked upon as a source of food supplies — a thousand miles of sand and hills one way, and a thousand miles of plains, hills, and mountains the other way. There was no running to the corner grocery or uptown, when they needed a sack of flour, or a pound of sugar, or a pair of shoes. If they were to have flour or sugar or shoes, they must grow the raw material and then make these articles. And that would take time.

That first winter in the Salt Lake basin — the winter of 1847–8 — was what we call "open." There was very little snow, and the weather was not so cold as the people had been led to expect. And so there was plowing, and harrowing, and fence-building, and house raising, and sawmilling almost the whole winter through. "No town in the United States of its size," wrote one of the men here to a friend in the East, "has anything like so much bustle and activity as ours."

Spring came. Five thousand acres had been plowed and fenced in by community effort. Of this, nine hundred acres

had been planted to winter wheat. Furthermore, the warm valley sun was coaxing it successfully out of the ground in

Plaque on Seagull Monument, Temple Square, Salt Lake City

the greenest and tenderest blades you could imagine. Presently the rest of the plowed land had been sowed to oats, rye, buckwheat, and garden truck — corn, beans,

potatoes, and whatever else people thought would grow and mature here.

Joy and gladness filled every heart. There would be enough foodstuffs grown to supply the needs of all who were here, and plenty also for those who were expecting to come in the fall. That was when the wheat blades began to peep out of the ground, and the garden vegetables were lifting, by ever so little, small places in the soil around the plants. And then came a disappointment.

Sunday morning, May 28, there was a frost. "Severe" is how it is described in the journal of one man. And severe it must have been, too, for it nipped the beans, the cucumbers, the melons, the pumpkins, the squash, and the corn. During the first days of June it was "cold and dry," the weather report says. Moreover, the prospects for grain were considered somewhat discouraging.

At this moment some of the more faint-hearted thought of going to the Pacific Coast, as so many of their brothers have done since then, only with less reason. But in a little while the spirits of the colony were raised again. And in anticipation of the abundant wheat crop that was expected, a gristmill was established by John Neff on what is now Mill Creek. Hope looked up again.

Spring days passed, summer days came and wore on, and harvest time approached. That word *wore* is quoted from one who was a boy in those days. And an apt word it is, too, if we may judge by the things that happened.

Food supplies in a little while became low, then ran entirely out. There was a veritable famine. No flour, no

potatoes, no sugar, nothing but beef and the products of the cow — milk, cheese, butter. And these were not too plentiful. So everybody took to eating pigweeds, thistles, and sego roots.

The boy we spoke of herded stock at the time. This he looked upon as a rare privilege, for it gave him an opportunity to get his fill of thistles. Beef and milk products do not furnish the bulk which the stomach for some reason requires. So, he tells us, he "used to eat thistle stalks until his stomach would be as full as a cow's." One day the family had "a rich treat." "Father took down the old bird-pecked oxhide from the limb, and it was converted into the most delicious soup."

Almost every hour of these weary days of waiting, the people would go out and look at the grain to see if it had grown any since yesterday. How they would have liked to help nature a little in the mysterious process of wheat-making! And then something happened to take the heart out of life for the colonists. The crickets!

This little pest is described as a heavy, clumsy, hopping insect, about an inch and a half in length. It was, too, an eagle-eyed, staring creature, that looked out of its two orbs with vindictiveness. Moreover, it must have had a capacious stomach out of all proportion to its size — if we may judge by the manner in which it put away the lush grain which the young colony looked at with such expectancy.

Equally vindictive were its habits. It worked only in the daytime. You would naturally have expected the cricket, from its unprincipled nature, to do its evil work in the dark, preferably at midnight. But no; it must have

the broad day. It is barely possible that those staring eyes were unable to see at night. Anyhow, it rose with the sun, like the early worm which the bird must catch. All day it toiled without ceasing. Then when darkness fell, it sought out some secluded spot under a leaf or a twig, and there, presumably, slept off the effects of its gormandizing. Then it started another day fresh and empty.

The first signs of the cricket of which the settlers in the valley were aware was when a few of these detestable creatures visited the outskirts of that five-thousand-acre field. It may well be that they were cricket scouts come to look things over, to sample whatever they chanced to see, and then to report to their tribe somewhere to the east. At any rate, on May 22, John Taylor wrote that "the crickets in some places are threatening." Later, on May 28, another of the settlers reported something to the same effect. And on June 9 the leader of the colony, John Smith, wrote to Brigham Young, who was on the way West with a great concourse of people, that "the crickets have done considerable damage to the wheat and the corn — which has discouraged some." He adds, however, that "there will be plenty, if we can save it for a few days."

If we can save it for a few days! Everything depended on that. He meant that, if the crickets would only hold off till the kernels of wheat hardened a little, the crop might be saved, for these creatures preferred the rich, succulent grains to the hard and dry. But the crickets did not hold off.

It is really impossible not to believe that those first cricket scouts did not actually go back home — wherever that was — and report on conditions down in the valley.

However that may be, at all events crickets by the billions poured out of the east canyon. They did not come in great

Plaque on Seagull Monument, Temple Square, Salt Lake City

clouds that obscured the sun, as has sometimes been represented. Your cricket is a hopping, not a flying, pest. "Myriads of black, loathsome insects," says our pioneer

boy to whom we have already referred, "flowed down like a flood of filthy ditch water from the mountains above." It was a wide-sweeping avalanche of writhing, wriggling, seething vermin, moving slowly, irresistibly down upon the vast wheat field.

The first ones to notice this foul river rolling upon the grain raised the hue and cry. In no time, almost, fifteen hundred men, women, and children rushed out to stop the filthy tide. First they flourished mops, wet rags, sticks, shovels, and whatever else they could most readily lay their hands on. Then they dug trenches, filled these with water as soon as they could, and then shoved the crickets into them.

But the crickets hopped out again — at least, the top layers successively did. Indeed, they were not so much afraid of water as one might imagine. For had not myriads of them come down in the canyon streams from somewhere above? And were not the Indians even now ladling them out of the water, with the intention of drying them and making a kind of silage of them to eat during the approaching winter? Finally, the colonists tried fire. But this proved worse than ineffectual, for it destroyed the wheat as well as the crickets.

This desperate battle between man and insect lasted for days on end, and with the same result that has too often followed other battles in other days. Man was beaten. Fagged out, with hope crushed, the defeated fighters went home to see if prayer would not be of greater avail than any worldly weapon. Death stared them in the face — death from starvation. Not only that! There were some

thousands of their fellow religionists now on the way to the valley. They, too, would die of hunger. Something must be done.

A man went to Father Smith, the leader. He said, "It is your duty to send a special messenger to Brigham Young and tell him to turn back and not to bring any more people into the valley." Father Smith looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he answered calmly, "God led us here, but he did not lead us here to starve."

John Neff, who had begun the erection of a gristmill on the promise of that prodigious crop of wheat, also came to Father Smith. He, too, was heartsick. "I have stopped work on my mill," he told him. "There will be no wheat to grind. I am wasting money. We shall have to move from this place."

But the patient, strong-hearted old man answered out of the reservoir of his faith: "Brother Neff, go on with your mill. There will be plenty of wheat to grind. I'll guarantee that with all the property I have. And if I had more, I would secure you against loss. Go on with the mill. It will yet be a source of both joy and profit to you."

Our pioneer boy was in the wheat field one day with his brother. They, too, were battling with the black pests. But they had not given up. They were trying out a new device for defeating the enemy. It might prove more effective than clubs or water or fire. The two walked through the field, a long rope between them, held at such a height as to catch the heads of grain. Thus they hoped to brush off the destructive creatures. But it was an endless job, for the crickets were as determined as they were

vindictive. They would ascend the wheat stalk till they reached a point just below the head; here they would gnaw for a few seconds, till the head fell off; whereupon they would drop down after it and set to work on their breakfast, or lunch, or dinner. This head having been disposed of, they repeated the operation indefinitely, or until darkness fell.

About three o'clock of this afternoon, as the boys were thus dragging the field, they suddenly noticed that the sun was obscured. Was there an eclipse? They looked up. Between them and the sun was a great cloud of big "white pigeons," as they thought. These birds were uttering that shrill plaintive cry which is so familiar to us, but which the boys had never heard before. They were sea gulls. It appeared that they had come from a northwesterly direction, out toward the lake. There were thousands upon thousands of them.

The boys' first thoughts were: "Well, these, too, have come to destroy. What the insects leave, these will finish." That also was the first thought of the hundreds of others in the colony, as they watched the descent of the gulls. And so every one of them threw up his hands in utter despair.

But it was not so. The gulls were white-winged angels of deliverance. For they pounced, not upon the grain, but upon the insects that were eating the grain. One at a time these vindictive little creatures followed each other into the distended maws of the sea gulls, until those maws were full; then they made a swift journey through the air in those same maws to the lake; and there they were properly spewed out into its brackish waters, where they died the

miserable and ignominious death they so richly deserved. Trip after trip these messengers of peace and good will

PLAQUE ON SEAGULL MONUMENT, TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY

made from lake to field and from field to lake, until not a live cricket was left anywhere on those five thousand acres of cultivated land. The colony was saved!

"Do I love the sea gulls?" asked our pioneer boy, when he became an old man. "I never hear their sharp, shrill cry but my heart leaps up with joy and gladness. God bless the gulls!"

And so say we all. In later years the State Legislature enacted a law against injuring any of these birds. But who that has ever heard the story would want to hurt them? And later still, a beautiful monument was set up on Temple Square, in Salt Lake City, to commemorate the great event — the only monument to a bird ever erected.

This was not the only narrow escape the colonists had from death by starvation, but it was the narrowest. And it was the narrowest because there was no other group north or south to fall back upon, as there was in later years — Cache Valley, Weber Valley, Provo Valley, and Sanpete Valley. It was never the case that there was a drouth or a pest in all these places at once. The very next year, though, there was the same scarcity of food.

Part of the 1848 crop was destroyed, although most of it was saved. And then there were several hundred more to eat it, by reason of the immigration that autumn. Besides, the following winter was severe and long. A man came into the valley the next spring from Fort Bridger and reported that there had been fifty feet of snow thereabouts. And on May 23, 1849, it snowed two inches here, and icicles two feet long hung the next morning from the eaves of the houses.

So the people fell back again on pigweeds, thistle roots, sego roots, and soup made out of raw hides, in addition to

meat and milk products — not a few people only, but everybody, for there was no holding out on the part of any one in this community. Whoever *had* gave freely and ungrudgingly to whoever did not have. The famine lasted from July until harvest.

But that harvest, slow as it was in coming, was bounteous enough. Every one knew it would be, for even the grass that year in the valley and on the hill slopes was more abundant than it was the year before. Never was there such a yield of grass and grain.

For a time, though, it looked as if the crickets were going to be troublesome again this year. In June they began their inroads. They nibbled the wheat on the outskirts of the huge field — but not in very large numbers. Those vast deposits of them on the lakeshore the year before had proved devastating to the subsequent crop of crickets, in the same way the fly swatter does when it is used early and fast in the spring time.

The gulls, too, were on hand. The crickets had probably not counted on that. The gulls were the friend and ally of man, not of the cricket. Just at the right time these protective messengers flew in great numbers from the lake, ate up every cricket to be seen both in Salt Lake Valley and in Bountiful, and then retired to the brackish waters of the lake. They kept this up as long as was necessary to guard the crops of the settlements.

The year 1856 was a bad year in more than one way for the colonists. First of all, it had been preceded two seasons in succession by partial failure of crops. That made it necessary to husband all food supplies until the new crop

matured. People went back to the old practice of digging roots of the sego, of the thistle, and of other such delectable plants; also to the soup made of old raw hides. As always, some people in the settlements had been provident and filled their larders against a time like this, and others had not. But that did not seem to matter. Was not the community like a single family? And so those who *had* shared with those who had not — as a rule. When flour could bring as much as a dollar a pound, men like Heber C. Kimball and John Neff, who had large quantities for sale on account of their mills, steadfastly refused to accept more than six cents a pound for their product.

In the next place, just when every one was looking forward hopefully to the new crop, there came the great locust plague. The people called these pests grasshoppers, but they were locusts. The grasshopper, as every one knows, hops, while the locust is able to fly from where it is to where it wants to be.

Like the crickets, they came in billions. They came from no one knew where. Their little gray-green bodies were everywhere, biting with their sharp incisors. They were on the streets two and three inches deep; they flew into the stables and pestered the cows and horses; they managed somehow to get into the houses to both the women and the children and to nibble at the curtains, if they looked at all delicate, as some of them did; and if one covered things over, they contrived either to get under to what he wanted to keep from them or to gnaw a hole in the cloth. They even dropped into the water he was about to press to his lips.

Where were the gulls? Nobody knew. They did not show up at all. Maybe they believed there was so much grain in the valleys that there was no real danger of any one starving. And that was true to some extent, for the plague did not visit all the settlements to the same devastating degree. At all events, the gulls did not take any part in the salvation of the colonists, as they had done on more than one occasion before. A sorry sight indeed were the gardens and the fields, when at last the locusts went away. Some places were mere skeletons, like trees that had been stripped of their foliage by the winter winds; others were as bare as when the settlers came here in the first place to build their homes.

But that was not by any means the end of this year's troubles of those settlers who had been visited by failure of crops, by locusts, and by drouth. To cap the climax, there fell upon them the severest winter they had ever experienced in their new home. Snow that year was so heavy as to cover the ranges beyond the power of the animals to get at the herbage underneath. In consequence cows and steers and horses, as well as sheep, perished by the thousands.

Even this succession of calamities, however, did not dampen the ardor of the colonists. They recovered. This was the last attempt by nature and the elements and the pests to starve out the settlers. It proved — this last effort — that nothing now could discourage the spirit of the men and women who had braved the threats of the climate and attendant hard circumstances.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE MIRACLE OF WATER

You have doubtless heard of that old Phrygian king who prayed that everything he touched would turn into gold and had his wish granted, but who had to request that the gift be taken away again, as his food was being turned into gold along with the rest. The first settlers of Utah did not exactly pray that whatever they touched would change into some other form, but they did pray that the desert land upon which they proposed to make themselves a home might become fruitful under their labor. The magic power which God put into their hand was water — fresh, sparkling water from the canyons and the rivers.

And what a wonder-working power it proved to be! You remember how barren we said the land here was. In Salt Lake Valley there was only sagebrush between the mountains and the lake — sagebrush of a very shabby sort at that — and furthermore most of that part of the country was alkali. In other valleys, north and south, the land was not quite so forbidding in appearance, but it was nothing to boast of by comparison, even though the clouds were more generous with their moisture.

But look at this valley of the Great Basin a little later. The transformation was something remarkable. There was no more responsive virgin soil to be found anywhere.

Almost anything would grow here, in that chain of valleys running north and south, from the hardiest cereals to the fruits of the tropics. No celery became so crisp as Utah's. The apples and peaches and strawberries grown in certain parts of the territory were unexcelled for their flavor. And the St. George pomegranates were found to be larger and sweeter than those produced in California.

The magician that brought about the transformation was *water*, for the sun and the hand of man alone could not have wrought the change. It was the sun, as a matter of fact, that had made the desert in the first place, and no amount of work would have altered the situation, as the natives on the Rio Virgin had proved over and over again. They had to coax the ground down there with water in order to produce a scrubby sort of corn and wheat.

You may remember what Brigham Young said about the land here — that it was not for sale by any one, but that it would be measured out to whoever wanted it for useful purposes. The curse of a good many countries of the world, ancient and modern, has been land greed by the few. When they found themselves in a position to do so, men grabbed all the land they could get. The result was that the great majority of the men in the community where that happened did not own any land, but were forced to rent it from those few who "owned" it, and they paid for the rental whatever price might be asked. Thus there grew up a sort of serfdom.

There were some men in this new commonwealth in the West who would have done the same thing had they been

given the opportunity — or, rather, if they had not been headed off in the first place. But at the very beginning, when it could be done with the least effort and cost, the great pioneer leader, whose mind was thoroughly grounded in the fundamentals, laid down the law of land ownership. It must be remembered that in 1847, when the pioneers came here, what is now Utah was Mexican territory. The land, he told the men, belonged to all the people. Every man who wanted to do so, should be a landholder. That was one thing. Finally no man should have more than he could take care of; if he neglected to take care of it, it should be taken from him and given to some one else.

One could have land only if he were a married man. Once in the Salt Lake colony an unmarried man applied for a piece of land. He was refused. He went away, took to himself a wife, and then his application for land was granted. That was true in every case. Again, the size of one's land depended on how many he had in his family. If he had a family of, say, ten or twelve — families were large in those days — he had a larger piece than when his family consisted of, say, four or five. That was only fair in a community where every man had to raise his own food and the food of those dependent upon him.

This policy in respect to land held, not only in the Salt Lake Valley group, but wherever people went out to plant a colony — in Weber Valley, in Provo Valley, in Cache Valley, in Tooele Valley, and in Sanpete Valley. It was adopted mainly because the population was constantly increasing. Those two thousand immigrants in 1847 had grown to nearly twelve thousand in 1850, to thirty-five

thousand in 1853, to forty thousand in 1854, and to more than seventy-six thousand in 1856.

At first in all the settlements, especially in the one in Salt Lake Valley, there was a Big Field of several thousand acres, fenced in, cultivated, and harvested by community labor. This was in the interest of safety from Indians and from hunger. Each man contributed work in proportion to the amount of land he owned in the plot.

With the land, in Brigham Young's scheme, went the water. That was only natural, for of what value was land in an arid region if there was no water for it? The water, too, for that reason belonged to all the people, and not to a certain few enterprising men with an eye to the main chance.

All the important settlements were therefore located near streams of water. Sometimes they were on rivers, as in the case of Logan, Ogden, and Provo; sometimes they were within easy reach of creeks that flowed down from the canyons, as in the case of Salt Lake City. Whenever an exploring party was sent out to look for a suitable site for a town, they were instructed to give particular attention to the water facilities. If these were good, they reported favorably; if they were not, they gave the place little consideration, no matter what its attractions otherwise.

When the town site was located and the people were there to make a settlement, the first thing, of course, was to build a road to the timber that was to go into the houses, the fences, the barns, and the "meeting house." But after that the first necessity was the construction of a canal, or main ditch.

This, too, was done by community effort. Every man did his share of the work. What that share was, depended on how much land he was to cultivate, and the size of his piece of land depended on how many mouths he had to feed.

"Where the Blackbirds Nest"
From a painting by J. T. Harwood

One of the commonest sights in those early days of a settlement was canal digging. Teams plowed, men shoveled, boys carried water for the men to drink. Those were not the days of the mechanical implements — the trench digger, the scraper, or other devices to save labor and to hasten work of this kind. Sometimes, if the canal were not too long, the plowing and shoveling went on along its full length; but, if not, the work was pieced out and assigned

to groups. As for the surveying, that had been of the simplest sort — a wooden triangle with a plumb, or wooden pipes with bottles at the ends, or even a shallow milk pan filled to the brim with water.

Except in case of the Big Field, there was a water master. It was his business to measure out the number of second feet to each farmer, to designate the times when he might irrigate, to settle any disputes that might arise over water, and to assess the owners of the canal the amount necessary for its upkeep — all under instruction of a board of directors, chosen by the farmers themselves. For these services the water master received pay.

That this method was a good one is evident from the simple fact that it worked. It maintained the democratic spirit in the community, for one thing, and for another, it kept up the spirit of mutual helpfulness. It was adopted by some adjoining States — Idaho and Wyoming, for instance. It served the purpose very admirably in another respect also: No great amount of capital was needed.

Irrigation in Utah was, then, a gradual development. It began with the use of a small stream, such as would accommodate but a single farmer or a small group of farmers. It grew into the large canal, which, with its ditches and its laterals, was capable of spreading over a large area. Finally, it developed into great systems that undertook to reclaim thousands of acres. Such is the Bear River project. It was in this last stage that private interests came into the picture, with their large capitalization and enormous pay rolls. But this individual effort took place later than the period we are now considering.

Under this plan of small farms and the coöperative effort in irrigation, the settlements in the main Utah valleys became prosperous. The prosperity of Utah was said to exceed that of any of the other territories — of which there were eight.

In 1850, for instance, more than sixteen thousand acres of land had been brought under cultivation. The population, you may remember, was considerably less than twelve thousand. That year nearly one hundred twenty-one thousand bushels of grain were raised and forty-five thousand bushels of potatoes, with other vegetables. One curious experimenter succeeded in growing seventy pounds of tobacco. The value of the live stock here was estimated at slightly more than half a million dollars, and farming utensils at around eighty-four thousand dollars. All the taxable property was valued at close to a million and a quarter dollars — about one thousand dollars per capita. Only three short years before that, Utah was a desert region, absolutely worthless!

During the next three years the increase of farm products was so great that the leaders began to look for an export trade. Of course, the great obstacle was the lack of transportation facilities. Such facilities as were then available would make outside sales prohibitive. A petition was sent to Congress, asking for a railroad, but the petition was pigeonholed until 1868. The people were advised by their leaders to store their grain until they should have enough on hand to last them seven years.

This problem of overproduction of farm products became more and more vexing as the years passed, until after the rail-

"Aspen Grove"
From a painting by John Hafen

road was built through Utah. In the first place, the colonists found it extremely hard to start the industries. They had very little capital. When they left Illinois, they sold their property for what they could get, not for anything like its real value. One man, for instance, sold a two-story brick house for "two yoke of half-broken cattle and an old wagon." The place had been lived in only two months. Then, too, they lacked training and experience in manufacturing processes. Finally, machinery cost money and required both experience and training to operate it. We ought not, therefore, to be surprised when we are told that, during the first fifteen years or so, the commonwealth lost about six million dollars in trying to make iron, sugar, nails, leather, and other articles they needed.

In the next place, new canals were made, which increased farm products. In 1860, the Logan, Hyde Park, and Thatcher canal (the oldest in Cache Valley) was begun, and in its first year irrigated seven hundred acres. In Weber County, about the same time, the Eden, Plain City, and Slaterville canals were constructed. And in 1862 nearly a half-million dollars was spent on a project to irrigate Salt Lake County from Utah Lake.

To be sure, population increased meanwhile, but not fast enough to consume the surplus of cereals, potatoes, and other things produced on the farm.

We shall see later that manufacturing became successful here and that cheaper transportation took the place of the ox-drawn wagon or the mule-drawn freight outfit.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE GREAT HIGHWAY

Adventure with a chance of getting rich, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, the dull, steady grind of raising wheat and potatoes, hogs and cows, and fighting crickets, locusts, and Indians — these were the alternatives set before the little colony in the Salt Lake Valley in the years from 1849 to 1852. The story of how they decided the question forms one of the strangest and finest chapters in Western history.

In January, 1848, some men were working at a mill race near what is now Sacramento, California. The mill belonged to a Mr. Sutter. Among those who worked for him on this occasion were James Marshall and Henry Bigler. Bigler was a Utah boy. There were five other Utahans with him.

After the water had been turned off on one occasion the men noticed some yellow grains sparkling in the sun where the water had been. These were about the size of kernels of wheat. The men gathered them up, had them assayed, and were overjoyed to learn that they were nuggets of gold. That was on the twenty-fourth of January. Six days later Bigler set down on paper in bad grammar and worse penmanship: "We have picked up a hundred dollars worth last week."

It just happened that a man named Brannan was hanging around the mill at this time — for what purpose does not

appear. His chief occupation those days was running a paper in San Francisco and trying to persuade Brigham Young, between issues, that the Western Coast was a better place for the Mormons than the Salt Lake basin, of which he thought very meanly.

This man Brannan gathered up some of those gold nuggets on his own account, put them into a bottle for safe keeping and a good view, and set off for his home town. As soon as he got there, he acted like a mad man. He ran through the streets, shouting: "Gold! gold! gold!" and thrust his bottle of nuggets under the eyes of all those who came out to see what the matter was. When he had cooled down a little, he fashioned some headlines for his paper over an article telling all about the find. He was the first of the tribe of newspaper men in the Far West — first in time and in enterprise.

In a very little while San Francisco was all but depopulated. From San Francisco and Sacramento the news spread east and west — west over the wide Pacific Ocean, east over desert and mountain and plain. Of course, we must bear in mind that news those days — any news — had to travel by mule team and ox team, just as people had to do; for the telegraph had not yet come west of Baltimore, and Marconi had never been even heard of. To Salt Lake City, to St. Louis, to New York, over the sea to England and the continent of Europe, until it met the news coming the other way — that is how the world came to know about the discovery of gold in California. And wherever the news went, men became frenzied, and longed to go there.

California! That was where you picked up great nuggets

of gold, just as elsewhere you picked up pretty shells on the seashore. As the news traveled, the nuggets grew perceptibly in size. If you could only get there, your fortune

"The Old Home"
From a painting by A. B. Wright

was made in no time, and you wouldn't have to worry for money the rest of your life.

Already, of course, settlements had been made on the west coast, both north and south. Then, as now, it was known as the land of sunshine and flowers. Besides, there was the sea spread out tranquil, inviting, and blue, with the horizon beyond to tantalize the imagination.

Already, of course, traders, alert for a business opportunity, sprang up to supply those settlements with whatever they needed — sugar, tea and coffee, spices, clothing, blankets, and tools. Up to the very last these supplies went overland in heavy wagons, as the settlers had themselves gone, mainly over the great Oregon Trail. These huge wagons were drawn by mules, from six to twenty to a team, whose drivers became so expert with their long whips that (so it was said) they could knock a fly off the ear of the foremost animal. Later, however, goods began coming overseas to the coast towns — which was cheaper. And thereby hangs a tale.

Tens of thousands of people, principally men, fired with the gold fever, passed through Salt Lake City on their way to the Sacramento region, going by way of Tooele and the Carson Valley in Nevada. All classes of men in all sorts of nondescript outfits there were, traveling under all kinds of circumstances. And the nearer they got to the gold fields the more excited they became.

The leader of one of these companies of gold seekers wrote to his home paper, in 1849, and told of his impressions of the settlement in Salt Lake Valley. The story is so illuminating, as to the people here and the hunters for gold, that we cannot forbear using its details in this chapter. We do not know the man's name, for he does not give it. But he does tell us that he wrote the letter "while seated on a trunk of goods, with the paper spread out on a parcel of clothing and the wind blowing sufficiently to carry away the sheets before they were signed."

When the company, having emerged from the canyon, attained the eminence overlooking the valley, they were suddenly confronted by a scene that transported them. Some of the party "wept, some gave three cheers, some laughed, and some ran and fairly danced for joy, while all felt inexpressibly happy to find themselves once more amid scenes which mark the progress of advancing civilization."

There lay spread out before them the city, the "bosom of the Great Salt Lake," and the huge grain field. "Extensive herds of cattle, horses, and sheep were grazing in every direction, reminding us of that home from which we had so widely departed."

Descending into the valley, they "passed over some miles of pasture lands," and presently they found themselves "in a broad fenced street, extending westward in a straight line for several miles. Houses of wood or sundried brick were thickly clustered in the vale before us — some thousands in number, occupying a spot about as large as the city of New York. They were mostly one story high, and perhaps not more than one occupied an acre of land. Fields of yellow wheat stood waiting for the harvester, and Indian corn, potatoes, oats, flax, and all kinds of garden vegetables were growing in profusion."

As they passed along through scenes like these, they expected every moment now to come to "some commercial center, some business point in this great metropolis of the mountains." But they were disappointed. There was "no hotel, or sign post, or cake-and-beer shop, or barber pole, or market house, or grocery or hardware store." Nothing in one place distinguished it from another.

"Here, then, was something new," the writer said to himself. "An entire people reduced to a level, and all living by their labor, all cultivating the earth or following some branch of physical industry. At first I thought it was an experiment — an order of things established purposely to carry out the principles of socialism. In short, I thought it very much like Owenism personified.

"However, on inquiry, I found that a combination of seemingly unavoidable circumstances had produced this singular state of affairs. There were no hotels because there had been no travel; no barbers' shops because every one chose to shave himself, and no one had time to shave his neighbor; no store because they had no goods to sell nor time to traffic; no center of business because all were too busy to make a center.

"There was an abundance of mechanics' shops, of dressmakers, milliners, and tailors, etc., but they needed no sign, nor had they time to paint or erect one; for they were crowded with business. Besides their several trades, all must cultivate their land or die, for the country was new and [there was] no cultivation but their own within a thousand miles. Every one had his lot and built on it."

This was in the late summer of 1849. And so the fact that all this had been accomplished, as the trader says, in the few months before his arrival was "the strangest of all."

Here, then, was another enemy to fight in the wilderness — gold, adventure, easy wealth. It was a notable struggle. But the battle this time, like all really great battles, was inner — a battle of the spirit.

Men came through the valley toward the west, thousands of them, every one in a delirium of fever over gold. Many men came through the valley toward the east, their pockets and other handy receptacles filled with gold nuggets or gold dust. Members of the Battalion came home with tales of men who had made a fortune overnight. That was one picture.

But there was another picture, not so pleasant to look at. Men and boys herding cows and horses, plowing and harrowing in the dirt, planting seed and watching it grow only to see it eaten by insects or burnt up by the heat, having to fight every inch of their way to their very food. Women and girls living in log cabins and adobe houses, without any conveniences of life, working like slaves in the dirt, dressing in whatever they could get and wondering what they would do when the one dress wore out. That was a time when some help must come from the outside, and it was furnished by their masterful leader, Brigham Young.

To those who could not resist the temptation of gold — and there were not a few — he said, "Go ahead, and don't come back!" The community was well rid of such weaklings, anyway; it could get along better without them than with them. And he added, "We are shet of the most miserable part of our community. They are not fit for the society of good men." He would ridicule people into not going away to the gold fields.

But he stressed the duty of staying. He appealed to their instinct of self-preservation. Suppose they were to walk on streets of gold, and had no bread to eat, what was to become of them? The first necessity was food. Gold

must come after that in any community — whatever men *thought* they wanted.

He appealed to their sense of service. "We will have a host of a community here," he said, "and it will not do to

"The Mother Tree"
A native cottonwood painted by B. F. Larsen near old Fort Provo

let them starve." He referred to those who were either on the way to the valley or who were waiting to begin their journey here. "If our neighbors come here from the States, we must feed them. We did not expect civilization when we came here, but they do. So let us have something for them to eat."

But he appealed also to their pride in having a civilization here that would be founded on the most enduring principles. "What is the wealth of England?" he asked of his people at a meeting in the bowery. "Is it gold? No. If they had gold instead of coal, they would have been sunk in degradation. But they are a great nation; their flag floats in every harbor; the sun never sets on their dominion. Now look at Spain, Mexico, South America. You who have traveled in those nations — what is their society? Degradation, misery, filth. They have gone to gambling, to horse-racing, idleness. And what has done this? Gold." Thus resulted a victory for the more permanent things in the life of the new commonwealth.

But not all who passed through the valley on their way westward were bound for the gold fields. Some of them were freighters. They had left St. Louis, their wagons loaded with goods for the coast towns, with the intention of striking a bargain in tools, dress goods, clothing, blankets, and other necessities. That was in the summer of 1849, before the full meaning of the gold discoveries had struck the East. When, however, these freighters reached Salt Lake City, two things happened to change their minds.

One of these was the news that ships loaded with merchandise had docked in the San Francisco harbor. This meant that, if the traders continued their journey, they would lose money. For goods shipped by sea sold for less than goods brought overland. The other thing was the gold fever itself, which caught them here with its full breath.

The temptation to unload and rush to the gold fields proved irresistible.

Now it happened that there was a great scarcity of these same goods in Salt Lake City. All the wearing apparel which the people had brought with them was by this time either worn out or was on the point of wearing out. And in one way the condition of the people in this respect was even worse than when they were hungry. Women might be seen cooking and doing their washing in silk dresses, for that was all they had. Others might be seen at the public meetings and in the dance hall dressed in burlap. Some of the men boasted of a pair of buckskin pants — boasted, that is, until it rained and an attempt was made to dry them. If they had had money, they might have bought of the freighters, but the price was prohibitive as things were.

When, therefore, these things happened to the wagoners, the colonists profited immensely. They traded a light vehicle for a heavy wagon, such as was needed; a pony for big work mules and draft horses; and they bought all sorts of merchandise for the proverbial song. Here are some of the prices they paid for things: pack mules and horses, twenty-five dollars each; common domestic sheeting, five to ten cents a yard; spades and shovels, fifty cents apiece; vests, a dollar and a half each; full chests of carpenter tools, twenty-five dollars. Often a yoke of oxen would be thrown in when a wagon was exchanged for a carriage.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

CHAPTER NINE

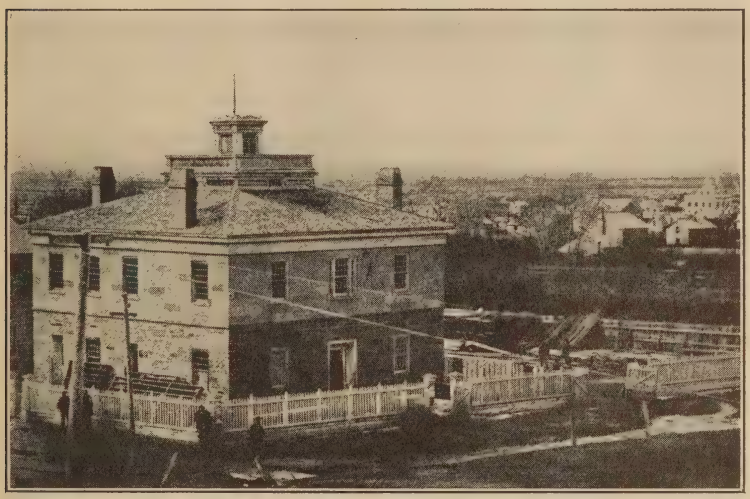
EARLY POLITICAL GOVERNMENTS

The pioneers of Utah had no lack of excitement, at least, not during the first ten years. Always, of course, people were passing one way or another through the main valley. For Salt Lake City, like ancient Jerusalem, with which the settlers liked to compare their town, was on a great highway. Sometimes these travelers were their own neighbors, going out to make contacts with the great world east and west, and then coming back to enrich the commonwealth with their experience. But often, especially after 1849, they were people, mostly men, on their way to and from the California gold fields.

These scenes, however, were extremely commonplace by the side of certain other happenings in early Utah. One of these sprang suddenly out of a political situation, and it grew to such proportions that Uncle Sam deemed it wise to march upwards of three thousand soldiers out here to quell a "rebellion." Then there was enacted on the Utah stage the most dramatic scene in the life of a people whose history was just one sensational episode after another.

The first political government in Utah was a religious government. It lasted from July, 1847, to March, 1849. A spiritual rule primarily, it derived its name and its nature

from the church. It was called a "stake." There was a president, who acted with two "counselors" and a "high council" of twelve men. The president was John Smith. Before long this "stake" was districted into "wards," each presided over by a "bishop" with two "counselors." There were nineteen of these.



Old Council House, Salt Lake City

This government was an exceedingly simple affair. There were no limitations to its power, either spiritual or temporal. It made the rules and regulations, it interpreted these after they were made, and it enforced them by its authority. All the officers acted without pay.

On the one hand, these officers — the presidency of the stake and the bishoprics of the wards — took charge of all the religious meetings. They saw to it that baptisms were

performed, that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, that men were "ordained" to the priesthood or promoted in it, that people who had any "hard feelings" toward one another were brought together, that infants were "blessed," and that the dead were buried with spiritual rites.

Then, on the other hand, these same officers were expected to see that schools were organized for the children; that peaceful relations were established and maintained with the Indians; that the work of fencing, of building, of ditch digging, of plowing and planting and harvesting was carried on; and that no irrigation water was permitted to run into the streets. We have already seen that a man came to Father Smith about keeping back any further immigration to the valley, when the crickets were destroying the crops and threatening a famine. Also, you may recall, John Neff protested to him against making any more outlay on the mill on Mill Creek.

When this government was formed, the people here did not know for certain whether they would in the end be governed from Washington or from Mexico City. At the time, you may remember, the Mexican government and our own were carrying on a war; and although the war presently ceased with the odds against Mexico, still the treaty of peace was not signed till February, 1848, and the news of it did not reach Utah until long afterwards. So that the little colony did not know, during most of this time, whether they were citizens of the United States or of Mexico.

They knew, though, what their intentions were so far as their political allegiance was concerned, for they came west

with a definite idea in mind. That idea was to organize a state of the Union here. This is clear from a number of things:

First, Joseph Smith, as we have seen, intended to come to the Salt Lake basin with his people, to take the country in the name of the United States, and then to organize here a state, with the sanction of the Federal government. And since Brigham Young fell heir to the religious power of Joseph Smith and to his plans as well, that was also the intention of the pioneer leader.

Second, certain statements made by Brigham Young and Parley P. Pratt, on the way west, show that this is what the leaders at least had in mind.

On July 9, 1846, Parley P. Pratt wrote a letter to the people in the temporary settlements in the Indian Territory and in Iowa. This letter was for the purpose of encouraging the enlistment of men in what later was called the Mormon Battalion. He said, "We should improve the opportunity which a kind Providence has now opened for us to secure a permanent home in that country, and thus lay a foundation for a territorial or state government under the United States."

In the very next month Brigham Young made two statements to the same effect. His *Journal* of this time says: "I informed Colonel Kane we intended to settle in the Great Basin. We would be glad to raise the American flag. We love the Constitution of our country, but are opposed to mobocracy. We are willing to have the banner of the United States Constitution float over us."

The other statement is in a letter from him to President

Polk. His people are referred to as "children of the United States," and he adds that "as soon as we are settled in the Great Basin, we design to petition the United States for a territorial government."

Besides, Brigham Young carried with him, in an old trunk, an American flag. On the occasion of Captain Allen's visit to the Mormon camps for recruits, this flag was taken out and carried through the settlements, to create a patriotic atmosphere.

Eliza R. Snow, a highly intelligent woman who entered the valley of Salt Lake in the Pratt-Taylor company, tells us this: "Soon after our arrival in the valley, a tall liberty pole was erected, and from its summit the stars and stripes seemed to float with even more significance, if possible, than they were wont to do on eastern breezes." This was several months before the treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States.

An "Ode to the Flag" by this gifted woman expresses the general sentiment of the settlers in Utah in that early time, so far as the United States government is concerned. It was written about the year 1865. Here are parts of the poem:

I love that flag! When in my girlish glee —
A prattling girl, upon my grandsire's knee —
I heard him tell strange tales, with valor rife,
How that same flag was bought with blood and life.

And his tall form seemed taller when he said,
"Child, for that flag thy grandsire fought and bled!"
My young heart felt that every scar he wore,
Caused him to prize that banner more and more.

There came a time that I remember well —
Beneath the stars and stripes we could not dwell!
We had to flee; but in our hasty flight
We grasped the flag with more than mortal might:

And vowed, although our foes should us bereave
Of all things else, the flag we would not leave.
We took the flag; and journeying to the West,
We wore its motto graven on each breast.

As soon as they could get at it, the young colony took steps toward forming a civil government in their new home, which would realize the promise they had made to themselves before they came west. This has become known as the Provisional Government.

The treaty of Guadalupe was signed on the second day of February, 1848. The day before this a call was issued for a convention, to "all the citizens of that portion of Upper California lying *east* of the Sierra Nevada mountains." That convention was "for the purpose of considering the propriety of organizing a territorial or state government." It was to meet on Monday, February 4, of that year.

On that day "a considerable number of the inhabitants" of that region met in Salt Lake City. They appointed a committee of ten to "draft and report to the convention a constitution, under which the inhabitants of said territory might organize and govern themselves, until the Congress of the United States should otherwise provide by law." The chairman of this committee was Albert Carrington, a graduate of Dartmouth College, who had studied law in Pennsylvania. This committee reported back to the convention on the Friday following. Three days were given

by that body to deliberations. A new constitution came out of them.

Very interesting is the preamble to that document, as showing the grasp by its framers of the fundamentals of

Courtesy D. W. Parratt

TIMPANOGOS

civil government. Political government was necessary "for the security, peace, and prosperity" of the people. But the Federal government had "failed to provide" that security, peace, and protection to the country which had just been liberated from the rule of Mexico. Therefore, the people must needs take the matter into their own hands for

the time being. Anyway, it was "a fundamental principle of all republican governments that all political power is inherent in the people," and that "governments instituted for their protection, security, and benefit, should emanate" from them.

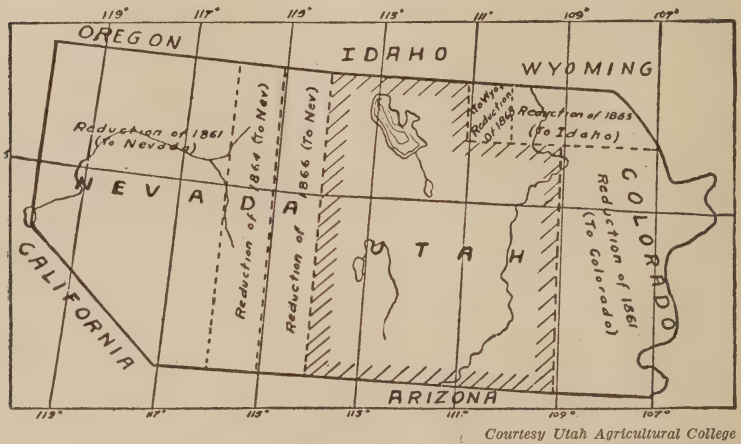
A new state was thus created — the State of Deseret. The word *deseret* comes from the *Book of Mormon.* It means honeybee, and therefore stands for industry and thrift. The beehive is now the emblem of the State of Utah.

There was the customary division of powers into the executive, the judicial, and the legislative. The governor, who was to enforce the laws, was to serve four years. So also was the secretary of state. A chief justice, with two associates, was to interpret the laws. Provision was made, too, for district judges. There was to be a general assembly, whose business it was to make the laws. Also the new government was to have a marshal, an attorney-general, an assessor and collector, a treasurer, and a supervisor of roads. All of these were to serve without pay.

At an election, held on the twelfth of March in the "bowery," the following men were chosen: For governor, Brigham Young; for secretary of state, Willard Richards; for chief justice, Heber C. Kimball; for associate justices, Newel K. Whitney and John Taylor; for marshal, Horace S. Eldridge; for attorney-general, Daniel H. Wells; for assessor and collector, Albert Carrington; and for supervisor of roads, Joseph L. Heywood. The bishops of the Salt Lake and the Weber Valleys were made local judges.

Before the convention had adjourned on February 10, it had drawn up a memorial to Congress, asking approval

for the constitution and for admission of the State of Deseret into the Union. Fearing, however, that this would not be granted them — probably because of insufficient population — the colonists a little later drew up another memorial to Congress, asking to have a territorial form of government created. Dr. John M. Bernhisel was appointed to carry this second document to the national capital.



Courtesy Utah Agricultural College

MAP OF THE ORIGINAL AND PRESENT BOUNDARIES OF UTAH

The first settlers of Utah were ambitious when it came to the size of their new home, for the "State of Deseret" took in, besides all of what is now Utah, all of Nevada and parts of Colorado, Wyoming, and Idaho. The accompanying map shows the extent of territory included under the name and the successive reductions.

Meantime, the State of Deseret functioned. It functioned until the summer of 1851 — a period of more than two years. Under this government seven counties were created —

Salt Lake, Weber, Davis, Tooele, Utah, Sanpete, and Iron. Also five cities were granted charters. They are Salt Lake, Ogden, Provo, Manti, and Parowan. Moreover, a university, now the University of Utah, was established. Finally, laws were passed regulating timber, the canyons, roads, and the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

The judiciary, particularly, gave satisfaction. It was used mainly by non-Mormons — generally called Gentiles — whether living in the community or only passing through. The Mormons were advised to settle their difficulties without going to the civil courts, which they usually did. Captain Stansbury, who with Lieutenant Gunnison was sent out here by the general government to make a survey of the Great Salt Lake, relates how fair and swift was the administration of justice in the settlements.

"I know of at least one instance," he says, "in which the marshal of the state was dispatched, with an adequate force, nearly two hundred miles into the western desert, in pursuit of some miscreants who had stolen off with nearly the whole outfit of a party of emigrants. He pursued and brought them back to the city, and the plundered property was restored to its rightful owner."

Of course the State of Deseret taxed every property owner, whether he lived in the community or merely stopped here long enough to dispose of his wares. Levying a tax on goods that were sold here sometimes created friction, especially in the case of intoxicants. But that does not seem to have worried the authorities any. They wanted to discourage the use and sale of alcoholic beverages. So they put a tax of fifty per cent of the selling price on all

spirituous liquors. Thus, as Captain Stansbury assures us, if you bought a gallon of brandy, it cost you twelve dollars, of which six went into the state treasury; and if you purchased a gallon of whisky, it cost you eight dollars, of which the authorities had already taken four.

Nor must we forget the militia. This was one of the very first concerns of the new government in Utah. The organizers of this body of soldiery were Charles C. Rich and Daniel H. Wells. All the able-bodied men in the community over the age of fourteen and under seventy-five were supposed to belong to it. However, in reality, under this government, it never exceeded two cohorts, or eleven companies — six of horse and five of foot soldiers. Wells was elected major general and Jedidiah M. Grant and Horace S. Eldridge brigadier-generals of the first and the second cohorts, respectively. It was called the Nauvoo Legion.

CHAPTER TEN

UNCLE SAM TAKES A HAND AT GOVERNING UTAH

It was late in January, 1851. A man by the name of Gibson, who was returning to his home in Salt Lake City from San Francisco, made his way to Brigham Young's office on South Temple Street. His face wore an anxious look. Governor Young was not in. He had gone north into Cache Valley, and would not be back until to-morrow. Was there anything important? There was.

Taking out of his pocket an old newspaper, he opened it, and pointed to certain headlines. The attendant read them. "This is very interesting," he said. Then, with the paper in his hand, he went to a chair, at the same time motioning the visitor to another seat, and began to read the article thus headlined.

Next morning General Wells, with a company of Legion members, might have been seen leaving the city for the north. They were all mounted. At Farmington they met Brigham Young and others, on their way to Salt Lake City. Going up to him, the General said:

"I salute you, sir, as the governor of Utah!"

"Governor of Utah?" asked the leader, puzzled. "I'm governor of Deseret. Explain."

"Governor of Utah, not governor of Deseret," repeated Wells. "Gibson here has just come home with a copy of

the *New York Tribune,* which he obtained in San Francisco. It says that we have been created into a Territory, and that you have been appointed governor. The State of Deseret is no more."

And that was true. President Fillmore had signed the bill creating the Territory in the preceding September. This was when and how the people here came to know of it.

As a matter of fact, the colony did not want a territorial form. It is true, they had petitioned for one. But they had changed their minds after thinking the matter over and talking with their political adviser, Thomas L. Kane, who lived in Pennsylvania. Colonel Kane had lived among the Mormons on the Missouri River, and had been nursed by them when he was sick there.

They were able to govern themselves, the Colonel told them. A territorial form was for those who had had no experience in self-government. Besides, you never knew what kind of men would be sent to do the governing. As likely as not they would be broken-down politicians or job hunters. In that case, he explained, there was bound to be trouble of some sort. So the colonists had altered their request — but in vain.

The new officers were: for governor, Brigham Young; for secretary, Broughton D. Harris; for chief justice, Lemuel H. Brandebury; for justices, Perry E. Brocchus and Zerubbabel Snow; for attorney, Seth M. Blair; and for marshal, Joseph L. Heywood. Three of the seven officials were from outside the Territory — Harris, Brandebury, and Brocchus. The other four — Young, Snow, Blair, and Heywood — were Utah men. This was not a bad division,

considering the usual practice in appointments for a territory.

Harris was a young printer from Vermont. Nothing is known of Brandebury. Brocchus, it is said, accepted the

"Boy Pioneer"
From a painting by J. T. Harwood

appointment because he thought he might be elected delegate to Congress later.

The beginning of their administration was not happy. Secretary Harris, shortly after his arrival here, confided to the governor — who, you must remember, was Brigham Young — that "I have private instructions from the Presi-

dent, which are for my own eyes only." It is not hard to imagine what effect a remark like that would have.

Judge Brocchus found, when he arrived, that a delegate to Congress had already been chosen in the person of a home-man — Dr. John M. Bernhisel. He is said to have been discontented thereafter.

An open rupture came before long between the outside appointees and the citizens of Utah. It happened at a public meeting. Harris, Brandebury, and Brocchus were invited to sit on the stand, with the church dignitaries. (It was a religious gathering.) Brocchus was invited to speak — really to make an announcement, it seems, for at this time the Washington Monument was being erected at the seat of government.

Brocchus made an address which he had prepared for the occasion. He criticized the people in Utah for being too free with their comments on the administration in Washington. And then he said: "I have a commission from the Washington Monument Association to ask of you a block of marble as the test of your loyalty to the government of the United States. But in order for you to do it acceptably, you must become virtuous, and teach your daughters to become virtuous, or your offering had better remain in the bosom of your native mountains."

This created an uproar. The congregation rose as one man. A tumult followed, which could be put down only by the presiding officer. Brocchus sat down when the confusion became so great that his voice could not be heard. He had kicked open a hornet's nest.

Probably the judge's remark about virtue had reference

to polygamy, or "plural marriage," as the Mormons preferred to call it. The declaration by the church allowing it to be practiced in Utah had not, however, been made at this time, although the doctrine had been secretly taught and practiced by the Mormons in Nauvoo, and was being practiced here.

President Young, after quieting the disturbance, spoke briefly, but with great warmth. The people here were as loyal to the government of the United States as those anywhere else in the country. And as for calling the women unvirtuous — that was an insult.

Shortly afterwards Brocchus, Harris, and Brandebury left the Territory, the secretary taking back the government funds with him. He had refused to honor the requisition of the legislature for money enough to pay its expenses, which amounted to five hundred dollars.

Surmising, very properly as the event proved, that the "runaway officials," as they were derisively termed in Utah, would make an unfavorable report to the administration in Washington, the governor wrote to the President.

He denied the charge of disloyalty made by Brocchus. No more loyal people, he said, could be found anywhere in the nation. Also he asked whether it was true that officials sent to Utah were given secret instructions. In addition, he complained that the Territory was left long without some one authorized to hold the supreme court, fix the seal on official documents, or publish new laws.

At first the country was inclined to side with the officials who had left their posts. But, on second thought, they were blamed as deserters — even laughed at. After

the lapse of nearly a year, another set of officials was appointed.

The new secretary and justices were Benjamin G. Ferris, Lazarus R. Reed, and Leonidas Shaver. They were secretary, chief justice, and associate justice, respectively. Ferris, it appears, was interested in writing a book about the Mormons. The other two were in a declining state of health when they arrived here. As a matter of fact, they died presently, within three months of each other. They were highly thought of in Utah.

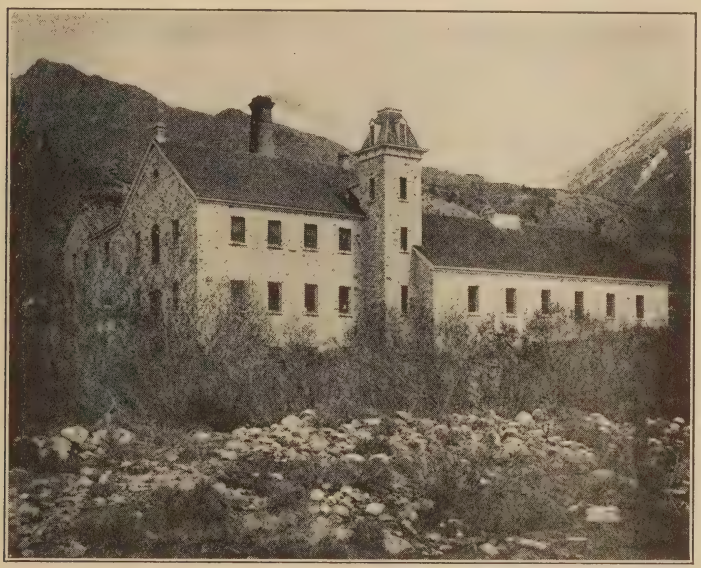
The vacancies created by the death of these two men and the expiration of Judge Snow's term of office, for he was not reappointed, were filled by the appointment of John F. Kinney, George P. Styles, and William W. Drummond. This takes us to the year 1856.

Judge Drummond was from Illinois. He must, therefore, have known something of the Mormon people — perhaps nothing good about them. The Illinois bar was astonished at this appointment to the position, and one lawyer is said to have declared that it was an "imposition" on the people in Utah.

When the judge came to the Territory, he brought with him a woman named Carrol, whom he represented as his wife. It soon became known that his real wife was still in Illinois. Thereafter he received only contemptuous treatment in the Territory. Presently he left Utah, and resigned.

With his resignation he wrote a letter to the attorney-general. In this letter he made certain charges that were to have very grave consequences for Utah.

Here is what he said: First, the records of the supreme court of the United States had been destroyed, with the knowledge of the governor, Brigham Young; second, the Federal officials had been insulted for daring to question an



OLD PAPER MILL *D. F. Davis, Salt Lake City*

This is at the mouth of Cottonwood Canyon, near Salt Lake City

act so treasonable; third, a new chief executive should be appointed, with such military force as would enable him to do his duty. While he did not say so in direct statement, he intimated that three deaths of non-Mormons here had been brought about by order of the authorities of the church.

About the same time, the administration in Washington received another communication from a Mr. W. M. F.

Magraw. Magraw had been a mail contractor, doing service between Independence, Missouri, and Salt Lake City. The letter was sent from Independence.

In this communication it was stated (1) that there was no "vestige of law" in Utah, and therefore no protection for

OLD "DESERET NEWS" BUILDING
On the present site of Hotel Utah

either property or life; (2) that the only law in the Territory was a "self-styled ecclesiastical organization, despotic and dangerous"; and (3) that "conspiracies" were hatched "in dark corners," "promulgated from the tabernacle," and "executed at midnight by an organized band of bravos and assassins."

In addition to these two letters Judge Styles filed in Washington an affidavit to the effect that the court records

had been destroyed. His letter otherwise gave color to what Magraw and Drummond had stated.

Answers were made in various ways by the *Deseret News* and by leading men who were either in New York City or elsewhere in the East. Curtis E. Bolton, deputy clerk of the United States supreme court in Utah, forwarded an affidavit to the attorney-general over his own signature and seal, that the records were at that very time in his keeping.

John Taylor, who was editor of a New York publication for the Mormon church, wrote to the *New York Tribune*, giving the facts in the case from the point of view of Utahans. Drummond, he said, had left the Territory because his real character was exposed, and his statements were therefore made in a spirit of revenge. As for Magraw, he was disappointed because he had been underbid by a Utah firm, when it came time to renew the mail contract. The contract was awarded in January, 1856, and the Magraw letter reached Washington toward the end of the year. It was not true, Taylor said, that life and property were unsafe in Utah.

All complicity in the three deaths was denied by those who made any answer to the charges. Colonel Steptoe himself had investigated the Gunnison massacre, and exonerated whites from blame. Judge Shaver had died a natural death, and been buried with honors in Salt Lake City, a highly respected official. Secretary Babbit's death had been investigated by his brother-in-law, who declared himself satisfied that the man had been murdered by Indians, and Indians alone.

Suggestions were freely made that the administration send a commission to Utah, to look into the truth of the charges.

Such a commission would be welcomed by the people, and aided in its investigations.

These things happened in 1856, and in 1856 the United States was a tinder-box. For one thing, it was a national-election year. Three parties were seeking to elect a president and members of Congress — the Democratic, the Republican, and the Know-nothing Parties. Everybody knows that election times are times of emotion and stress. This was the first year of the Republican organization.

For another thing, slavery and religion were much in evidence in the discussions — two subjects that furnish combustible material. Every student of United States history knows how the first question raised bitter feelings in North and South. And the Know-nothing Party had a plank in its platform about the "corrupt tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church."

When, therefore, we consider what came out of the Drummond-Magraw charges, we must not forget that feeling ran high, on more than one point, over all the country. It was in this atmosphere that the administration in Washington had to feel its way through the tangled political woods to a decision on the Utah question.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

AN ACADIA IN THE WEST

"A picnic party at the head waters of Big Cottonwood!" That is what you had to look forward to, if you lived in one of the Utah valleys in the summer of 1857 and were also one of the twenty-five hundred who received invitations to that event.

It was to be a twenty-fourth-of-July celebration — a special occasion, because it was the tenth year since the pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley. The invitation would be on pale blue paper of good quality, with your name written in the blank space. You prized it very highly, for it was from the governor of the Territory — Brigham Young himself.

You were cautioned, however, in small print toward the bottom, not to be after twelve o'clock noon of the twenty-third in passing the first mill in the canyon, which was four miles up, for everything would be closed against you by two o'clock. Also you were warned against making a fire anywhere in the canyon, except at the camp, or smoking cigars or a pipe.

But you didn't really need that suggestion about getting an early start, for you were at the mouth of the canyon even the night before, ready to begin your journey with the others as soon as it was light enough to see your way clearly. By

H. G. Wilson, Photographer, Salt Lake City

SCENE AT BRIGHTON

eleven o'clock of the twenty-third you were on the grounds up at what is now known as Brighton.

You had come in a carriage, or maybe in a wagon. There were just four hundred sixty-three other carriages and wagons in the company, drawn by more than twelve hundred horses and oxen. There were also a good many cows brought along to supply milk. These domestic animals were as necessary as the work animals.

Next you got yourself settled. It may be that you helped to hoist the American flag on a high pine pole set up for the purpose. At any rate, you went to see the musicians get out their instruments and try them, so there would be no delay at the evening concert. Six brass bands there were — three from Salt Lake City, two from Ogden, and one from Springville. Two of them, by way of distinction, were called "martial bands." When all six of them played together, the sound woke the echoes as they were never disturbed before or since.

Toward noon of the twenty-fourth, after the program, you noticed three men come up the canyon. They were on horseback. As they drew near, you knew them to be Porter Rockwell, Judson Stoddard, and Abram O. Smoot. But you thought nothing of the matter till you saw them go up to Governor Young, draw him aside, and speak to him very confidentially. In a little while, by invitation, General Wells, Heber C. Kimball, and other leading men went over to the governor; and presently all, including the three who had just come, went into a tent, where they were in conference for a long time.

What news had these men brought? You pretended not

to be the least concerned; but you were very much concerned, as was every one else. The merrymaking went on; nevertheless there was an atmosphere that had not been felt before. Towards evening all the people were asked to come to the bowery. General Wells spoke: A United States army was on its way to Utah!

President Buchanan had ordered an army out here to put down a rebellion! This step had been taken in response to a strong public sentiment throughout the East that something be done about the burning of those records; about those murders of Gentiles that had been committed by the Mormon church authorities or with their consent; about the disrespect for the Federal laws, the Federal Constitution, and the administration in Washington; so that life and property might be made safe in Utah. The army had been ordered out more than a month before the celebration at Silver Lake.

It ought to be observed here that the army had also been organized before the affidavit of the United States supreme-court clerk in Utah reached Washington. If it had been placed in the President's hands in time, it might have made a difference, since it was a sworn statement of a key fact easily verified.

The Utah Expedition, as it was called, consisted of about twenty-five hundred soldiers, armed and equipped for war. Besides the regular troops there were, of course, the teamsters. Cattle were brought along for beef, with whatever else might be needed for food and clothing. A new governor and judges were to be installed, and these were with the army.

There was also the usual quota of camp followers — the riffraff and scum of society — to the number of about a thousand. Toward the end many of these were drafted into the army — more to keep them within bounds than anything else. The commanding officer was Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, later a general in the Southern army during the Civil War.

Here was a problem for the leaders of the community to solve — the gravest of the years. What should they do? Should they allow the troops to enter the valley or should they resist that entrance? It was a momentous question to ask, in view of the fact that these were United States soldiers. Yet the question was answered without a great deal of hesitation: Brigham Young decided to resist.

Immediately preparations to carry on a resistance were set on foot, so that it might be made as effective as possible. The settlers in Carson Valley, Nevada, and those also in San Bernardino, California, were asked to come to Utah at once. Leaders who were away on missions were requested to return. Then, the military forces of the Territory under General Wells were set in order and equipped for active service. All this was done without any apparent excitement anywhere. A stranger would never have guessed from what was going on that there was a smoldering volcano underneath.

There was no intention of provoking an open encounter with the army. The intention was to harry the soldiers at every point of the march at this end. Acting on this plan, the militia burned the grass before the troops, and even destroyed seventy-five wagons belonging to the government.

This was done by a small force under the command of the bewhiskered and intrepid Lot Smith.

One day Captain Van Vliet from the Expedition came to see Governor Young. He had been conducted here by two Mormons. It was the first contact between the army and the settlers. He stayed six days in all, during which time he had many conferences with the governor and other leading men.

Governor Young was firm as ever. The soldiers should not enter the valley. The newly appointed officials might do so — provided they came without the troops. But not otherwise. If, perchance, the soldiers did come, they would find nothing — no people, no houses, no trees, no grass. The place would be as desolate as when the Mormons had found it ten years before. Besides, although there was plenty of provisions here, none would be sold to the troops. They must go back to where they came from in the first place.

In the spring (it was now 1858) an old friend of the people came to Salt Lake City from the Pacific coast. It was Colonel Thomas L. Kane. He was in disguise. After a conference with President Buchanan, he had proffered to attempt unofficially a conciliation before things had got entirely out of hand, for sentiment in certain quarters in the East was demanding more troops for the Utah Expedition. There is more than a suspicion, though, that this sentiment was created and that it was nursed by certain commercially minded men, who had something to sell — guns and ammunition, blankets and clothes, flour and cattle. This was not the first time in history when men profiteered under the cloak of patriotism.

Colonel Kane was well received — as he deserved to be. He was a gentleman as well as a diplomat. Everybody liked and respected him. After a great many confidential talks with leaders here, it was decided that the Colonel should try

TIMPANOGOS CREEK, WITH MOUNT TIMPANOGOS IN THE BACKGROUND
From a painting by B. F. Larsen

to induce the newly appointed officials to come to the city without the troops. Kane was successful only in part. Governor Cumming consented to do so, but the judges would not. The Colonel then left for the East.

The new governor was a good-natured gentleman, weighing two hundred fifty pounds. He was accorded a welcome;

he liked the retiring governor, as indeed he did almost everybody he met. One of the first things he did was to look for the court records that were said to have been burned. They were in existence in the clerk's office. Another thing he did was to let people know that any one who wanted to do so might leave the Territory or come under his protective wing. He had heard that Brigham Young kept people here against their will. About eighty persons came to him. They wanted to leave; they believed they could better their circumstances elsewhere. But would he lend them money enough to do that? One man wanted a thousand dollars. He thought he could do very well with a thousand dollars!

Just why Brigham Young changed his mind about letting the troops enter the valley is not very clear. Maybe it was those rumors about additional soldiers for the Utah Expedition. Maybe it was the persuasive tongue of Colonel Kane. Or maybe he was tired of it all. Anyhow, it was all right now for the army to come into the valley. But he was firm on that other point, that the troops should find nothing but a desert.

There is no doubt that Brigham Young completely distrusted the soldiers. True, Governor Cumming promised, with tears in his eyes, that the troops should not touch anything on their way. They would march through the city to their quarters in Cedar Valley beyond the Jordan. But Joseph Smith had trusted to the pledge of the governor of Illinois, and Joseph Smith was murdered shortly after the promise was made. On more than one occasion the Mormon people had been betrayed and brutally treated by regular militiamen in the service of the state. No; the people would not trust

again to the tender mercies of soldiers, even though they wore Uncle Sam's uniform.

So Brigham Young, as president of the church, requested everybody in Salt Lake Valley and to the north to pack up his belongings and begin the march southward. This was during the first days of April, 1858. From now on whatever was movable found its way to the road that led southward. Where to? No one seemed to know.

There was every sort of vehicle — heavy wagons, light wagons, carriages, even handcarts — all loaded with clothing, provisions, furniture, and women and children who were unable to walk. They were drawn mostly by oxen and in smaller part by horses and mules — except the handcarts, which were pushed or pulled by man power.

There were men in shirtsleeves, some with hats and some without, good homemade galluses meantime holding up their trousers. There were women with long skirts of coarse cloth, their faces hidden in the back of gingham sunbonnets, the pokes of which were held stiff by pieces of wire or wood sewed into the folds of the cloth. And there were children of all ages and sizes, some in arms, some whose legs were too short and tender to allow of their walking, some trudging along bravely by the side of the animals.

Also there were dogs of every size and description, smelling their way and making wide detours, nose to the ground, because of the slowness of the procession; chickens and ducks and geese in crates tied on the rear of the wagons and carriages, making funny noises at every bump in the road; flocks of sheep crowding and bleating and wondering in their dumb way what it was all about; great herds of cows and

calves, bellowing and mooing and insisting that their course lay somewhere else than where their drivers, who were on horseback, wanted them to go.

A long line, almost continuous, they made, these wagons and cattle and people, from Logan to Provo. Great clouds of dust rose into the air meanwhile, hung there over the road a very long time, and then at last settled down on man and beast and vehicle, until you would have thought they had been dipped like sheep in some whitening liquid. For these were sunshiny April days; it had not rained for a week or so, and the air was still.

The political successor of Brigham Young, when he saw this parade of animals and men, was beside himself. Here he was, the governor of a people who were on the move to no one knew where, and he could follow them only to the limits of the Territory. Was there ever another governor in this sad plight? It was like having plenty of money only to see it slipping through one's fingers into a bottomless river.

He got into a carriage and went south. Everywhere he begged the people to return. He pleaded with Brigham Young. All to no purpose. The great leader was firm. Where were the people going? the governor wanted to know. There was no satisfactory answer. The fact is that already men had been sent somewhere to the south of the Territory to search for a place to which this moving nation might go. And the fact is, too, that President Young had no idea that it would be necessary for the people to go very far. This is evident from a remark he made to George A. Smith. "I think," he said, "this move we are now making will cause a reaction in the government policy." Besides, his people

would be out of the way of the troops when they entered the valley. That was the main thing.

But in all the houses in the city were men who, at a given signal, would cut down every tree and set fire to every house and barn. Old residents in Salt Lake City still point out places in their homes where straw and other combustible material were set, ready for the match.

Eagle Gate, Salt Lake City

Neither axe nor torch, however, was necessary, for the soldiers marched straight through the city and out to their camp beyond the Jordan. It was a strange sight — this army marching through a town full of houses with no people in them, of streets full of trees waiting to be cut down. Colonel St. George Cooke walked through with his hat in hand, either because he wanted to honor the battalion boys he had led to California or because he respected a people who had

courage and heroism enough to abandon their homes rather than surrender their political rights.

The troops safe in Camp Floyd, President Young gave the order for the people to return to their homes. And that done, he shut himself up for many days and refused to see any one except his most intimate friends.

CHAPTER TWELVE

A PIONEER INDIAN SCOUT

"Lieutenant, I wish you'd take a few men with you and see if you can get those Indians that are always stealing our cattle and horses."

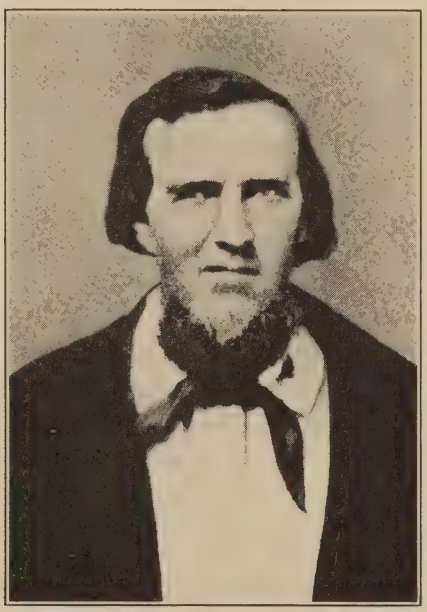
These words were addressed to Jacob Hamblin by the captain of the militia in Tooele Valley. Tooele Valley, as you may know, is about thirty-five miles southwest of Salt Lake City.

A settlement had been made there some three years before. The people, after the fashion of all the early settlements in Utah, were living together in a fort. But their cattle and horses, being of course on the outside, were in constant danger from thieving natives. It was not at all an uncommon thing for the men to wake up of a morning to find that some of their animals were gone.

So Hamblin selected his men and went away toward the mountains to the southwest. He was then thirty-three years old. With his father's family he had come west in 1850. They had gone almost immediately to the Tooele Valley. He had been made lieutenant in the militia because of his natural aptitude for work among the Indians, although up to this time he had had little actual experience with the natives.

The little band of troopers rounded a curve in the canyon

path very gingerly, and spied the Indians. Out came the chief, talking excitedly with both his tongue and his hands. Hamblin did not at this time know very much of the Indian language, but he made out that the chief was saying something like this:



JACOB HAMBLIN
The Mormon Leatherstocking

"I never hurt you. I don't want to. If you shoot, I will shoot, too. If you don't shoot, I won't."

Now, Jacob Hamblin, all through his life, was very susceptible to impressions. He had definite *hunches*, as we sometimes say. Once not long before this, he had taken his wife and children out into the canyon to gather fruit. They had intended to stay all night. But suddenly he said to his wife: "We're going home now." She was very much surprised and wanted to know why. The Indians, he said, were watching them. When she asked him how he knew, he could only shrug his shoulders. It was one of his "hunches." Later Old Big Foot told him that he and some other Indians were watching them on that occasion, and were so close that the natives were wait-

ing for an opportunity to send an arrow into them "clean up to the feathers."

Well, when the chief came out jabbering and gesticulating, the queerest feeling came over Hamblin. He would not have shot one of those natives for all the cattle in Tooele Valley. That is how he put it. For one thing, perhaps, the terror of the squaws and the crying of the papooses went to his heart — for he was very tender in his feelings.

He made the chief understand somehow that he wanted some of the Indians to go with him to the fort. The chief objected; they would be killed. Hamblin gave his word of honor that they would not be harmed. So they went.

On reaching the fort, the captain was for shooting the Indians, and so lined them up against the wall. Hamblin, of course, protested, but to no purpose. Finally, he laid down his rifle, sprang in front of the natives, and said in his soft voice: "I don't care to live, if my word is of no value. Shoot me first. Nothing matters to me when my honor is gone." The Indians were not shot.

There and then Hamblin got another of his "hunches." It was this: He must be a messenger of peace, and not of death, to the Indians. If he were a messenger of peace, he should never be killed by them. That is how Jacob Hamblin became one of the most effective forces with the Indian that any community in pioneer America ever had. He often went by the name of the Mormon Leatherstocking; but he was more than Cooper's hero in that author's tales of native life, for he not only knew intimately the language, the nature, and the ways of the Indian, but he spent his whole life in trying to lift him to a higher plane.

One of the finest stories that ever went out of the West concerns itself with Jacob Hamblin and his relations with the Indians of Utah and Arizona.

Hamblin, it seems, was in need of some Navaho blankets, for which he was willing to trade a horse. So he sent his son, Jacob Junior, a boy of twelve, to an Indian village, ten or fifteen miles away, for the purpose of making the trade. The boy rode one horse and led the other.

On reaching the camp of the natives, young Jacob told his errand to the chief. The chief thought a moment and then said that he could use the pony himself. Thereupon he entered his tent, brought out an armful of blankets, and threw them down in front of the boy. Jacob, however, had his notions of striking a bargain. So he shook his head when the Indian looked up at him inquiringly, and said that was not enough. With a knowing smile on his face, the chief fetched out another armful of blankets. All the blankets were loaded on the back of Jacob's pony, behind the boy, and presently the return journey was begun.

When the father saw the number of blankets which his son had brought home, he said, "You've made *too* good a bargain, Jake." Making two piles of the blankets, he added, "Now, son, you'd better take these back," pointing to one of the stacks. The boy protested, but to no purpose. Honesty was honesty. So young Jacob reluctantly went back to the Indian village.

As he approached the native's tent, Jacob observed the chief out in front of it, peering in the direction of the white settlement. A happy smile was on the old chief's face as the boy came up. "I knew you would come back," the

Indian said in broken English. "Jacob Hamblin your father; he my father, too, and the father of us all," pointing to his fellow-Indians. "He heap honest man!"

Hamblin's Indian policy was very simple: The native was a human being, not one of the lower animals. That meant that he had the same essential traits as the white man. But if so, then the native could be appealed to from the same motives — love, justice, goodness, a desire to progress. So he must be taught industry, book learning, and religion. Greatly to influence the Indian, however, it would be necessary to learn his language, his nature, and his ways.

In these views Hamblin received whole-hearted support from his leader, Brigham Young. That leader, however, worked along two lines, having no illusions on the point. First of all, Governor Young, who was also Indian agent, believed with Oliver Cromwell that one should keep his powder dry, even though he trusted in the Lord. He therefore instructed all the settlements to live in forts, where they could protect themselves better than out in the open.

At least one of the settlements — Fort Utah — tried the softer plan. They would treat the Indian as an equal. So they invited the natives into the fort and into their houses; they talked and smoked with them; and they allowed their women folk and the children to go outside.

Governor Young warned them against doing that. "Attend to your own affairs," he told them, "and let the Indians take care of themselves. If you become familiar with them, you will have to take from them such treatment as they are pleased to give. If you consider them as equals, you cannot

raise them up to where you are. Teach them to work. Hold yourselves at a distance. Then you will have more influence over them."

But the Indians were to be taught the arts of civilization. Jacob Hamblin was one of the teachers. So, too, were Ira Hatch and Thales Haskell — men who devoted their entire lives, without hope of reward, to helping the natives. The Indians were to be taught agriculture. They should live off the soil, not the chase. Above all they ought to get rid of the idea of revenge for their wrongs, especially that primitive view of it that led them to avenge themselves on one man for a wrong committed by another. It was better to feed than to fight the Indian; better to teach him than to let him go his untutored way.

This policy succeeded reasonably well. The authorities at Washington told Governor Young that the Indians were in better control in his district than in any other. The Utah colonists probably suffered less than any other Western community. But, better than that, through the activities of such Indian scouts and teachers as Hamblin, they were saved from a number of atrocities at the hands of the natives. Hamblin knew the Indians. Also, he sympathized with them. Knowledge and sympathy gave him a better understanding of them than any one else seemed to have. Hence his tremendous influence over them.

In order to know them, he lived among them. He studied their language, ate the same food as they did, slept in the same kind of beds, smoked and played with them, even engaged in their forms of worship. In addition, he entered into their very feelings, looked at things through their eyes,

recognized the wrongs they had received at the hands of the white man. And he observed, as only Hamblin could, their nature and ways. Having thus learned their point of view, through an intimate acquaintance with them, he was in a position to understand.

Always, however, he held himself as their superior. Therefore they never took any liberties with him. Between them and him there was not that familiarity which breeds contempt. Finally, he never lied to, nor deceived, them. Whenever he told them anything, they came to know that they could depend upon it as being true. And this often saved his life.

Perhaps the following instance will show better than any other in this man's eventful life not only his immense influence with the natives, but also how this influence saved the community from massacre.

A man named McCarty lived in Grass Valley. He had taken up land there and engaged mostly in cattle raising. One day four young Navahos were passing through the valley to trade with the Utes. Here they were caught in a severe snowstorm. They sought shelter in a vacant cabin belonging to the white man. During the last of the three days they were there, they went out and killed a calf owned by McCarty. It was for food. Thereupon McCarty, collecting some men of like spirit with himself, killed three of the Indians and wounded the fourth. He did not give them an opportunity to explain. The wounded man eventually found his way to his people, to whom he told the story of the murder.

The effect of his story was like setting a match to a

powder magazine. The Indians must have a speedy revenge. There was great excitement — among the whites as among the Indians. Every one knew that it would be a typical Indian revenge. That is, the first white men in the way would suffer. The news reached Salt Lake City, and Brigham Young sent word to Hamblin to go immediately to the Navahos to pacify them. It was an extremely dangerous mission. But Hamblin went.

Fifteen miles south from Kanab his son overtook him. The bishop there had sent him. Hamblin must not think of going on. The natives were on the warpath. He must return at once. He replied: "Tell the bishop that my life is not worth so much as the lives of the settlers hereabouts. I trust in God."

At Pahreah the son came up again. He bore a note from the bishop. The bishop had heard that the Navahos were in an ugly temper. It meant certain death for Hamblin to go on. The bishop received the same answer. Only, this time it was in writing.

Here Hamblin was joined by two men, Easterners, who were about to start for Mowabby. The three went on. Everywhere along the way the settlers were preparing to defend themselves against an impending attack.

The outraged Navahos were encamped on a high mesa. Hamblin and his friends arrived there at sundown. All around were horses and sheep and goats, the property of the tribe. Two gray-headed Indians greeted them, but very coldly. Presently some young bucks came up. They were hostile. All through the night a full moon rode slowly over the sky.

"Where is Hastele?" asked Hamblin. Hastele was the biggest chief, whose advice Hamblin had been told to get if ever he were in difficulties with the Navahos. No one would answer the question. Hamblin told some old bucks all he knew about the killing. The braves were not ready to talk until the relatives of the murdered men arrived. The situation was discouraging.

INDIAN CHILD

Night passed, and the next forenoon also. Then the Indians said they were ready to hold a council in the lodge, which had been emptied of its contents for the occasion. It was a log affair, twenty feet long by twelve wide, made by setting one end of some logs in the ground, leaning them up against a central beam, and covering the whole with about half a foot of earth. There was only one entrance. Into this inclosure were crowded some twenty-four warriors, of whom four were councilors of the nation. Some natives were about the door. Opposite the entrance were Hamblin and his two white companions. Hastele was not present — a bad sign.

A Navaho opened the council with a speech. What the

white man had told the old men about the murder was a lie. Hamblin had advised the Navahos to trade with the Utes, and they had lost three young braves. A fourth had come home with a bullet in him and without his blanket. So the white man need not think of going home; the other two might; but not he.

Every one looked toward the two strangers. They would die with their companion. All this was explained to them by Hamblin.

Just above Hamblin's head hung three revolvers. They belonged to him and his companions. Hamblin reached up for them, asking an Indian: "What shall I do with these? They are in my way." Without waiting for a reply, however, he passed them back to his friends, saying, "I have no fears; I do not expect to use them; make no move until we have to."

Then came Hamblin's turn to talk. In a low voice which the natives had to strain their ears to hear and without a quaver in his tones, he told them of his long acquaintance with the Indians, of his work for peace between his people and theirs, and of the injustice of putting him to death for the deeds of another.

His words had a good effect on the council — which consisted of old men, although young men were allowed to talk. When the young warriors saw how things were going, they sought to undo Hamblin's speech. Bringing in the wounded young man, they exposed the bullet holes and worked themselves to a frenzy. Indian blood was stirred. The tide was turning again against the white man. The least that could be done was to put the white man to death.

Hamblin got one of his hunches. "Hold still," it said; "don't make the first move, and there will be no first move made; they will never get ready to do anything." This was in answer to a suspicion that one of his companions was gripping his revolver.

The excitement abated at last, after what seemed an eternity. Then a spirit of conciliation became apparent. The white man must pay in cattle and horses — one hundred for each of the killed and fifty for the wounded. This was a close place for Hamblin. He could sign a paper — that is what the Indians wanted — and go home at once. On the other hand, if he did not, he would very likely be put to death. Could he afford to admit that his people had done something which they had not?

"I will not do that!" he replied.

One of the Indians pointed to the fire in the middle of the lodge: "You will sign it, when your naked body is held over those coals."

"I have never lied to you," Hamblin said. "Let the guilty Americans pay for their own mischief."

"Are you not scared?" asked the chief.

"What is there to scare me?"

"The Navahos."

"I am not afraid of my friends."

"Friends?" shouted a Piute Indian near the door. "You have no friends here. You have caused the whole nation to mourn. Your friend Ketch-e-ne, that used to give you meat when you were hungry and blankets when you were cold, has gone to mourn for his murdered sons. You have caused the bread he eats to be like coals of fire in his

mouth, and the water he drinks to be like hot ashes. Are you not afraid?"

"No; my heart never knew fear."

"Do you know Hastele?" the Indians inquired.

"Yes."

"What do you know about him?"

"I know that Barben-ce-ta and others of your leading men said, at a great peace talk, that he was an honest man and that all important difficulties between you and our people should be settled before him. This affair should be settled before him. I came here on a peace mission. If you will send Hastele into our country to learn the truth about the killing, it will be good. It's no use to ask me about pay. Trade with our people; they will welcome you."

This made a good impression.

"You have a good heart," they told him. "We will wait and see the greater chiefs. We will settle this matter before Hastele."

The lives of the three white men were saved; the colonies were saved; and the Indians were satisfied to wait. White men and dark smoked the pipe of peace together, and they all shared a meal of goat meat. The council had lasted eleven hours.

"No braver man ever lived!" Hamblin's two companions wrote to the *Deseret News* shortly afterwards.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE WALLED TOWNS OF UTAH

You may remember the boy we spoke about when we were telling of the crickets — the one who, with his brother, drew a long rope through the wheat field to brush off those pests, and whom we quoted so much. Well, this young man, some years after that, had a narrow escape from death at the hands of Indians. The incident shows how watchful the settlers had to be in their dealings with the natives.

It was in 1858, when the people were in the midst of their difficulties with the Federal administration. He was returning home from California. While he and his companion were encamped on the Muddy River, some Indians with painted faces rode up. The chief had a notoriously ugly disposition. They engaged the white men in conversation.

As they talked ("fenced" would probably be the better word), a mourning dove alighted on a solitary willow in front of them. Presently a breeze blew up and gently swayed the branch with the bird on it. All eyes were turned in that direction. In a few minutes the Indians made a move with their guns, as if to shoot the bird.

Now, the young white man knew very well that once an Indian rifle cracked, there would be trouble and no one could tell what would happen next. And so, taking time by the forelock, he quickly put his gun to his shoulder, pulled the

trigger back, and fired at the dove. Off went the bird's head as clean as if it had been done with a sharp knife. The natives were greatly impressed.

A few minutes later two of the young bucks began to wrestle under the wagon near by. In the midst of the scuffle a gun belonging to one of them went off, piercing the ear of the white companion, who immediately made a dash for the offender. Instantly the chief gave the war whoop.

Quick as lightning, our young friend put his gun barrel against the stomach of the chief, ordered him to throw up his hands, and called for the man with the bleeding ear to come and tie the Indian's hands. As soon as possible they loaded the chief into the wagon, hitched up the animals, and were off toward home. When they had reached a point where they thought it would be entirely safe, they let him go, with some sharp words of warning.

It was that deadly aim at the dove which had done the job with the Indians. It had taken them unawares and scared them. The natives were like that — explosive as gunpowder, but easily snuffed, like a candle. They were as petulant as children.

Once Governor Young called on Chief Walker. General Wells, who was with him, distributed presents of tobacco in the form of the plug. He threw a piece to each Indian present, who was supposed to catch it in his hands. Walker's fell on the ground between his knees. He refused to pick it up. "I don't want presents thrown at me!" he said gruffly. But when the general apologized with a graceful bow, and handed him a new plug of tobacco, the chief smiled and the incident was over.

The settlers always had to be twice armed, however. They had to be careful what they said to the natives and how they said it. And then, too, they had to be ready with something besides words, to be used when necessary.

During the first two and a half years after the settlement of Utah, we do not hear of any disturbance between the whites and the natives. The relations between them appear to have been all that could be desired — with the exception of thefts of cattle and horses here and there. Chief Walker, in fact, had come to Salt Lake City and urged the governor to send settlers into Sanpete Valley to teach the natives. This Governor Young had done in 1849. Always the settlers everywhere in Utah fed the Indians in response to Governor Young's: "Never turn a hungry Indian from your door." The general policy of friendliness, it seemed, was bearing fruit in peaceful relations. The governor had a horror of shedding native blood, and he said it should be done only when it was necessary in self-defense.

WALKER (WAKARA), CHIEF OF UTAH INDIANS, AND HIS BROTHER ARROPEEN
Painted by Carvalho, in 1854

The very first skirmish between the settlers and the Indians

is said to have occurred on the spot now occupied by Pleasant Grove. The "battle" lasted about four hours, and during it four of the natives were killed.

In 1850, however, there was an Indian outbreak. It occurred on the Provo River. The settlement was known as Fort Utah. A quarrel arose between an Indian chief, Old Bishop, and three white men in the settlement. One of the men claimed that the shirt which the native wore was his. Evidently hot words passed between the two, for the native suddenly drew his bow to kill the white man, who whipped out his revolver and shot the chief dead in his tracks.

After that the settlers were subjected to annoyances at the hands of the natives. Pretty soon it was as much as a man's life was worth to venture out of the fort after wood or cattle. The settlers drew the governor's attention to the situation, with the result that, after a consultation with Captain Stansbury, he sent down there one hundred "minute men" — fifty under Captain George D. Grant and fifty under Major Andrew Lytle. It was February, and the weather was bitter cold.

The first battle took place up the river about two miles. The Indians, to the number of between seventy-five and one hundred, had taken a stand in some timber and willows and in a double log cabin in the thicket. From behind a breastwork of cottonwood logs, they fired at the minute men, killing Joseph Higbee. In the end, however, they were routed. Some of them fled up to Rock Canyon; the rest, the larger number, found their way to the southern part of Utah Lake.

There on the ice a second battle took place. By this time General Wells came upon the scene and took charge. The natives were all but annihilated. One of the chiefs, Old Elk, had already died in Rock Canyon of wounds received on the Provo River. The widows and children of the slain Indians were taken to Salt Lake City to be civilized. Some of the papooses were adopted by the citizens. But as soon as winter broke up, the squaws, with their children, returned to their native haunts.

A more serious and extensive outbreak on the part of the Indians, however, occurred three years later. Like its predecessor, it began in a quarrel; or rather, a quarrel was the occasion for it.

It seems that some white traders thereabouts were engaged in the business of slavery. They would buy Indian children and then sell them to Mexicans. When they were taken to task for this illicit trade by the Utah authorities, they showed a written permit from the governor of New Mexico to carry on their business with the Utes "in all their various localities." Governor Young, knowing this traffic to be in violation of the laws both of the nation and of the Territory, promptly took measures to stop the traders from continuing their business. He wrote to the legislature: "No property can or should be recognized as existing in slaves, either Indian or African."

The defeated traders sought revenge. Contrary to law, they supplied arms and ammunition to the natives. Also they made the Indians believe that another of their natural rights was infringed by the Utahans. Thus the ground was prepared for a conflict. All that was needed was an overt

act on some one's part, and it was furnished in another quarrel between an Indian and a white man.

In Springville a buck was beating his squaw. According to Indian custom, he had a right to do that. A passing white man, however, had different notions of things. So he proceeded to interfere in behalf of the squaw. The buck naturally objected. Blows were struck, one of which killed the Indian. Here, then, was the *occasion*, as the interference in the slave traffic was the *cause*, of the war.

At the mouth of Payson Canyon, on Peteetneet Creek, was encamped a band of Indians. Chief Walker was with them. Walker was a petulant, quarrelsome fellow, lacking in real bravery, but making up for this defect in character by putting on a bold front. This is seen in two stories told of him.

When the pioneers first came into the Salt Lake Valley, the Indians, at a great gathering in the Wasatch mountains, debated among themselves as to what to do. Chief Walker, true to his nature, was for war; Sowiette, another chief, was for peace. There was a heated debate. Said Walker to Sowiette, "You are a coward!" Sowiette, grabbing a rawhide whip, gave Walker a thoroughgoing trouncing before all the warriors. And Walker ate his words.

On another occasion, Washakie, a good friend of the colonists and a lover of peace, challenged Walker to a fight. The two chiefs had quarreled over something. But Walker refused. Whereupon Washakie called him a dog, which was the most contemptuous epithet possible. He did more than that. He snatched Walker's tomahawk and threw it away. Could scorn go further? Yet Walker submitted.

A "dog" and a coward, Walker was nevertheless greatly

feared by both whites and Indians all the way from Mexico to the western sea. He was feared because of his treacherous nature and his influence with his tribes. He grew rich in horses and cattle from his thefts. Brigham Young was the only white man who could hold the slippery fellow in his hands, and sometimes the Indian escaped from even that iron grip — as was the case in the early fifties. Always Walker sought to impress the whites with his importance. "Brigham Young heap big chief," he would say, holding up a dirty thumb; "but Walker heap big chief, too," he would quickly add, holding up his other thumb. And then he would invite whoever was present to inspect and consider those two digits. But to come back to the Springville affair.

That band of natives at the mouth of Payson Canyon learned somehow of the dead wife beater. So a few of them presently stole away from the others, went into Payson, and shot to death a man named Keel. Returning to Walker, they told him what they had done. Immediately he ordered the camp into the hills.

Armed men from Payson, Spanish Fork, Springville, and Provo went in pursuit. It was feared that Walker's band would attack the settlements in Sanpete Valley. Before long help came from Salt Lake City. One hundred men, all mounted, joined the mounted men from the towns named, and the combined troops marched to Sanpete Valley.

All through the summer and fall there were depredations committed by the Indians. One man was wounded at Springville, and another at Nephi, in attacks by the natives. Some messengers, going from Sanpete Valley to Salt Lake

City, were fired upon by a score or more of Indians. In August, two men were killed outright in Parley's Canyon, east of Salt Lake City, and a third wounded. And in Juab Valley four men were killed as they were taking a load of wheat north. In Manti two men were shot to death near a gristmill on the edge of town, and another in the harvest field. At Fillmore a guard was killed by some Pauvant Indians, and a number of skirmishes between Indians and white men took place. In one of these, eight savages were killed and others captured. During these months, therefore, travel between the settlements was extremely dangerous, unless one were attended by an armed guard.

But the "war" came to an end, as all things must. The governor had a talk with Walker. Then is when the tobacco incident happened. The Indian chief had given in because he was surrounded by enemies — barbarian as well as white. Governor Young had gone to him for the reason that he was sorry, as we all are, for the under dog.

When, not long after this, the old chief died, he was buried with the customary Indian honors. Two squaws, two children, and fifteen horses were killed, so the dead warrior's spirit might have company and equipment "over there." With his body was interred a letter he had received from Brigham Young, which he had very highly prized.

The most lamentable events in the history of Utah, so far as the Indians are concerned, though, were the massacre of the Gunnison party on the Sevier and the massacre of some immigrants at Mountain Meadows. The former was probably connected with the Indian war of 1853. The latter,

Fort Laramie, Wyoming, on the Way to Utah

which occurred in 1857, was the joint work of white men and natives.

Captain John W. Gunnison was a topographical engineer. He had been in Utah in 1849 with Captain Stanbury, working for the government on matters connected with Great Salt Lake. Just now he was the head of a surveying party in the interests of a railroad company. There were seven of them in all, and they were escorted by a company of riflemen. Their guide was a man from Manti.

In the latter part of October, 1853, the captain, with eleven others, including the guide and seven riflemen, were camped in some willows on the bank of the Sevier River. While the men were at breakfast, they heard a war whoop. They sprang to arms. Almost immediately a volley of shots came from an ambush a little way off. When the smoke had cleared away, it was found that eight of the twelve men had been killed.

Gunnison was buried in Fillmore. He was a friend of Governor Young and of the whole community — one of the few they had in those days. A town in Sanpete County was named in his honor.

This lamentable affair had been provoked by a mistaken notion in a party of immigrants to California, who were passing through the Territory. Hearing of the Indian depredations in the settlements, they declared their intention to take a hand when next they saw any natives. Anson Call tried to dissuade them from carrying out their desire, telling them that some of the Indians were friendly. But they paid no heed to what he said. They killed two natives who came to them begging food, and as ill luck would have

it they were friendly Pauvants. The strangers went on their way, but the Indians got revenge on others who had had nothing to do with the killing. That was the Indian sense of justice.

The Mountain Meadows affair was even more shocking. Mountain Meadows is a beautiful patch of greensward lifted up a little from the plain. It is about thirty-five miles south of Cedar City, in Iron County. Here, in August, 1857, a company of emigrants made their camp.

The company consisted of one hundred thirty-seven people — men, women, and children. This included what was known as some "wild cats" from Missouri, a gang of rowdies, who boasted that they had helped to drive the Mormons from that State and otherwise made themselves obnoxious — poisoning cattle, for instance. The rest were well-to-do folk, highly respected where they came from. With them were several thousand head of cattle. They were under the leadership of a Captain Fancher, and were on their way to California.

That there was no ill-will between them and the settlers between Salt Lake City and Cedar City — aside from those "wild cats" — is evident from at least two things. One was that they asked and received the advice of C. C. Rich, who knew both routes to the coast and who had told them why he thought the northern road was the better. They had taken his counsel at first, but later changed their minds. The other circumstance was that the settlers along the way had sold them such provisions as they could spare. The settlers had not sold them grain for their cattle, but had not withheld wheat and flour for human consumption, for just then there was a not too plentiful supply.

One morning at dawn — the seventh of September, 1857, to be exact — the emigrants were surprised by hearing shots. Seven men fell dead. Sixteen others were wounded. Hastily digging trenches, they lowered their wagon wheels into these and fought the enemy.

Later, one John D. Lee, a Mormon engaged to teach the natives farming, induced the emigrants to surrender. He promised them protection. At the same time Lee summoned other white settlers to the scene under the pretext that the dead needed burial. The surviving emigrants, trusting implicitly in the pledged word of the white man, marched out of camp single file, after having given up their weapons. They were shot down by Indians and white men from ambush like so many rabbits.

Only seventeen survived. These were children between a few months old and seven years. The point was, it seems, to get rid of all that would remember what had happened and could talk about it. The property of the emigrants was distributed among the murderers.

Attempts have been made to fasten this horrible massacre on Brigham Young and the Mormon church. There is no evidence, however, to warrant such a conclusion. It is certain, of course, that there were Mormons in the group of persons who committed the deed. But they were acting in their own individual capacity, not by reason of any order, expressed or implicit, from any church man. As a matter of fact, Governor Young, in response to a question asked by a Mormon leader in Parowan as to what should be done with the emigrants, wrote that "the emigrants should not be meddled with, if it takes all Iron County to prevent it."

Haight, a leader there, had told him they were in danger from Indian attacks.

Lee was later executed for his share in the crime. Others died in exile. All the children were restored to their relatives in Arkansas.

It was during this period of Indian troubles that Utah became a community of walled towns. North and south, east and west, the settlements were surrounded by high, thick walls, either completed or in the making. They were for protection against the natives.

These walls were about twelve feet high and varied in thickness from about six feet at the bottom to about two and a half feet at the top. They were made of mud mixed with straw, and were built at the suggestion of Governor Young. The wall around Salt Lake City, also that in Davis County, was never finished. Parts of these walls in various Utah settlements may be seen to-day.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

HOMEMADE GOODS FOR HOME PEOPLE

Some wag, when he was asked once just what equipment a newly married couple requires nowadays in their housekeeping, answered: "A set of paper dishes and a can opener."

There is, indeed, an element of truth in the statement, as there is in most really humorous sayings. For, as a matter of fact, our canning factories throughout the nation now put up almost everything in the way of meats, vegetables, and fruits to be served as soon as the cans are opened. And as for the rest — clothes, furniture, and automobiles — these may be obtained at the store round the corner on the easy payment plan.

But it was not so in the days of which we are speaking just now in this history. Then you needed about the same number and kinds of things to eat and use, but you had to grow your own flour and fruits and vegetables, and the chances were you would be called upon to make your own table and chairs and bedstead out of good mountain wood, even if you had to borrow the tools. In the State Capitol is a chair made by Brigham Young for himself; and there, too, you will find a beautiful hand-carved hall rack by a cabinetmaker, named Ramsay.

Whenever anything broke — your furniture or wagon or farm implements — you mended it yourself. It was a time of great natural resources in more senses than one.

Brigham Young's policy was to make the community as self-supporting as possible. That was desirable from two points of view. In the first place, it just had to be self-supporting or die. That was all there was about it. Distances were too great east to the Missouri River and west to the sea to allow bringing much of anything into the valley.

THE AUGUSTA BRIDGE, SAN JUAN COUNTY
From a painting by H. L. A. Culmer

In the second place, that practical-minded leader believed it to be a good thing to cultivate in the people the habit of depending on themselves instead of on other people for whatever they needed. It made for a vigorous civilization. So he sought to establish home industries that might produce everything from a cambric needle to a threshing machine. The commonwealth did not reach that ideal, for it was very

difficult to carry it out with so little capital as there was here at the time; but that was the aim none the less.

The order in which industries were established in Utah was that in which industries arose in human society to begin with — first the necessities, then the luxuries.

Wheat, after it was grown, had to be threshed. An ingenious contrivance for this purpose was invented at Parowan by Edson Whipple and Leo Brimhall. It is spoken of in our pioneer journals as "excellent" and as "doing a good business," till a better one was procured. Anyway, it proved a more effective means, and demanded less muscle, than the flail — two heavy clubs tied together by the ends so as to give a swivel movement — which was used in some of the smaller settlements. Not all the threshing, of course, was done in these primitive ways, for a successful threshing machine, invented by a Scotchman, had been in use in America for about a hundred years.

The wheat having been threshed, it must then be ground into flour. Hence arose flour mills. One of these, as we know, was built very early in East Mill Creek, and was owned by John Neff. This was the first in Utah. Later another, owned by Heber C. Kimball, was erected between the Hot Springs in North Salt Lake City and the mountains to the east. This mill is described as having been driven by a "large wheel overshot, with two runs of stones, a smut machine, elevators, a beautifully finished bolting chest, and numerous bins for storing grain." It was in a three-story building, "including the attic and observatory." Before this second mill was built, however, Samuel Parish "dressed

a pair of stones out of native rock" for a mill in Centerville, which did good service for the time being.

Thus the people got their breadstuffs.

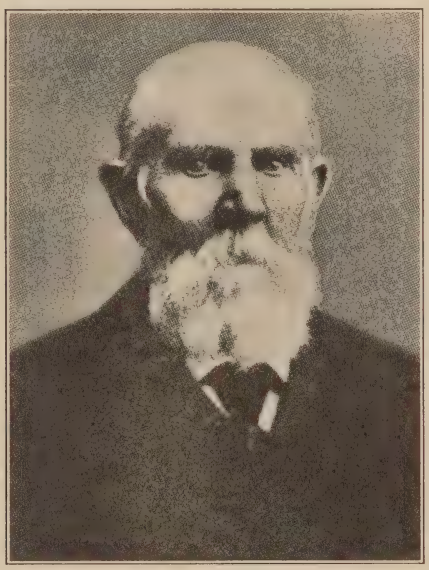
Another primal necessity, though not so great as flour, was sweets. The early settlers were hard put to it to supply this need. But they tapped their resources with success.

In Centerville, again, that same Samuel Parish made a pair of wooden rollers to press out the juices of sorghum. At first corn stalks were used. This turned out a cheap grade of molasses, which served the purpose fairly well. But later, Chinese cane was grown there, from which those same rollers squeezed out a more palatable product. There were some disadvantages, however. It tasted strong. Besides, every afternoon the power went off at the mill; it was furnished by the water which ran down into the valley from the canyon.

Not only in Centerville, but almost everywhere else in the settlements, devices were in use to press out sweet juices from plants. A man living in Parowan spoke afterwards of the cakes eaten at public parties, which had been sweetened by this powerful ingredient. But no one complained, even though that table delicacy was off-color a bit.

But sugar was destined to come here, and it came in a thoroughly romantic fashion. At least, a brave attempt was made to bring it here. On the little island of Jersey, just off the coast of France, lived a young man named Philip De La Mare, a contractor. At the time John Taylor left Utah, in 1849, with others, Brigham Young had said he was to keep his eyes open for industries that he thought would thrive here, as well as for men of intelligence, skill, and means to

build them. So when Taylor reached France, he looked up the beet-sugar industry, and began to plan for a factory in the Salt Lake Valley. He confided his plans to De La Mare. The young Frenchman was enthusiastic. He promised to put in five thousand dollars if a company could be organized.



PHILIP DE LA MARE

Forthwith Taylor went to England. There he got five thousand dollars from a Mr. Collins, a wealthy shoe manufacturer, another sum of equal amount from a Mr. Coward, a dealer in salt, and forty-five thousand dollars from a Captain Russel, a Scottish shipbuilder—all converts to the Mormon faith. A company was organized, De La Mare was put in charge, and some skilled workmen were employed to select the necessary machinery and to build and operate the plant in Utah.

The job of getting the machinery to the Salt Lake Valley was stupendous. It required fifty-two wagons to haul the machinery across the plains. These were drawn by two hundred oxen. On the way the money ran out, and the company had to borrow.

On reaching Salt Lake Valley the plant was located in what is now called Sugar House. The plant was built by Elias Morris, a contractor from Wales. John Vernon, an expert engineer, was brought here from Hull, England, to oversee the installing of the machinery, and a Mr. Mollenhauer, an expert in the manufacture of sugar, was made superintendent of the factory.

But the enterprise failed. It did not run the first season because the foundry had forgotten to send a certain very necessary part. Then the concern ran short of funds. In the end, the Mormon church took over the plant, debts and all — to no purpose, however, because an enterprise like that demanded more money than was then available.

This first great undertaking in manufacturing, though, shows the prodigious courage of the pioneers. Nothing daunted them. But sometimes lack of experience, and oftener lack of capital, defeated them.

The matter of getting the necessary clothing to wear taxed the resources of the pioneers even more than providing processed foodstuffs. Wool could be got off the backs of sheep, for the early settlers saw to it that many of these useful domestic animals were brought here. In one of the very first companies there were one thousand of them.

As for cotton, attempts to grow that were made very early. Four years after the arrival of the pioneer company a man raised some in the northern part of the territory. Southern Utah, though, it was soon found, was more favorable to the production of cotton. In 1855, it was grown successfully in the Santa Clara Valley, and out of it about thirty yards of

cloth were made. Indeed, the raising of cotton was one of the main purposes in settling the St. George region in 1861 by a number of families under the direction of Erastus Snow.

Both wool and cotton, however, had to be processed before they could be worn. For years wool was carded by hand, spun into threads on the spinning wheel, and then woven into cloth on the simple hand loom of the period. Cotton had to go through similar processes. It was a notable day in the community when the first skirt or the first suit of homespun appeared of a Sunday at church. There is no doubt that it excited as much interest, if not envy, as an Easter bonnet nowadays.

How rapidly (for the times) the manufacturing of cotton and woolen goods changed from the hand to the machine process may be seen in the fact that only a few years later Jacob Hamblin tells us of a hundred spindles in motion in the St. George factory, and of an Indian, Tuba by name, going about smartly dressed in a suit of cotton presented him by Brigham Young.

The manufacture of woolen goods was given an excellent start by an appropriation, in 1852, of two thousand dollars by the legislature. The first carding machine was already in operation in Salt Lake Valley. It was owned by Matthew Gaunt, who proudly paid for an advertisement in the *Deseret News*, under the title "Hurrah," to the effect that he was "prepared to card wool at the Woolen Factory on Jordan, 10 miles south of the city." Later a carding machine was set up in Parley's Canyon by Brigham Young, another in City Creek Canyon by Heber C. Kimball, and still another

in Provo by Shadrach Holdaway. Before long the machine displaced the hand in turning wool into cloth.

But the pioneers were not content with wearing apparel made out of mere cotton or wool. They wanted silk. So an earnest attempt, with no inconsiderable success, was made to establish the silk industry.

Some of the early settlers, therefore, sent to France for silkworms and mulberry trees. That the efforts to cultivate sericulture, as this art is called, were not altogether a failure is seen in the reports of the numerous fairs held in the Territory. Not only were there on exhibit samples of raw silk and of cloth made out of silk, but such finished articles as aprons, handkerchiefs, and shawls. A shawl made of homemade silk was given to Mrs. Hayes, wife of President Hayes, by the Relief Society. It had been made by a Mrs. Ursenbach, and was valued at seventy-five dollars. Later a silk gown, also homemade, was presented to Susan B. Anthony, of suffrage fame, by members of the Utah Silk Association.

In 1856, the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society was organized by an act of the legislature. Its purpose, as stated in the law creating it, was to promote "the arts of domestic industry and to encourage the production of articles from the native elements of this territory." There were a president and eleven directors, chosen by the lawmaking body. Also the society was to hold annual exhibits, either in Salt Lake City or in some other place.

That very marked progress was made during the twenty-two years since the pioneers came into the valley of Great Salt Lake — the period covered by this section of our story — is evident from an account in the *Deseret News* for July 3,

1869, which announces a procession for the following day's celebration. Here is the order:

National flag; martial band; detachment of cavalry, commanded by Colonel John R. Winder; gardeners and horticulturists, with carriage carrying fruits, flowers, and vegetables; architects; mechanics' union, with banner; stonecutters, masons, brick and adobe makers and lavers; millwrights, carpenters, and joiners, with banners and flags; plasterers; painters, glaziers, and paper hangers, with banners; cabinet makers and upholsterers; engineers, machinists, and foundrymen, with wagons, tools, etc.; blacksmiths with banner and wagon; tin and sheet-iron workers, with banner and wagon; lock- and gunsmiths; wagon and carriage makers, with platform car, carrying tools, specimens of work, etc.; tanners and curriers, with banner and wagon; saddle and harness makers in omnibus; woolen and cotton manufacturers; boot, shoe, and last makers; dentists; paper makers and wagon; printers, with car and press; bookbinders; artists and photographers; merchants, with banner and express wagons; organ builders; carvers, gilders, and engravers; wood turners; china and crockeryware makers; millers, with wagon, mill, and banner; bakers and confectioners; butchers, mounted and with carriage; livery stable keepers, with carriages; rope makers, with banner, wagon, etc.; basket makers; broom makers; ink and match makers; boat builders and sailors, with boat, sextant, charts, etc.

It will be seen from this long list that the policy of combing the European countries and the States for skilled workers to build up home industries in Utah was bearing some fruit.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

TRANSPORTING LETTERS, GOODS, AND MEN

When Brigham Young and his party paid their annual visit to St. George, which is three hundred miles from Salt Lake City as the crow flies, it took them the better part of four days to cover the distance. To-day an automobile can make it in five or six hours, an airplane in fifty or sixty minutes, and the human voice in less than a second. Distance, therefore, is long or short according to the means of travel we have at our disposal.

One of the most serious problems the Utah pioneers had to solve was that of transportation — the mails, freight, and people. And they solved that problem as well as physical conditions would allow them to do. If they did not have cement roads, the automobile, the telephone, and the radio, it was because no one else in the world had them.

Of the three transportation necessities mentioned, the most needed, of course, by the pioneers was the mail service, and that was the one to which they first bent their minds.

In the very first days of Utah, when the place did not even have a name other than "The Valley," you sent your letter, if you had one, by some one who might be going eastward. It had no envelope and bore no stamp, but was bound with others in a buckskin wrapper.

But really you had little use for a mail service then, for

your friends and relatives in the East would probably be with you in person when the next emigrant train arrived. Yet it was hard to be shut out from the noise and bustle of the world — no daily or even weekly newspaper, no passers-by, no mail from anywhere that you could count on, but only a religious meeting of a Sunday, a dance or other party of a week night, and the occasional arrival in camp of an Indian, a trapper, or a Mexican caravan. No wonder one of the men thus shut in complains of the immense quiet of the life lived here till 1850.

From a period of no properly constituted mail service the colony graduated into one where Uncle Sam took all the responsibility. And things improved — a little. That was in 1850.

Already, however, there was an unofficial post office in Salt Lake City, with Joseph L. Heywood in charge. But Almond W. Babbit, who had business in the East, carried the mail to and from the valley for nothing. The service was supposed to be bimonthly.

The next year, though, as we have just stated, saw the setting up of a mail service by the Federal government. The first postmaster was Willard Richards. A mail route was established between Salt Lake City and Independence, Missouri, twelve hundred miles in length over the Oregon Trail. Colonel Samuel H. Woodson, of Independence, was awarded the contract, for which he was to receive twenty thousand dollars a year. That part of the route lying between Fort Laramie and the valley he sublet to some Utah men.

According to the schedule the mails were to come in and

EARLY SALT LAKE CITY
Lion House on the left with grounds

go out once a month, but in fact they appeared — every once in a while. Sometimes, when the carriers did not show up within a reasonable time after they should have done so, Governor Young sent out runners to Independence for such mail as lay there for Utah people. In truth, however, much of this delay was due to physical conditions over which no one had any control. A story is told of Feramorz Little, a mail contractor between Salt Lake City and Fort Laramie, which shows not only the difficulties and dangers encountered in the mail service of those days, but also the courage and determination with which they were met and overcome.

From Salt Lake Valley to Fort Laramie was about three hundred fifty miles. The trail lay over mountains, through valleys and canyons, and on desert wastes. In the winter time it was usually hidden under many feet of snow. Bears and mountain lions were a common sight, as well as Indians looking for trouble. There was only one settlement on the entire route. That was Fort Bridger, where you got your wagon repaired and your horses shod — if they needed it.

One morning Little, with a white man and an Indian, left Fort Laramie, a pouch of mail tied behind him on the saddle. Before leaving his home for the trip he had sprained his ankle while getting on his mule, and the doctor at the Fort, when he got there, warned him against using it. On the way back the ankle became badly swollen. Presently a blinding snow storm arose; they lost their way in the white wilderness. They ran out of food, except for raw meat and bread. The cold was intense, and they could find nothing with which to make a fire. But they kept on going without knowing where.

After three days they reached an old Indian lodge. Clearing away six feet of snow, they made a fire, and slept well that night. Later, falling in with some French traders, they found out where they were. They were not far from Fort Bridger. After a brief rest they pushed on toward Salt Lake Valley, where they arrived half-frozen and half-starved. They had been compelled, however, to cache the mail on the way.

Arrangements were also made, during the fifties, for a mail service within the Territory. A coach, which carried passengers as well as mail, ran between Salt Lake City and Fillmore. Twice a week it made the trip — in good weather, that is. An advertisement in the *Deseret News* urged people to "avail themselves of this opportunity." It cost you three dollars to go to Provo and twelve to Fillmore, provided you had no baggage, in which event you had to pay extra. If, however, you did not happen to have the ready cash on starting, you could "arrange" for your transportation.

Then came the Pony Express. This daring and romantic enterprise created as much of a sensation in Western America as did the airplane and the radio in our time. It was organized by a trio of adventurers named Russell, Majors, and Waddell. They undertook to cover the two thousand miles between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California, in ten days — a truly wonderful cutting down of time.

Five hundred of the fleetest horses and two hundred men were required to do the job. But only the light-weights among the men, of whom there were eighty, were allowed to ride — thin, wiry fellows, also daring and romantic. The route lay from St. Joseph, through Forts Kearney, Laramie, and Bridger, Salt Lake City, Camp Floyd, Carson City, and

Placerville, to Sacramento. Every twenty miles there was a station, where a change of horses was made in just ten seconds. The distance between these stations was covered in a trifle less than sixty minutes.

The cost of this service, of course, was so great as to be prohibitive in the case of anything but the most important business letters and newspaper correspondence. Everything transmitted by this means was written on the thinnest paper that could be got. A letter from St. Joseph to San Francisco is known to have cost its writer twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

The pony express business from Salt Lake City to Sacramento was in the charge of Boliver Roberts, a Utah man. Two of the most famous riders on the whole route were Utah boys — H. J. Faust and Thomas Dobson. A trip made by young Dobson between Salt Lake City and Deep Creek has come down to us as an endurance run. He covered the entire distance of three hundred twenty-two miles without stopping. It was a dangerous ride, too, for the country, a vast desert infested by half-starved Indians, proved just then a veritable hotbed of barbarians. Three arrows lodged in various parts of Dobson's horse and one in his own leg, but he went on his way courageously. No other rider ever made a ride like that, although Buffalo Bill was one of the group.

The pony express rider was displaced by the telegraph wire. Although Morse had invented his system of dots and dashes before 1835, it was not till 1844 that the first commercial line was stretched between Baltimore and Washington. Later it came west to Missouri. As early as 1853 the

Utah legislature had undertaken to persuade Congress that it would be a good thing for the Union if its two extremities east and west were bound together by "an electric stream." But nothing came of the petition.

In Omaha lived Edward Creighton. He was a telegrapher. Also he was a man of enterprise. It was Creighton who, in 1856, connected that city with the world to the east through the electric current. Then he conceived the idea of building a line to the Pacific. He came to Salt Lake City and had a talk with Brigham Young. Of course, Brigham Young was delighted. He promised to take a contract for the setting up of the poles and the stretching of the wire. At San Francisco Creighton met with the same hearty reception. The result was a line from Omaha to the coast. So the colonists here, instead of being six days from New York, were now no distance at all!

The courtesy of the first message over the wire was extended to the Mormon leader. To Mr. Wade, the president of the Pacific Telegraph Company, he said: "Utah has not seceded, but is firm for the Constitution and laws of our once happy country, and is warmly interested in such useful enterprises as the one so far completed."

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your message of last evening," Mr. Wade answered, "which was in every way gratifying, not only in the announcement of the completion of the Pacific Telegraph to your enterprising and prosperous city, but that yours, the first message to pass over the line, should express so unmistakably the patriotism and Union-loving sentiments of yourself and people."

Secretary Fuller, representing the absent governor of the Territory, sent a message to President Lincoln: "Utah, whose citizens strenuously resist all imputations of disloyalty, congratulates the President upon the completion of an enterprise which spans a continent, unites two oceans, and connects with nerve of iron the remote extremities of the body politic with the great governmental heart."

"The completion of the telegraph to Great Salt Lake City," the President answered, "is auspicious of the stability and union of the Republic. The government reciprocates your congratulations."

As soon as possible, steps were taken to run wires to the south and the north. The Deseret Telegraph Company was organized by local men, boys came to the city and took up the study of telegraphy, lines were set up between St. George and Preston, Idaho, and so the principal towns in Utah were connected for a distance of five hundred miles. This was in the year 1867. So far, then, as emergency messages were concerned, the problem of communication was solved for the pioneers, but that was all.

Meanwhile, the stagecoach and the heavy freight wagon of the period brought to the Utah settlements the ordinary mail, passengers, and merchandise.

In 1855, there was a stage line between St. Joseph, Missouri, and the Pacific Coast, passing, of course, through Salt Lake City either to San Francisco or to Southern California. In the main it followed the Oregon Trail — the trail with a strange, fascinating history.

The overland stagecoach was called "a cradle on wheels."

MAIL AND PASSENGERS BY STAGECOACH

That is what Buffalo Bill termed it. With great leather thongs instead of springs, it swayed from side to side and fore and aft until it was a wonder any one in it was alive. Often the driver, with his seat mate, who was known as "the conductor," fell asleep for a half hour; and once, at least, a driver fell off and was run over and killed, and the coach with a lone woman and her baby reached a Nevada town driverless, without her ever knowing what had happened on the way.

This swaying vehicle with probably as many as nine persons in it was drawn by four or six horses. They made the distance between stations — fifteen or twenty miles — at a fast trot, sometimes at a gallop, when there were signs of Indians on the horizon. Everybody carried a Colt's revolver, a "six shooter," ready for immediate use on a signal from the driver. At first it took thirty days to make the journey from St. Joseph to Salt Lake City, and another thirty to the Coast — although later the time was cut down by ten or twelve days. The fare one way varied from one hundred fifty dollars to three hundred fifty, depending on the times.

The arrival of the stage was an event. Always it was a diversion, and always it brought letters and papers. Usually some passengers alighted. Maybe it was Horace Greeley, come to see the City of the Saints and to interview Brigham Young. Horace Greeley, as you may know, was the famous editor of the *New York Tribune.* Or maybe it was Mark Twain, the equally famous author of *Tom Sawyer,* although he was not so well known then as now.

Every week the stage brought great bundles of the *New York Ledger* for James Dwyer, the bookstore man, who dis-

tributed the paper to the long line of subscribers always waiting. Some of the fastidious folk here thought people should not read "such trash" and did not hesitate to say so in public meetings; but practical-minded people answered that it was better for them to read the *Ledger* than nothing at all, and that maybe they would graduate after a while to something higher.

One of the stage lines was owned by a man named Ben Holladay. He was one of your "efficiency" men. In this day he would have been the owner of either a system of railroads or of a chain of stores. For not only did he operate a line of stagecoaches from Salt Lake City to the Missouri River, but also to Virginia City, Montana, and Boise, Idaho; and he brought the service to its highest state of perfection, from the point of view of speed, safety, and convenience. Thirty-three hundred miles of road he covered. At one time he ran a hundred Concord coaches — the best that could be made. After the Civil War Holladay sold out to the Wells-Fargo Company.

As in the case of the telegraph lines, so there were stage lines within the Territory. One ran between the chief town and Fillmore; another to Manti. To be sure, they were not so elegant as the overland coaches, but they answered the purpose. Sometimes, though, they did not make the run at all, on account of the condition of the roads. In the winter, when the weather was not too rough, a sleigh did service for the coach, and in it the passengers were made comfortable by being tucked away in straw and quilts, with hot bricks at their feet.

Another picturesque scene in those days was the long

"freight trains" of the period. These consisted of from ten to fifty or more wagons or "prairie schooners." The prairie schooner was capable of holding as much as three and a half tons of merchandise. Each vehicle was drawn by from eight to twelve oxen or mules or (in rare cases) horses. Oxen, while they were slower than mules or horses, had more endurance.

That adventurous trio we spoke of in connection with the pony express owned a line of prairie schooners, which ran between the Missouri and Salt Lake City. Always they had twenty-five wagons on the road. The business was organized as efficiently as that of the pony express. There was a captain, with a lieutenant; there were herders and extra "hands"; and there were stations every few miles along the way, where grain could be got for the animals and food for the men. Making from ten to twenty miles a day, these slow trains were some three months on the road. The regular charge for freight was from two hundred fifty to three hundred dollars a ton.

The arrival of these freight trains was awaited with as much interest as that of the stage — more so by the housewives. They carried trimmings for hats, ginghams for aprons and sunbonnets, and dress goods, as well as boots and shoes, ready-made suits for men and boys, and all kinds of agricultural implements.

"Our first train of forty-six wagons, loaded with a very full and general assortment of new goods," announced an advertisement in the *Deseret News* early in August, 1855, "will arrive here about the 15th inst., and we shall be prepared to open and offer for inspection and sale a complete

assortment of all the various goods in our line and at present in demand."

Five years earlier than that an advertisement in the same paper invited everybody, including the freighters, to take the "Golden Pass" through Parley's Canyon, on which "several thousand dollars" had been spent recently by "the proprietor," Parley P. Pratt. It cut the distance down by about forty miles, the advertisement stated, and "avoided two great mountains." The toll was "50 cents per conveyance drawn by one animal, 75 cents for two animals, 10 cents per each additional draught, pack, or saddle animal, 5 cents per head for loose cattle and horses, and 1 cent per head for sheep."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

HOW OUR GREAT-GRANDPARENTS LIVED

It is sometimes a good thing to use our imagination a little in the study of history. Not, of course, where just facts are concerned, but only when it is necessary to draw mental pictures of things, persons, and scenes that were in the past. Let us at least try it now.

Suppose, then, you eliminate from our present civilization all the inventions that have come into use during the last seventy years. That would include the radio, the airplane, the automobile, the street car, the railroad, the phonograph, the telegraph, the telephone, the harvester, and many others we cannot even mention here.

Suppose, also, you eliminate the modern dwelling with its hundred appliances — the built-in bath tub, water pipes, the electric washer and iron, the furnace for coal or oil or gas, the light bulb, the sewer, the garbage can. With these would have to go, too, things that, strictly speaking, are not to be counted as home appliances, but are nevertheless appendages to a modern home — canned milk, meats, fruits, and vegetables; the magazine, the public library, and the motion picture.

Having eliminated all these and other things that might be mentioned in the same line, you would be thrust in imagination back into the home of your great-grandparents, where

the country roads and the city streets were of dirt, and where the absence of almost all the conveniences of our time would be noticeable at once.

"THE YOUNG MECHANICS"
From a painting by J. T. Harwood

The first homes of the pioneers were the rudest imaginable, but they were admirably adapted to the conditions under which the people lived that first winter. A ten-acre plot of ground was chosen south and east of where Brigham Young set the end of his cane in the ground and said: "Here we will build a temple to our God." The place is now Pioneer Park. The east side was of logs, the other three sides of

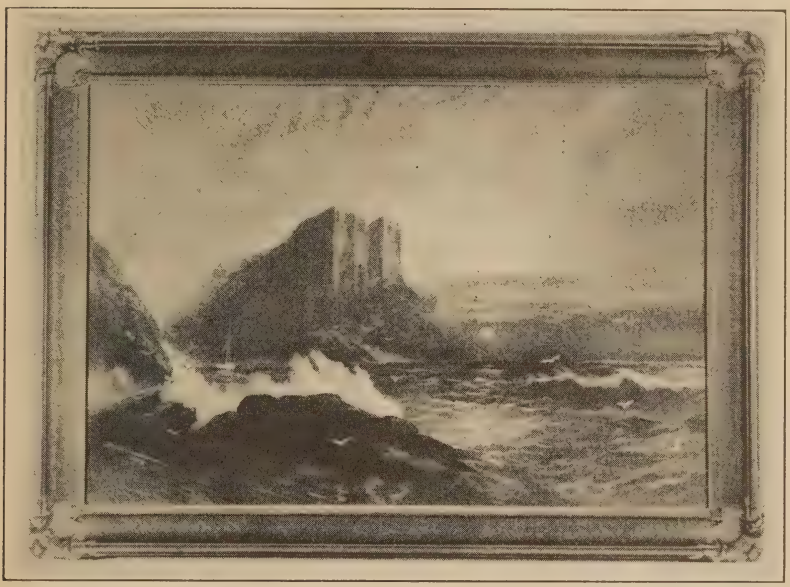
adobe, or sun-dried brick. They ran up nine feet from a base of twenty-seven inches in width. Huts were on the inside next the walls. These were roofed with brush and earth, the roof slanted a little toward the inside; and there were look-out windows on the outside and windows and doors on the inside. On the east and west were entrances, where were heavy gates that were always kept locked at night. The settlers were taking no chances from thieving, murderous Indians.

Of these forts there were three, end-to-end north and south, and they were connected by doors. They were occupied, however, only that first winter in the valley. When it rained during the fall and spring, you might have seen its inhabitants going around in those huts under umbrellas. As soon, therefore, as the work on the Big Field was well under way, the men began to look about them for dwellings in which they and their women folk could take greater comfort.

Men who push out into the frontier tend to revert to the wild, primitive life out of which the race emerged as out of a swamp. That is only natural. Conditions are hard; there are almost no conveniences; and unless they strive ceaselessly, men sink back into the ancestral life. Our picnicking parties are evidences of this tendency in man. Not only was that the case with the men who, with rifle and axe, went out alone into the great wilderness, but it was the case with those who took their families with them.

The men and women in those stockaded huts struggled hard to keep up their standards. On the Missouri they had lived in rude log cabins and in dugouts — excavations made

in the hillside and roofed over. But they knew these were merely temporary homes. They lived for one winter in the cramped quarters of those huts on Pioneer Square. As soon, though, as they could do so, they moved into more respectable dwellings, houses more in keeping with their ideals.



GUNNISON ISLAND IN GREAT SALT LAKE
From a painting by Alfred Lambourne

In all the settlements the first houses were of logs. Generally they had two or three rooms. Often the floor was of dirt and the roof of poles, covered with brush, straw, and a thick layer of earth. Between the logs, which at first were unhewn, there were "chinks," plastered over with mud mixed with lime — where lime could be obtained.

Later on, houses of adobe and rock were built. These were more pretentious. On the spot where Z. C. M. I. now stands in Salt Lake City there was a large adobe house. It was owned by Jedediah M. Grant, father of Heber J. Grant. This two-story structure had a chimney at each end and a porch extending the whole front, lengthwise and up and down. On the west side was another two-story adobe house, the property of Nelson Whipple. It is still standing and in very good condition. There is this to say of those early houses in Utah — they were built to stand.

Rock houses, too, were not uncommon in several parts of the country. This was especially the case in Willard, Box Elder County, where there were many of them. The walls were very thick, and the mortar in which the rocks were placed has become hard as cement. A Welshman named Shadrach Jones was well known in those days as a builder of stone houses.

Tiles as well as shingles were used to roof the adobe and rock houses. The shingles were made in the sawmills located in the various canyons of the Territory. Since many of the early settlers had come from England and the Scandinavian countries, where tile was used, it was quite natural that this material should be tried here. A good tile was made by Nels Jensen. The slabs were fifteen inches long by nine wide, and were reddish brown in color, with a fine glaze on them.

At first all the cooking was done in the, even then, old-fashioned fireplace. The house was heated by the same means. Stoves, however, became the vogue with the establishment of the iron foundry in Iron County. There is an

interesting story connected with that institution — almost as interesting as the one about sugar.

In 1851 Erastus Snow was in Sweden. He was there to open a mission for his church. Having been asked, as John Taylor had been, to keep his eyes open for possible industries for the commonwealth of Deseret, he bethought him of the iron industry. He knew of the existence, in Iron County, of the raw material for the manufacture of iron, and also of the very small works there, which had made nails of a satisfactory sort. Forthwith, on getting the suggestion, he went to England, studied the iron foundry business in that country, and proceeded to sell stock in a concern to be called the Deseret Iron Company. Thus he raised some sixteen thousand dollars.

With this money he returned home. Going down to Iron County, he bought out the plant there and began the making of iron on a scale that was extensive for those times and conditions. The legislature appropriated some money with which to build roads and otherwise to help the infant industry. What with Indian scares, however, too little capital, deep snows in the winter and soft mud in the spring, and a threatened famine in Utah, the company went under, to the great disappointment of the whole community. However, a good many serviceable stoves were turned out at the little foundry, which, with those already in the valley and others coming into it, supplied the needs of the towns very well.

As for household furnishings, the women saw to it that as many articles as possible were brought here in the wagons — window curtains, linen, tidies, and what not. Indeed, not

a few pieces of fine furniture were lugged all the way from Nauvoo across the plains, and found their way into the parlors that were never used except when visitors came. There are two pieces in the State Capitol — a hall tree and a bedstead — that show great skill in hand carving. They were made by Ralph Ramsay, who lived in Richfield, but later went to Arizona. They date back to the early sixties.

Nor were books wanting in the home, even during this period of stress for the necessities. It was a reading community. In every home, of course, were to be found the *Bible* and the *Book of Mormon*. These were tokens of a religious bent. In at least one home that we know of there was a medical work by a Dr. Gunn, and another work on universal history; and very likely these and others of their kind were to be seen on other book shelves. Occasionally you would see Blackstone and other legal works in the libraries of certain men. Dr. Bernhisel brought a large number of assorted books from the East.

The only light in the homes of this period was furnished by the tallow dip and candle, which every one knew how to make for himself. Later the kerosene lamp came into common use.

There were two diversions outside the home — the religious meeting on Sunday and the weekly dance.

Everybody went to church. That was where you met everybody else and found out, before and after meeting, what had been going on in the neighborhood since the previous meeting. Also that was where you found your only

outlet for whatever artistic sense you may have had — singing, for instance.

Strangers at those meetings have left us, in books and newspaper and magazine articles, their impressions. The worshipers, they thought, bore on their faces the marks of their tragic experiences in Missouri and Illinois and on the plains. But the young people, they also observed, found the same amusement in looking at one another that they find to-day. After the meeting, we are informed, the people talked about the sermons on their way home in a way that showed a keen interest in what had been said.

Everybody, too, went to the dance, including the babies. Brigham Young used to say that he liked to "kick up his heels in the dance," for he then forgot his troubles. What times they had! One of these parties is described for us by J. H. Martineau, who attended them in Parowan in the fifties.

The hall in which the dance was held was the one in which meetings of all kinds were held. School was conducted there also. On this occasion, which was to be what we would call to-day a "swell" affair, there was to be special music — two fiddles instead of one. No charge was made, for the people came to enjoy themselves, not to raise money for something or other; and the musicians were to have what remained of the candles as their pay.

The hall was "brilliantly lighted," we are told. All the men were supposed to bring two candles — which they did. But every one had forgotten to bring candlesticks. And so the candles were attached to the walls, all round the room, by means of half-open jackknives, turnips and potatoes on

shingles stuck between the logs, the ends of the vegetables having been shaved for the purpose.

No dance in those days but was opened with prayer. These religious folk had an idea, very shocking to many a pious Christian, that prayer would help to bring into even a dance hall a better atmosphere than would otherwise prevail there. And so the bishop, the highest spiritual official in the community, offered a few simple words of prayer for divine guidance and protection.

From their perch on a table at one end of the hall the musicians dispensed their music. For a time the two violins on this special occasion furnished the chief topic of conversation. Numbers had already been drawn, so there would be no needless confusion among the dancers, and justice meted out to all. Old and young were in the hall, on the floor, or on benches strung round next the wall. If you had gone to any house in Parowan that night, you would not have found any one at home. The babies were in the opposite end of the hall from the musicians — fast asleep.

"Numbers one to twelve for a plain quadrille!" shouts the prompter. Then there is a rush for the choicest places or a congenial set. Not a man of them wears a coat. To tell the truth, not a man of them even owns a coat — unless it be some young fellow who wants to play the "dude." Anyway a coat, our chronicler says, "interferes with personal comfort" and the free play of the arms. The shirts are made of linsey-woolsey or flannel, with two pockets in the bosom. The people dance; they perspire; they swing each other; till the director says, "Promenade all — you know where." And then twelve more couples take their

places on the floor. Quadrilles, the Virginia reel, and other square dances are all that are permitted.

When everybody has had a turn and needs a rest, there is a short address by one of the men. It might be a talk on the desirability of amusements — which requires no argument in that crowd; or it might be a humorous talk, for no settlement but has its clown. After that, on with the dance again.

Towards a certain hour — maybe eleven o'clock — eyes begin to turn toward the baskets, pans, buckets, and other containers in that part of the hall where the babies are. In them is the "picnic." Cakes, dark, it may be, with the molasses that has gone into the making of them — molasses made from the juice of cornstalks, beets, melons, or even parsnips. Cakes also, not only with such sweetening in them, but with dried service-berries on them — quite tasteless, these berries, but a decoration much sought after. These delicacies cut up, distributed, and eaten, there is more dancing.

By this time the candles begin to drop their warm daubs. One of the fellows who has dared to come in a coat gets a few drippings on his shoulder. There are black looks, and mutterings under the breath. This is followed by titterings in the neighborhood, which increase like the ripples on a pond when you throw a stone into it. All of which is embarrassing — till others, both girls and boys, begin to feel little warm spots on their hair and on their faces even, if they happen to look up to see how much longer those candles will burn.

The musicians, too, keep an eye on the candles, but for

quite another reason. And when they see them getting down to a given point, they know that it is about time to quit. And presently they do quit. The party is over.

Mothers pick up their babies, who are fast asleep; fathers gather up the baskets and pans and buckets, which make a great racket; and adolescent boys and girls begin to have a funny feeling inside of them. There will be a pairing off of the young people. The grave question of who is to take whom home must be decided, and decided in a hurry. Where is all that bravado so noisily displayed by the fellows during the dance? It has mysteriously disappeared, and in its place has come a harelike timidity.

Over here are two young fellows intent on the same girl. Neither suspects that his intentions are known to his rival. But each is gathering courage as if for a battle where his life is at stake. And she, on her part, has mislaid her handkerchief or her scarf, and she cannot remember for the life of her what she has done with it. The plain truth is that she is fencing for time and trying to think how she can make an opening for one of them. Whom shall she go home with? Or rather, can she manage to get in the way of this one, so as to appear to do so by accident?

There is many a heartache that night as its owner, through sheer bungling and lack of wits, goes home with the wrong girl or the wrong fellow. But there is also many a light heart, too, light as air, because of some good management or good luck.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A TEMPLE OF ART IN THE SAGEBRUSH

We said in the preceding chapter that the only ways the early settlers of Utah had of breaking up the grinding monotony of toil, inside and outside the home, were the Sunday meetings and the weekly dance.

That, however, was true only of those first hard years in the new home. For before long the feeling for artistic expression, which was altogether irrepressible in the pioneers, broke out into strains of music, into the organization of a dramatic association, and into the building of Social Hall and the Salt Lake Theater.

A love for the artistic in some form keeps us from losing our balance. The early settlers of Utah were accustomed to the refinements of a civilized and cultural life. At least most of them were. And here they were suddenly thrust into a life where every moment was a physical struggle with nature. They must have some diversion. Religion was not enough, for religion alone is very sobering. Just as all work and no play make Jack a dull boy, so all religion and physical toil make any one unduly solemn. It was their love of the artistic that saved the people from becoming eccentric or odd.

The early settlers in Utah had brought with them into their mountain home a love of music and the drama. In

Nauvoo there had been a dramatic company. "Damon and Pythias," "William Tell," "Pizarro," and other similar plays had been presented before the footlights by this group of players. Brigham Young had taken the rôle of the High Priest in the last named of these plays. And George A.

Salt Lake Theater

Smith and Erastus Snow, both prominent leaders here, had taken parts in some of these dramas.

Thomas A. Lyne, who hailed from Philadelphia, came to Nauvoo in those days. He had played in the same theatrical performances as the famous Edwin Booth, Mrs. Cushman,

and Ellen Tree, and had himself taken the leading rôle in "Richelieu." His appearance in Nauvoo on the stage created a sensation. It was after this event that Young, Smith, and Snow were induced to take parts.

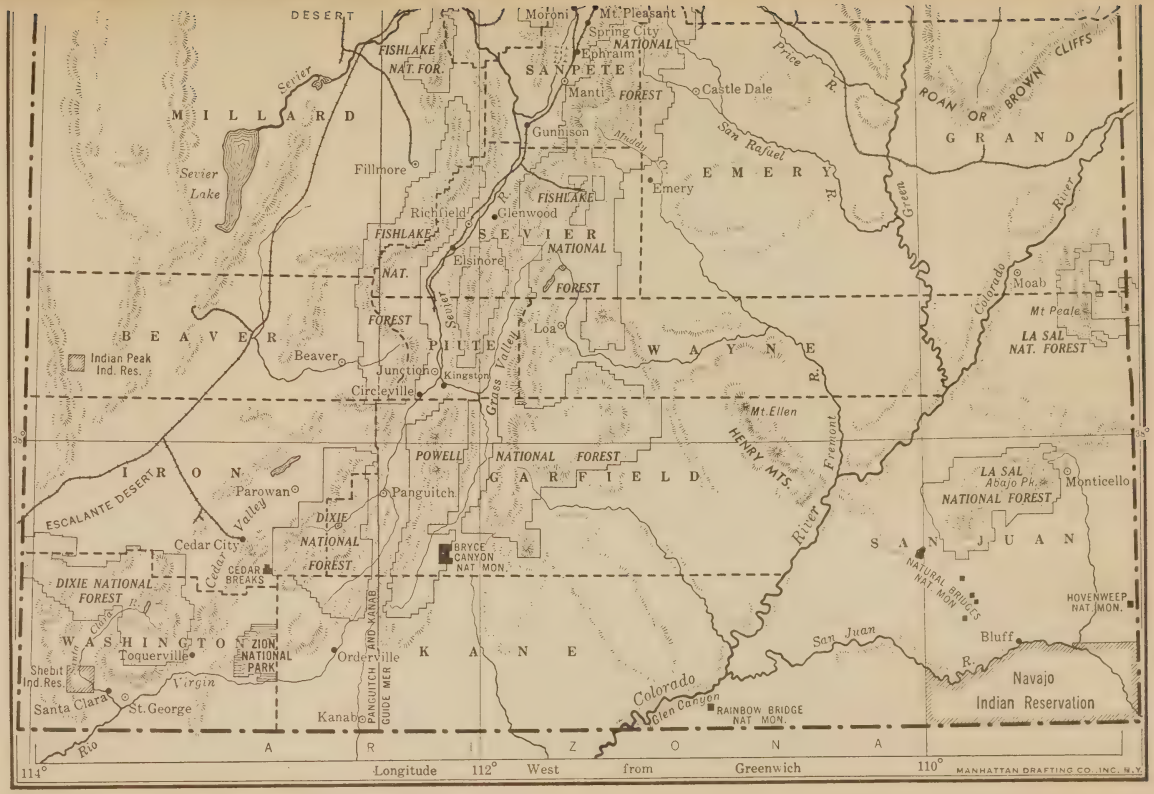
On the trek west the pioneers had not only danced on the prairie sod, but had rent the air with song and hymn. Also they had listened enraptured, as had the settlers along the way, to the strains of Beethoven's music and other classics from Pitt's band. Colonel Kane has left us a description of his sensations on hearing this band on the vast open prairies of Iowa.

It was only natural, therefore, that the colonists in Utah should do something to cultivate this avenue of escape from the drudgery of the soil, irrigating ditches, Indians, and those black crickets with the vindictive eyes.

The very first public building in Utah was the Old Bowery. It was set up by the Battalion boys on what is now Temple Square. Posts were set in the ground at equal distances apart; these were topped with poles tied to them by means of pegs and rawhide thongs; and the whole was roofed over with the branches of trees. Here is where the first religious services and the first theatricals were held.

Every community had its bowery. Of course, the bowery could be used only in the spring, the summer, and the autumn. During the winter months it stood out in the cold empty and as bare as the poplar trees that surrounded it. But when it was in use, it gave a more grateful service than the meetinghouse with its stuffy atmosphere, even when the windows were wide open.

UTAH
POLITICAL AND PHYSICAL MAP
Scale of miles
0 10 20 30 40 50
LEGEND
State capital
County seats
Railroads
Electric lines
Indian reservations
National forests
National parks
National monuments
114°
112°
110°
42°
40°
IDAHO
WYOMING
COLORADO
NEVADA
Bear Lake
Bear R.
Richmond
Smithfield
Hyde Park
Logan
Randolph
Hyrum
Bear River City
Corinne
Brigham
Willard
Eden
Ogden
Plain City
Slaterville
Farmington
Centerville
Bountiful
Salt Lake City
Fort Douglas
Midvale
Murray
Little Cottonwood
Draper
Park City
Coalville
Manila
Gilbert Pk.
Heber
Timpanogos
Lehi
American Fork
Pleasant Grove
Provo
Springville
Spanish Fork
Benjamin
Payson
Tooele
Bauer
Grantsville
Skull Valley Ind. Res.
Goshute Ind. Res.
Tintic
Nephi
Indianola
Wintersquarters
Fairview
Mt. Nebo
Vernal
Jensen
Dinosaur Nat. Mon.
Indian Grazing Land
Uintah Valley
Strawberry R.
Duchesne
Duchesne R.
Castlegate
Price
Sunnyside
Carbon
Emery
Sevier
Juab
Uintah
Daggett
Summit
Morgan
Davis
Weber
Box Elder
Tooele
Salt Lake
Utah
Wasatch
Cache
Rich
Great Salt Lake
Great Salt Lake Desert
Minidoka Nat. Forest
Cache Nat. Forest
Wasatch Nat. Forest
Uinta Nat. Forest
Ashley National Forest
Timpanogos Nat. Mon.
Mt. Nebo For.
Manti Nat. For.
Uintah Nat.
Wasatch Nat. For.
Promontory
Promontory Pt.
Antelope Island
Stansbury Island
Gunnison
Great Salt Lake
Salt Lake Meridian
1st Guide Meridian
West Tintic Mts
East Tintic Mts
Oquirrh Mts
Wasatch Mts
Uinta Mts
Green R.
Jordan R.
Provo R.
Weber R.
Bear R.
Cache Valley
Promontory
Malad R.
Curlew Valley
Rush Valley
Tooele Valley
Skull Valley
Pilot Peak
Kern Mt.
Deseret
Fremont
Farmington
Layton
Kaysville
Centerville
Bountiful
Woods Cross
North Salt Lake
Brighton
Sandy
Midvale
Murray
West Jordan
Taylorsville
Little Cottonwood
Draper
Bluffdale
Riverton
Lehi
Timpanogos
American Fork
Pleasant Grove
Provo
Springville
Spanish Fork
Benjamin
Payson
Salem
Santaquin
Genola
Goshen
Elberta
Eureka
Tintic
Mammoth
Silver City
Dividend
Jericho
Vernon
Grantsville
Tooele
Bauer
Stockton
Ophir
Clover
Lake Point
Erda
Skull Valley Ind. Res.
Goshute Ind. Res.
Nephi
Indianola
Wintersquarters
Fairview
Mt. Nebo
Manti
Ephraim
Mayfield
Sterling
Fairview
Spring City
Mt. Pleasant
Fountain Green
Moroni
Fayette
Gunnison
Manti
Sanpete
Sevier
Richfield
Salina
Aurora
Redmond
Gunnison
Axtell
Salina Canyon
Joseph
Monroe
Elsinore
Sigurd
Glenwood
Koosharem
Burrville
Grover
Torrey
Bicknell
Loa
Fremont
Thurber
Wayne
Capitol Reef Nat. Mon.
Castle Dale
Huntington
Orangeville
Ferron
Emery
Price
Castlegate
Sunnyside
Wellington
Scofield
Clear Creek
Helper
Carbon
Green River
Thompson
Cisco
Crescent Jct.
Moab
La Sal
La Sal Mts
Manti Nat. For.
Fishlake Nat. For.
Dixie Nat. For.
Kaibab Nat. For.
Grand Canyon Nat. Park
Zion Nat. Park
Bryce Canyon Nat. Park
Rainbow Bridge Nat. Mon.
Natural Bridges Nat. Mon.
Arches Nat. Mon.
Hovenweep Nat. Mon.
Navajo Mt.
Navajo Ind. Res.
Ute Ind. Res.
Uintah Ind. Res.
Uncompahgre Plateau
Roan Cliffs
Book Cliffs
Wasatch Plateau
Tavaputs Plateau
Kaiparowits Plateau
Aquarius Plateau
Markagunt Plateau
Paunsaugunt Plateau
Table Cliff Plateau
Sevier Plateau
Pahvant Range
Canyon Range
Tushar Mts
Beaver Mts
Mineral Mts
Wah Wah Mts
Confusion Range
Deep Creek Mts
Fish Springs Range
Cedar Mts
Stansbury Mts
Oquirrh Mts
Onaqui Mts
Lake Mts
Simpson Mts
Cedar Hills
Traverse Mts
Lone Peak
Mt. Timpanogos
Mt. Nebo
Mt. Pleasant
Mt. Ellen
Mt. Hillers
Mt. Peale
Mt. Tukuhnikivatz
Mt. Waas
Mt. Dutton
Mt. Carmel
Mt. Trumbull
Mt. Logan
Mt. Terrill
Mt. Marvine
Mt. Dutton
Mt. Peale
Mt. Tukuhnikivatz
Mt. Waas
Mt. Dutton
Mt. Carmel
Mt. Trumbull
Mt. Logan
Mt. Terrill
Mt. Marvine


DESERT
Moroni
Mt. Pleasant
Spring City
Ephraim
NATIONAL
FISHLAKE
NAT. FOR.
SANPETE
Manti
FOREST
Castle Dale
Price R.
ROAN OR BROWN CLIFFS
Sevier
MILLARD
Gunnison
Muddy
San Rafael
GRAND
Sevier Lake
Fillmore
EMERY
Emery
Green River
Richfield
Glenwood
FISHLAKE
FISHLAKE
SEVIER
NATIONAL
NAT.
Elsinore
FOREST
FOREST
Moab
Colorado
Mt Peale
LA SAL
NAT. FOREST
Loa
BEAVER
Indian Peak
Ind. Res.
Beaver
PIUTE
Junction
Kingston
Sevier
Valley
WAYNE
Circleville
Mt. Ellen
HENRY MTS.
Fremont River
POWELL
NATIONAL FOREST
IRON
Parowan
Panguitch
GARFIELD
LA SAL
Abajo Pk.
Monticello
NATIONAL FOREST
ESCALANTE DESERT
Cedar Valley
DIXIE
NATIONAL
FOREST
Cedar City
BRYCE
CANYON
NAT. MON.
SAN JUAN
CEDAR
BREAKS
NATURAL BRIDGES
NAT. MON.
DIXIE NATIONAL
FOREST
Coal R.
HOVENWEEP
NAT. MON.
WASHINGTON
Toquerville
ZION
NATIONAL
PARK
Orderville
KANE
Bluff
San Juan
R.
Shebit
Ind. Res.
Virgin
Navajo
Indian Reservation
Santa Clara
St. George
Kanab
PANGUITCH-KANAB
GUIDE MER
Colorado
Glen Canyon
RAINBOW BRIDGE
NAT. MON.
Rio
ARIZONA
114°
Longitude
112°
West
from
Greenwich
110°
MANHATTAN DRAFTING CO., INC., N.Y.

You sat under its cool shade, the breezes playing on your face and through your hair, and gave your whole attention to the reading of the Declaration of Independence and the long patriotic address on the Fourth of July, to the Sunday sermons by men called out from the congregation, or to the play given by home talent of an evening; and you were only occasionally aware of the hard, backless bench on which you sat with your "girl" or your "fellow."

In the Old Bowery on Temple Square in Salt Lake City was given the first dramatic performance in Utah. It was called "The Triumph of Innocence," and must have been given before 1850, when the second play was presented, "Robert Macaire." The company, comprising eight men and three women, was organized at the home of Joseph L. Heywood. On the occasion when that first play was given, the music was furnished by members of Pitt's brass band. This company put on other plays in the Bowery besides "Robert Macaire."

As early as 1850 there was a pleasure resort at Warm Springs, north of Salt Lake City, called Bath House. Here concerts were given and dancing engaged in. Bath House, however, was too far out to serve the people with anything like convenience. Hence Social Hall.

Social Hall, finished late in 1852, was used early in 1853. Its auditorium was sixty by forty feet and seated about three hundred persons. There was a basement, with two dressing rooms. Social Hall was used as a playhouse as well as for social gatherings. Here were entertained some of the most prominent Easterners, on whom the people in the Territory wished to make an impression. It was torn down a few years ago.

At about the same time that Social Hall appeared was organized the Deseret Dramatic Association. Almost immediately it put on some plays in that building before packed houses. Here are some of the dramas presented, which show the taste of our forebears of those days: "Ingomar," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Othello," "New Ways to Pay

BATH HOUSE, THE OLD WARM SPRINGS, SALT LAKE CITY
Note the early mule street car

Old Debts," and "Richard III." The first play given here was "Don Caesar De Bazan," which, with a farce entitled "The Irish Lion," furnished the evening's entertainment.

This was the real beginning of the dramatic and social era among the first settlers of Utah.

In 1858, as already stated, the United States troops in the "Utah Expedition" established themselves at Camp Floyd. Since they were not allowed to mingle freely with the citizens,

they had to entertain themselves. One of the ways in which they did this was to give dramatic performances. To this end they erected a theater, organized a dramatic company, and put on such plays as "Billy Lackaday," "Susan," "Kiss Me Quick and Go," "The Lady of Lyons," and "The Rivals."

The actresses, to the extent that they had them, were drawn from the city. One of these was Mercy Tuckett, who won great applause from the soldiers. She married one of them, but died away from her people not long afterwards.

In 1859 was organized the Mechanics' Dramatic Association. Phil Margetts, who later became one of the best known Utah actors, was president and manager. A large private dwelling, owned by Harry Bowring, was turned into a playhouse and called Bowring's Theater — the first to bear the name *theater*. On the night of the second performance only two families were present to witness the presentation of "Luke the Laborer." They were the families of Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball — ninety persons in all!

Then came the famous Salt Lake Theater. This celebrated structure was begun in the summer of 1861 and completed the following year. "The size of the building on the ground floor," says the architect, William H. Folsom, "is 80 by 144 feet, 40 feet high from water table to the square of the building. The roof is self-supporting and hipped all around, with a promenade on top 40 by 90 feet. The south main entrance has an opening of 32 by 20 feet, supported by two Grecian Doric columns. The exterior of the building is Grecian Doric. The auditorium has a parquette and four

circles, 60 feet on the outer circle, 37 feet on the inner, and covered with a circular dome in bell form. In the interior, the stage has an opening at the drop curtain of 31 feet front by 28 feet high, and shows 27 feet in flats and 62 feet in depth from footlights, 10 feet of proscenium, and 40 feet in height from stage floor to ceiling."

It should be remembered that this was only fifteen years after the first pioneers entered the valley of the Salt Lake and eight years before the arrival of the railroad in the Territory.

Among the players who bowed before the footlights of the Salt Lake Theater were the most famous actors and actresses on the American stage — the fascinating George Pauncefort, the beautiful and charming Julia Dean Hayne, the incomparable Booth and Barrett, and (later) our own inimitable Maude Adams, and many others whom we cannot mention here for want of space.

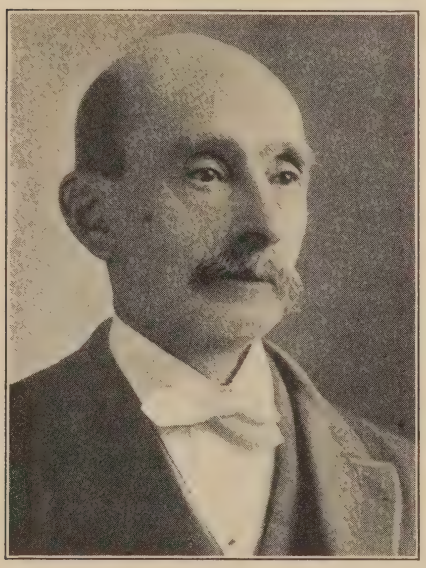
From the first there was an orchestra in the theater. The names of William Pitt, of band fame, and Charles J. Thomas, a conductor of no mean ability, are associated with the early history of the noted playhouse. But its fame was soon broadcast when a physically very small man came here from England, with his musical genius. His name was George Careless.

There are many interesting things connected with the Theater that throw a sidelight on the ways of the community.

Brigham Young would have no tragedy played there. He often said that life was already too full of tragedy to allow any of it on the stage. He wanted to be amused, to be entertained, to be made to laugh. And very likely, in saying that

and feeling thus, he reflected the sentiments of his people. Once he actually stopped some players in the midst of the action, as soon as he detected the tragic element.

At first there was a sign to the effect, "Children in arms not admitted." But when this was systematically ignored by patrons, the sign was changed to read, "Babies in arms ten dollars extra" — which answered better. The rule against smoking and liquor drinking was enforced by the strong-arm method — when necessary.



GEORGE CARELESS

In the earlier days, when money was scarce, articles of merchandise were accepted at the ticket window. Says Artemus Ward, an American humorist of those times (and he was in a position to know, even if he is not quite accurate): One night's receipts were "Twenty bushels of wheat, five of corn, four of potatoes, two of oats, four of salt, two hams, one live pig, one wolfskin, five pounds of honey in the comb, sixteen strings of sausages, one catskin, one churn (two families went in on this; it was the most ingenious churn, and fetched butter in five minutes by rapid grinding), one set of children's undergarments, embroidered;

one keg of apple sauce, a dog (a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit), and a German silver coffin plate." It was probably not so bad as that, but very nearly.

There is no doubt, however, that up almost to the end of the Old Playhouse's life (it is not now standing), it was one of the finest theaters in the country. Mr. Frohman said of it, "There's nothing like it in America." William Gillette was of the opinion that "such theaters are rare, indeed." Louis James was enraptured by the "astounding acoustics and splendid commodiousness" of the place. It was Henry Miller who called it "a cathedral in the desert."

Where this truly marvelous building once stood, with its romantic secrets, is now a gas station.

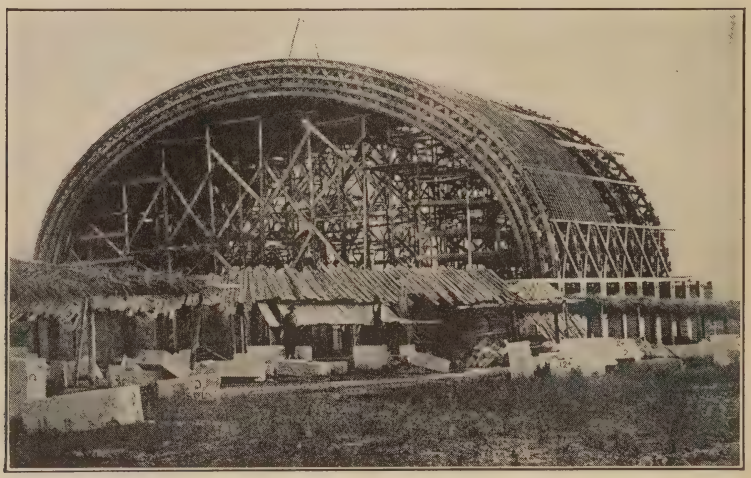
An even more wonderful and renowned building is the great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, which was erected during this prerailroad period.

At a distance the Tabernacle looks like a huge turtle. In structure it is very plain and simple. East and west it is two hundred fifty feet, north and south one hundred fifty feet. Its oval roof is without support, except at the outer edges, where there are buttresses of red sandstone between ten and twelve feet apart. Henry Grow was the architect. At present the Tabernacle has a gallery in horseshoe form, but this was not built in until the year 1870. There are almost no metal nails in the structure, but wooden pegs and rawhide bands. Ten thousand people can crowd into the place.

Marvelous as is the Tabernacle, when you consider the circumstances under which it was erected, the building of

an organ in it was even more marvelous. Only a community with far-sighted, courageous, imaginative leadership would ever have undertaken a task so stupendous.

Its builder was Joseph H. Ridges. He came to Utah from London by way of Australia, where he had studied organ building and the history of music. All the wood used in the organ is native, from the hills near Parowan. The bring-



Salt Lake Tabernacle in Course of Construction

ing of the timber over a dusty road three hundred miles long is a story by itself. Even the glue is homemade. It was rendered from the hides of the buffalo and the cow. It took almost two years to build this wonderful musical instrument. A few years ago it was enlarged and improved. It is famous throughout the world for its fine tonal effects.

The arrival of George Careless in Salt Lake City, fresh from the Royal Academy in London, was the signal for a

new era in music. He was made leader of both the Tabernacle choir and the Theater orchestra. Into these two organizations he put new life. On his urgent solicitation the orchestra was reduced in number and given full-time pay. This was an innovation in the community, for theretofore that service had been rendered for a pittance. How could an orchestra be expected to do first-class work unless its members gave it their full time? And how could they give it their full time and have to do something else for a living? So they were paid for full service.

In 1875 Professor Careless produced the "Messiah" in the great Tabernacle. Mormons and Gentiles united to make it a success. It created a sensation. The first night brought a twelve-hundred-dollar house — in cash, too. And the next night, when it rained and stormed furiously, the house was worth nine hundred dollars.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the tremendous lift, in more ways than one, which this young English-trained musician gave the community in the divine art.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

EDUCATION DURING THIS PERIOD

It should not be a matter for surprise to find that small progress was made in education among the settlers in Utah during the years from 1847 to 1869. The surprise is that any progress at all should have been made under the circumstances.

During these twenty-two years, as we have had more than one occasion to remind ourselves, the main concern of the colonists was how to get the bare necessities of life — food, shelter, and clothing. That anything more than this was accomplished ought to go down as extra credit, as the schoolboy has it. And yet, as we have seen, a very substantial beginning was made in music and the drama. The Tabernacle, then and for many years afterwards the largest auditorium in America under one roof; the Tabernacle organ, the biggest and finest in the country at the time; and the Theater, which remained as long as it stood one of the best playhouses in the nation — all these were constructed before the sagebrush had been cleared away even in the Salt Lake Valley and before the railroad had broken the comparative isolation in which the desert land then lay.

A start was also made in education in those lean years — not so great perhaps as in music and the drama, for the reason partly that education is a matter of slower growth, being less

material and less spectacular, and partly for want of means. Anyway, a secure foundation was laid during this period for what was to follow in the years of greater financial abundance.

Part of the education of the sons and daughters of the pioneer builders of Utah certainly lay in their physical and moral environment. We must not forget that. And the fact that it was mostly unconscious makes it all the more fundamental in their lives.

Taine, a French critic of English literature, in his *History of English Literature,* long ago called attention to the influence on us of our physical surroundings, taking this term in its broadest sense. He applied this idea to the early inhabitants of the British Isles. The want of slope on the North Sea coast, where the Saxons came from; the sluggish rivers of black-looking water that, in flood tide, ooze over their banks; the marsh, the waste shoal, and the fat, muddy soil; the thick clouds that hover and are fed by ceaseless vapors rising from the rivers and the sea; the monstrous, terrible north wind, sighing and sinking his voice as in secret, like an old grumbler — all this and more, in Taine's opinion, went into the making of the English race.

So we get, as he says, "huge white bodies, cool-blooded, with fierce blue eyes, reddish flaxen hair; ravenous stomachs, filled with meat and cheese, heated by strong drinks." We are "of a cold temperament, slow to love, home-stayers, prone to brutal drunkenness; these are to this day the features which descent and climate preserve in the race, and these are what the Roman historians discovered in their

former country. There is no living, in these lands, without abundance of solid food; bad weather keeps people at home; strong drinks are necessary to cheer them; the senses become blunted, the muscles are braced, the will vigorous."

Perhaps Taine overdoes a little this matter of the influence of environment in human life. But when all is said and done, there is a great deal of truth in the idea.

Ruskin, an English writer and art critic, has also told us, in words that go to the heart of the matter and that fall pleasantly on the ear as well, how powerfully the mountains and the valleys, the streams and the sky act on pliable human nature.

"There is not a moment of any day of our lives," he says of the sky, "when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, working upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty." The sky is ours, as he says — and for nothing. The mountains are full of convulsive energy, passion, and strength. Then there is the quiet of the valleys between. "The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose." The fiery peaks heave their bosoms, their limbs exult, the clouds drift like hair from their bright foreheads, and they shout "I live forever!" The snow robes the great hills in a garb of white and with light transcendent.

Surely it has been a great privilege to live in the mountainous regions of Utah. The hills are literally "high and lifted up." At their base are flowers and pastures and low trees, which turn to gold and purple and crimson under the autumn sun; on their slopes are pines and cedars, where the deer

and the mountain lion seek retreat from their human enemy; and on their highest peaks is perpetual snow. Out of their canyons, where there are beauty and freshness unsurpassed, come cool breezes and noisy streams that refresh in two ways.

Then there are the valleys. Here is rest and repose. Nor should we ignore the variety of the seasons — winter with its frost and snow, spring with its buoyancy and promise, summer with its heat and growth, and autumn with its fulfillment.

How could it be that anything in the way of character would develop here other than strength of body, vigor of will, and independence of spirit?

But the pioneers endeavored to supplement this education by the hand of Nature with some training in the school.

The first school in Utah was held in the Old Fort, now Pioneer Park. That was in 1847. It was taught by Mary Jane Dilworth. The schoolhouse was a tent, pitched for the purpose.

The teacher occupied a camp stool, which had come across the plains in one of the first two companies. Around her, in a circle and sitting on logs, were gathered the nine children that comprised the school. The *Bible* was the textbook. From this they learned to read. Another exercise was concert singing. Some of the pupils had slates and pencils, others pens and paper, and still others charcoal, which they used on the smooth surface of a log. A few of them brought to school some colored clay, which they spread out on the log board in the form of a dog or a cat or even an Indian. Often the bark of the native birch was turned into writing material.

That, as we said, was in 1847. Here is the kind of school they had in Salt Lake City in 1855: Imagine a log cabin, with mud plastered over the chinking between the logs. If it happens to be winter, the pupils feel the chill and discomfort of the room, for the little stove in the center of

Courtesy Utah Photo Materials Co., Salt Lake City

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN UTAH

A float in the 1931 Pioneer Celebration in Salt Lake City

the place, being fed now and then with sagebrush, makes but a poor showing of heat. At one end of the room sits the teacher. There are no blackboards, no maps, no textbooks in the modern sense, nothing you look for in a schoolroom.

School begins at nine o'clock. It opens with songs and a prayer by the teacher. If the pupils have a *Bible* or some

other book brought from their homes, they read it; if not, they borrow someone else's. Among other things they are drilled in a long list of words; or they exercise their minds on "mental arithmetic" — mental because there is no book on the subject. Every once in a while the boys go out and gather sagebrush for the stove.

The pupils look forward to Friday afternoons — not merely because there will be no school for two days, but also because there will be a spelling match or a geography match. They try desperately to get to the head of the line, for it is more embarrassing to be at the foot or just in the middle than it is gratifying to be at the head.

It was not the good fortune in those hard times of every boy to go to school. A man in Weber County, whose name was George Marsh, says he had to protect the people from Indians when he was a boy. For eight days hand running he did not so much as take his clothes off on that account. But he overcame his handicap. He had brought with him from Nauvoo some law books. These he studied till he was able to pass the examination and be admitted to the bar. Other boys of his time did the same thing, or what amounted to the same thing.

After the first year in the new home, steps were taken to establish a school in every settlement. At first the school was held in the community house, the place where all public assemblies met. There were several of these in Salt Lake Valley. We read in the records of those days that presently a need was felt for a sort of uniformity in discipline and subjects. In the Bountiful district "a more perfect system of schools" was the main essential in the opinion of

Governor Young. Accordingly, a supervisor was appointed. That was in 1856. Elsewhere the same thing was done, especially in the central towns. In 1850 a writer in the *Deseret News* said that there was a need "for a general system of schoolhouses throughout the city."

Textbooks were scarce, too. The *Bible* was the main one used. After that came such books as the *Lindley Murray Readers,* the *Webster Speller,* and a work on arithmetic that went by the name of *A New and Complete Arithmetic Composed for Citizens of the United States,* which is said to have received the approbation of no less a personage than the Father of our Country! In 1850 Wilford Woodruff brought into the valley "nearly two tons of school books." The chronicler of that interesting event does not tell us what they were.

Nor were the pioneers negligent in the matter of teaching the grown-ups. Julian Moses taught a class for adults in the Old Fort in 1847. Two of the subjects were Latin and general history. In 1852 it was reported to the *News* that "many select schools" were in operation, in which "the languages and the higher branches of learning" were taught — "mathematics, the classics, history, and the polite literature of the ages."

It is interesting to note the comments made at the time by trustees and the customs in vogue in the settlements. In Draper the teachers were paid in produce, which they brought to Salt Lake and exchanged for whatever they needed. In Manti the local board of education thought the teacher was not giving enough service to the community outside of school, and they reprimanded him accordingly. One

member of this same board was highly indignant that women teachers should even be thought of, let alone hired. In Nephi a charge of three dollars per pupil was made, which "might be paid in merchandise or produce." In Ogden envelopes were turned inside out and used for writing materials. One of its schools was attended one winter by ten families on their way to California, who were staying in Utah over the winter for some reason not given.

Thus the tools of education — reading, by which we get ideas and enjoyment; writing, by which we express our thoughts and feelings; and arithmetic, by which we are enabled to cast up our accounts — were placed in the hands of their children by the pioneers.

The pioneers did more than that. They laid the foundation for higher learning in the community. They established, during this early period, what they at first called the "Parent School" and later the University of Deseret. Today the institution is known as the University of Utah.

Not many of the pioneer leaders were educated in the schools. The best trained man among them was Orson Spencer, who had been a popular Baptist preacher. He had his degree of A. B. from Union College, in New York, and his M. A. from Hamilton College, in the same state. Albert Carrington, a graduate of Dartmouth College, in New Hampshire, had studied law in Pennsylvania. Orson Pratt, although not a college-trained man, was celebrated as a profound scholar in philosophical and mathematical subjects. His work, *Biquadratic Equations,* which was published in London, was used in some English and French

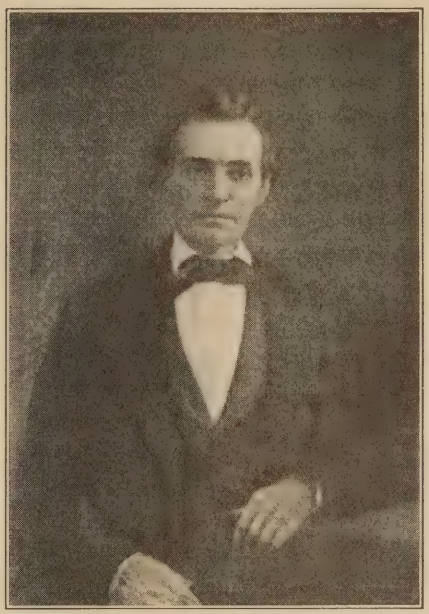
universities. While in England on one of his numerous missions for his church, this learned man had been offered five thousand dollars for a series of lectures on astronomy before the Royal Society of London, but he declined, owing to lack of time. John M. Bernhisel had a medical degree from Pennsylvania. Outside of these men there does not appear to have been either a college graduate or a scholar among the pioneer leaders, although there were a number who had attended college — Lorenzo Snow, for instance.

CHURCH ISLAND IN GREAT SALT LAKE
From a painting by Alfred Lambourne

Scarcely two years had passed since the arrival of the pioneer company before articles of incorporation were drawn up creating the University. Its first president was Orson Spencer, although the title he bore then was "chancellor." Also he was one of the first teachers. So was Orson Pratt, who held classes in mathematics. A library, costing five thousand dollars, had been selected by Dr. Bernhisel and brought here from the East.

"Religion, politics, literature, discrepant prejudices, private and public rights of individuals in large communities,"

said the chancellor in a circular letter addressed to "patrons of learning" in the little colony, "all can here meet on this loftiest platform of nature's heights, and enjoy the highest order of freedom." Furthermore, graduates of colleges and students of law, medicine, and theology might there "receive weekly lectures gratis." Also no one would be "denied the benefits of the university for want of pecuniary means." As to the matter of dead languages, the circular said, "We leave them mostly to the dead."



ORSON SPENCER
From a portrait by Will Clawson

The first home of the school was a private residence, and a very humble one at that. It belonged to a Mr. Pack, and was located on the corner of West Temple and First North Streets. Classes were held in the "parlor," which was at one end of the house, while across the little hall the pupils might buy not only their *English Readers,* but such articles as thread, molasses, and calico, if they wanted to do so. It cost them eight dollars every ten weeks for tuition. There were forty pupils that first year.

But the school languished — chiefly for lack of means. The people were poor, and there was little money in circulation. An effort was made to get Congress to appropriate five thousand dollars for it, but Congress thought it was up to the people to finance their own schools. And so presently the University closed its doors. When it reopened them, it was to admit only commercial students, under the principalship of David O. Calder. That was in 1867. Two years later there was a reorganization, with Dr. John R. Park, a native of Ohio and a medical graduate, in charge. He placed the school on a classical and scientific basis. Thereupon the University moved into the Council House on Main Street.

Since part of the education of a people is derived from a reading of local newspapers, this is as good a place as any to say something about early Utah newspapers and magazines.

The very first newspaper, not only in Utah, but in the intermountain region, was the *Deseret News*. Its first issue was dated June 15, 1850. It was a weekly printed on a hand press. Eight by ten inches in size, it had eight pages, with three columns to the page. The first issue told about what Congress had done three months before, and in it was President Taylor's entire message to Congress, reprinted from the *New York Tribune*. Its first editor was Willard Richards, and its first home was a little adobe building about where the southeast corner of the Hotel Utah is now.

For those first issues of the *News* you paid fifteen cents apiece — unless you were a traveler, in which case you paid twenty-five cents. But even at that the sheet was worth it, if you included with what you read the fine, courageous

spirit of enterprise of a community that would set up a printing press and publish a newspaper under the circumstances.

After a while the *News* came out as a biweekly. In November, 1867, however, it appeared as *The Deseret Evening News* — which it has been ever since.

In January, 1868, E. L. T. Harrison and W. S. Godbe established *The Utah Magazine.* The former furnished the brains and the latter the money with which to run the publication. It started out as a literary magazine; later, however, it developed into an organ for those who opposed the economic policies of Brigham Young. Subsequently its name was changed to *The Mormon Tribune,* which in the end became *The Salt Lake Tribune.*

CHAPTER NINETEEN

AN INVENTORY OF THE SECOND PERIOD

It is now time that we were casting up our accounts for the period covered in this second section, to see just what was accomplished by way of settling the problems that confronted the colonists when they entered upon their new life in the wilderness, and just what problems, if any, are left to the next period for adjustment — the period of expansion and development in agriculture, in mining, in industry, in transportation facilities, in government, and in education. What were these problems?

First and most important, of course, was the question of how the newcomers were to wrest a living from the soil.

The soil, to begin with, was a difficulty. That could be seen with half an eye. The ground was covered with brush where anything would grow; and, where nothing could grow, with a heavy coat of alkali. Everywhere it was hard, almost impenetrable, as those first broken plowshares showed unmistakably.

Nor was that all. Many of the people knew next to nothing about agriculture. Not a few of them had come from the mines of Scotland and Wales and from the factories of England. Yet every man and boy had to set his hand to the plow in a very literal sense — at least, until things could get a start in the new community. There were to be no hired laborers.

But the adjustment had to be made, if the colonists were to survive. And so they set to work with a right good will and raised their own food, for the idea of getting food supplies from the east or the west was out of the question. They plowed and harrowed and planted; they converted the mountain streams and the rivers of the new country to a use to which they had never before been put, thus almost doing away with the necessity for rain; and usually they reaped an abundant harvest, for all that was really needed was a union of land and water and labor to make a smiling landscape.

It was a life-and-death struggle, as we have seen — toiling, resourceful man on the one side; sleepless, powerful nature on the other side. But man won the battle. The colonists survived. In time they came to grow more than they needed of cereals, of hay, and of fruit and vegetables. To-day only a state-wide drouth holds any threat that needs to be heeded.

That primary problem was therefore settled once for all in this period. The only new aspect that we may look forward to in the next period is an extension of this early development in dry farming.

A second problem lay in the American natives by whom the settlers in Utah were surrounded. Already, however, the settlers had the key to the solution of this vexing problem. It was to be found in their point of view of the natives. The Latter-day Saints believed that they had in the *Book of Mormon* a special message for the Indians. It does not matter for our purposes here whether there is any foundation

in truth for this belief. The fact is it was there. This message was from the Indians' dead ancestors: God loved the natives. He was anxious for their welfare here and hereafter. And so it was necessary for them to know about Christ, to be taught the Gospel.

THE PIONEER WOMAN
Statue at Springville, by Cyrus E. Dallin

Very naturally this idea created in the settlers an attitude of friendliness toward the barbarians. It was only natural that the natives should react favorably toward their white neighbors — as in fact they did. To their simple minds there were two kinds of whites — "Mormons" and "Americans." The latter treated them with unfairness and cruelty; the former, with square dealing and justice.

Brigham Young, therefore, encouraged missionary work among the natives. There were such men as Ira Hatch, Thales Haskell, and the self-sacrificing Jacob Hamblin. They worked with almost no compensation, other

than what lay in their consciousness of doing good to the Indians as well as to their own people. They taught the natives both farming and religion. And few men ever had greater influence with the dark skins than these. The familiar figure of Hamblin — tall, lean, and silent like the native himself — as he bestrode a horse with only a folded blanket on its back, both of which, as likely as not, had been given to him, was the symbol in those primitive minds of the sympathetic understanding of the whites here, their truthfulness, and their fair dealing.

It is probably not too much to say that if this policy of the early settlers of Utah had been consistently followed by individuals as well as by the community, there would have been little white blood shed here. The first trouble with the natives, for instance, was begun by the killing of an Indian by a white man at Fort Utah who claimed ownership of a shirt. The troubles of 1853, if not caused, were at least occasioned by the interference of a white man at Springville in an Indian family row. The Gunnison Valley massacre was caused by the killing of an Indian by emigrants passing through the Territory — something entirely needless as well as criminal. The Grass Valley murder of three Indians would surely have caused many deaths among the whites if it had not been for the heroic efforts of Jacob Hamblin. And, most likely, the tragedy at Mountain Meadows would never have happened if the white men involved therein had adhered to the general policy.

Again, then, the settlers triumphed. They brought to bear on the problem their religion and their common sense. For in the seventies, the worst the Indians thought

of doing was to use threats as a means of getting food, as they did once in Mount Pleasant. A party was to be given the students of the Academy there, when, on the afternoon before, some bucks entered the kitchen, where pies were on the shelf cooling, and would not leave till each of them had been served one of the delicacies. They flourished their guns on this occasion, but it is doubtful whether they would have used them.

A third problem arose when the community sought to hitch up their political government to that of the nation. It grew, as you remember, out of the idea that inheres in the very soil and atmosphere of America, especially in the mountainous regions of the West, that it is a community's right to govern itself politically. The people asked for statehood; they were organized into a territory. Disappointed as they were, they nevertheless fell into line; although as soon as they saw the territorial form looming up, they held out for officers chosen from among themselves. And this, too, was their right.

Friction came out of two sources: First, it was a "peculiar" community. The people were isolated from others by their strange form of religion. They believed in present-day miracles and revelation and visions. And this belief bound them together in hoops of steel. Besides, they had suffered in common by reason of their religious beliefs, which had cemented these ties. An outsider was more of an outsider in Utah than almost anywhere else in the world.

Second, a territorial form of government was never intended for a situation like this. A territorial representa-

tive in Congress can only talk; he cannot vote. His people, therefore, are not represented in the true sense of the word. The government is really conducted by outsiders, sometimes by outsiders of a very undesirable kind, as the people of Utah found out to their cost. Of the eleven Federal appointees between the organization of the Territory and the year 1858, for instance, six should never have been sent to Utah at all. Not only were they incompetent, but most of them were objectionable on other grounds.

As for the Expedition, that was a clear case of mutual misunderstanding. The people here misunderstood the purpose of the administration, and the administration misunderstood the situation here. This misunderstanding on the part of the administration and on the part of the colonists has been embalmed in the phrase, the "Contractors' War."

That, at any rate, is one of the unsettled questions to hang over into the next period.

How to produce cotton and woolen goods for clothes to cover their nakedness formed another of the problems which the first settlers of Utah had to solve. We have seen that their meager supplies of suits, dresses, underwear, and blankets were added to, almost miraculously, by the freighters who passed through the Salt Lake Valley on their frenzied way to the gold fields of California. But these fresh supplies could not last forever, and meanwhile the settlers had to tap their funded resources to keep themselves clothed. Sheep were raised, cotton was grown in the south, and the products were neatly transformed into suits, dresses, shirts, sunbonnets, and what not.

The desperate straits in which the women found themselves when they wanted to look their best is illustrated by the experience of one of them in Parowan. She sent the children out into the wheat field to gather long stems of the cereal. These she braided into hats for herself and the girls in the family. Sulphur picked up in the mountains near by served to bleach the straw. And in the absence of ribbon, ornaments of straw were secured on the hat.

Manufacturing takes money, and the pioneers had very little money. The production could be managed very well on a small scale; but when a product was to be turned out in quantities — that was a different story, as the sugar factory showed. The historian Bancroft estimates that as much as six million dollars was spent in early Utah to promote industries that failed for want of means.

And so we have another problem turned over to the next period for solution.

The problem of transportation, so far as it was solved at all, was solved *for* the pioneers, rather than *by* them. This applies not only to the transportation of the mail, but of passengers and freight as well.

It required a large outlay of capital to finance the pony express, the stage lines, and the freight wagons — outlay for vehicles, for animals, and for men. This is true also of the telegraph line. And the first settlers of Utah did not have much in the way of capital. In time, no doubt, these transportation facilities would have come through the efforts of the colonists themselves. But why should they undertake the burden of large enterprises in addition to

their other burdens, when these were being carried on by outsiders?

Other means of transportation, however, remain for other generations to provide — the steam engine, the trolley car, the automobile, the airplane. These we shall be concerned with later.

It was different with the problem of education in early Utah. The battle with ignorance and the crudities of life must be won by those who wish to know and to be civilized. It cannot be delegated to others. In the best sense of the term every one is self-made whether he goes to school or not.

That comparatively little was done in this matter was only to be expected under the circumstances. In truth, it is surprising that anything at all was done, when you consider the battle on many fronts which the pioneers had to wage in order to live. Nevertheless, a good start was made. Educational tools were put into the hands of all the children. The leaders saw to that. The foundation was laid also for something higher in the way of materials to use those tools on. What boots it that the University did not make much of a success at first? The idea was there; an effort was put forth.

And so we have this problem of education left over to another period, where we shall see just how it was solved — in part, at least.

Clearly the password in this second period of Utah history is "coöperation." Without mutual helpfulness the new community would have died in the very beginning. The

people were poor — all of them — although some were poorer than others. They were poor, not because they were lacking in the qualities of industry and thrift, but because of misfortunes before they came here. Here in the wilderness they were undertaking a task in miniature nation-building so stupendous that it could not possibly be accomplished by individuals working separately. It must be done by men who were willing to work together unselfishly. All for one and one for all — that was to be the inspiration, and the religious spirit furnished the motive power for the enterprise.

Everywhere this coöperative spirit showed itself. It was the community, not the individual, that fenced the Big Field, that sowed it with seed, that brought the water down from the canyons or out of the river. It was the community, not the individual, that erected most of the houses in the fort, that built the fort around the houses, that ran a wall of mud and straw around the fort. It was this public-spiritedness that induced men like Jacob Hamblin to spend their whole lives in teaching the natives ideas of industry and peace, so that the community might not be subjected to the terrors of death at the hands of the savages. If there was ever a more perfect manifestation of the coöperative spirit in any community than was exhibited in the early settlements of Utah, it would be difficult to locate it.

Of this spirit of coöperation in community building we shall see more in the next period — not perhaps in quite the same way, but in a way that shows how seriously the pioneers were thinking economically.

Utah Photo Materials Co., Salt Lake City

PIONEER MONUMENT AT HEAD OF MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY

PART III

EXPANSION AND DEVELOPMENT

Not Only of the Territory Occupied by the Settlers in the Utah Valleys, but Especially of the Native Resources of the Region, Together with the Educational Interests of the Community

No commonwealth can make the best of itself unless its members pull together. That goes without saying in an age when teamwork is a slogan everywhere. Teamwork is as necessary in community building as it is in football.

In Utah, during the years we are now entering upon — that is, the years lying between the coming of the railroad and the end of territorial government in the colony — there was a great pulling together by the people, so far at least as agriculture, mining, manufacturing, and education were concerned.

The old era had gone forever, and a new era had come to take its place. The steam horse displaced the ox team; the chair car did away with the covered wagon and the stage-coach; new methods of doing business came into vogue; mining, agriculture, and the factory began to expand and develop, until men, inside and outside the Territory, realized in a degree the great wealth of raw material there was here to work upon.

ZION'S CANYON
From a painting by L. A. Ramsey

CHAPTER TWENTY

TWO IRON HORSES TOUCH NOSES IN UTAH

Clear and fair came the dawn of May 10, 1869. With the dawn, wagons and carriages, loaded with men and boys and women and girls, mostly men and boys, and drawn by horses or mules or even oxen, left the farms and villages and towns of northern Utah, each headed for a main highway. All these vehicles with people in them had the same destination, and that destination was Promontory.

Promontory is about fifty miles from Ogden to the north and west. It is in a round little valley, not more than three miles across, level as your palm at a certain point, and with mountains on all sides.

At this place there were to be great events, such as would hold the eye of the entire country — and the ear, too, as we shall see presently. Little Promontory was to go down in history as one of the important spots in the industrial history of America, for here a ceremony was to be performed that mild May morning which was to unite two railroads, to join two far-flung parts of the continent, and to help realize the dream of the great Columbus about getting merchandise from the Orient.

Very slowly the wagons and carriages made their way over the roads that had not yet hardened from the spring thaws. In the minds of all the passengers must have been thoughts

of a time, not far away now, when there would be a faster mode of travel — at least, if they went east or west from Utah or up and down the series of valleys that stretched north and south from Logan to Nephi.

Meanwhile, men were at work on a place that was as level as your hand. At this point two rails lay on the ground, parallel with each other, but a few feet apart. Beside them was a small pile of new ties, ready to be set in position where the rails were to be placed. Away to the west, as far as one could see, ran two bands of steel rails, fastened to strong ties securely embedded in the earth. Away to the east ran another pair of rails, similarly fastened. And they shone in the sun — these two strips that were to complete a new highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Men with shovels began to clear the ground where the two loose rails were to go. They felt their importance on this occasion, because their every movement was being interestedly watched, not only by the superintendents (there were two of these), but also by men who were beginning to gather from the arriving wagons and carriages. The shovels scraped noisily, until the space between the rail ends was clean and smooth.

Presently an engine came puffing from the east, bringing a couple of passenger cars. It stopped a few rails away from the cleared place. Some men, wearing frock coats and tall silk hats, descended from the cars. They were officials of the road that ran to the east. They came forward, spoke to the superintendents, shook hands with various men in the crowd, and then looked inquiringly toward the west.

They did not have to wait very long, however, before there was visible on the western horizon a thin column of smoke. In a little while another engine pulled in, with two passenger cars, like the first. Some more men, also wearing silk hats and frock coats, came from the cars. These were, for the most part, officials of the road that ran away to the west. After greeting the men already on the ground, the superintendents looked at each other and at some of the men in frock coats. Receiving a nod from one of the silk hats and a curt "Go ahead!" from its owner, they quickly set things in motion.

Ties were placed on the level ground between the ends of the two tracks; the two loose rails that had been waiting so long to be taken up were laid on the ties; iron spikes were got out of a heavy wooden box near by; these were driven into the ties, so as to fasten the two rails. Telegraph wires were now stretched from a pole close by to the rails, by men who had hitherto taken no part in the proceedings; and the two engines were moved slowly toward each other till their noses touched.

Everybody, of course, had noticed that a tie was missing. But there was one on hand to be inserted. And what a tie it was! It was of California laurel and highly polished. Besides, it bore a silver plate with this inscription on it: "The last tie laid on the completion of the Pacific Railroad, May 10, 1869." This silver plate also bore the names of the officers and the directors of the two roads.

Everybody, too, had observed the silver spike and the silver hammer, which one of the superintendents held so conspicuously in his hands. These had been made of silver

mined in Nevada, Idaho, Montana, and California, and presented to the presidents of the two roads for this occasion.

Now the silver-plated tie was placed in position, every one looking on in all but breathless silence. When this had been done, the man who had put it in place glanced at the governor of California, one of the men in silk hats and frock coats, whose name was Leland Stanford.

While that throng is waiting for the next dramatic moment, when, as they think, that silver spike will be driven by Governor Stanford with that silver hammer deep into that highly polished California laurel bearing the silver plate, we, too, must pause in our story to review how it came about that this scene was the climax of a series of other scenes, each dramatic in its own way.

Nearly four hundred years before, that indomitable sailor, Christopher Columbus, dreamed of the time when he might bring goods from the Orient to Europe overseas from the west. He actually tried to get to the East Indies by way of the back door, so to speak. But the vast continent of America stood in his way.

Not only the great navigator, however, but merchants in the eastern part of the United States also had dreams later on that some day merchandise from the Orient might be brought first to the Pacific Coast towns by sea and then across the continent by rail. This would greatly reduce the cost of Eastern products to the people in the cities of New York, Massachusetts, and Illinois.

The dream of these merchants began with the first successful attempt to build a railroad in our country. That

was in 1833, although a railroad whose motive power consisted first of horses and then of sails had been in operation as early as 1827 between Baltimore and Ohio. Finally had come the steam locomotive, on its rails of steel, which grew in importance during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. When, in the fifties, the cities of New York and Philadelphia were connected with Chicago by two railroads, the merchants began to think that their dream and Columbus's might be realized after all.

IN COTTONWOOD CANYON
From a painting by Alfred Lambourne

Meantime, people pushed out from the crowded cities of the East into the prairies and mountains of the Far West. The Mormons settled in the valleys of Utah by the tens of thousands. Gold discoveries in California presently attracted hundreds of thousands into the valley of the Sacramento and other places in the Golden State. And Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, Oregon, Washington, and other parts of the Great West drew settlers for one reason and another, until the region that had once been Mexico's gradually assumed an importance never dreamed of by even such far-sighted statesmen as Daniel Webster. So it happened that the more men and women passed over the trails and the

wagon roads leading to the Far West, the louder became the cry for a safer, easier, and less costly means of transportation. Utahans, too, joined in the demand for a railroad into, or through, their Territory.

The pioneers as they came west always kept an eye open for a possible railroad route. They did this first on the way between the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, and then between the Missouri and the Salt Lake basin. For, as a rule, they did not follow the Oregon Trail, partly on account of their fear of trouble with their old-time neighbors in Missouri. As they continued their journey, therefore, they kept asking themselves: Can a railroad come this way? If they came to a place where they thought there would be difficulty, they either went back and tried again, or worked their way round the point.

As soon as the pioneers could turn round in their new home, they began to bombard Congress with petitions for a railroad. They had two things in mind. One was a way by which they might dispose of their products in the Eastern markets, for as we have already seen, there came a time when they raised more wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, and other things than they could consume. The cost of transporting these either east or west was so great that it was useless to try to export anything. Second, they wanted a quicker and safer way by which people might come here to fill up the valleys and to help build the community. During the first few years after the arrival of the pioneer company, emigrants died at the rate of a thousand a year, by reason of improper means of transportation. This includes western emigrants in general.

It was one of the thrills of the time to watch the coming of the railroads. For one thing, the railroad would end the period of isolation, comparatively speaking, for the Utahans. The East would be a good deal nearer the West pretty soon. All one needed was his fare, and presto! he was "back East" in no time, as compared with the slow-going ox team or even the jumpy stagecoach. It was also much less risky, if one took into account the bandit and the Indian.

For another thing, there was a great race on between the two ends of the road, for there were two railroads, instead of one. Of these, one began at Omaha, Nebraska, and came west; the other began on the west coast and came east. The road coming west was known as the Union Pacific, and the one going east was called the Central Pacific. Each company was anxious to do as much of the work of road-building as possible, so as to get as much as it could of the government money; for the Federal government allowed them to sell bonds — sixteen thousand dollars' worth for every mile built on the plains, thirty-two thousand in the foothills, and forty-eight thousand in the mountains of the West.

It surely would have been a picturesque sight to look down from an airplane upon those two shiny ribbons of steel gradually pushing their way towards each other — the one pair from the east and the other from the west — over the prairie, across rivers, and through mountains. It took seven years before they met on Promontory — much sooner than was expected. From an airplane one might have seen thousands of men, some of them Chinese fresh from their strange land, with its stranger language; tens of thousands

of horses and mules, plows and scrapers, and heavy wagons; rough places made smooth; hills cut down until one would hardly know them; hollows lifted to meet the leveled knolls; miles on miles of grading.

Hundreds of the men were cutting down timber, where timber was available; hundreds of other men were trimming it into ties; and hundreds more were laying those ties and making them ready for the rails, which were laid down, and spiked, by other hundreds. One might have listened to the din of spike driving, as the rails were being fastened to the ties; the puffing and steaming of the iron horse, as he came one rail nearer his goal; laughter and shouting from the tents, where food was being prepared, and from the road-bed, where the men were at work.

Meanwhile, certain thoughts were active in the background of every worker's mind. These were the thoughts about the Indians, for their unseen presence was everywhere. Without understanding what was going on, the natives yet knew that their hunting grounds were fast disappearing before their eyes. They would have taken swift measures to prevent it, but for those bright rifle barrels in the hands of uniformed soldiers, who stood constantly on guard.

Part of the road was built by Utah labor — about two hundred fifty miles. It was that part which came through Echo Canyon and that part leading into Ogden from the west. At least, Utah men made the grading and cut the ties for that part of the road.

And a blessing it was, too, to the people here, for it caused money to circulate among them as it had never done before. The farmers got one hundred dollars a ton for their

hay, and seven dollars a bushel for their potatoes. A man with a wagon and team received ten dollars a day and his keep. This was on the Union Pacific. On the Central Pacific one hundred twenty dollars a ton was paid for hay and fourteen dollars a hundred for oats.

And so we come back to the last and most dramatic scene in the construction of the Pacific railroad — the scene at Promontory.

"Hats off!" went clicking over the telegraph wires. Whereupon, no doubt, the men who listened in the East uncovered their heads, for it was a great moment.

The Reverend Mr. Todd offered prayer.

And again the tick-tick, cluck-cluck of the telegraph machines sent the message: "We have got done praying. The spike is about to be presented."

"We understand," came the return wire; "all are ready in the East."

The polished, silver-plated tie was removed. An ordinary tie was put in its place. Ordinary spikes were procured, and Governor Stanford drove one of them into the last tie, while St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, New York, and other Eastern cities heard the fall of the hammer, through the magnet of the bell — thud, thud, thud!

The wedding ceremony is over. The continent is spanned by streams of bright steel bands. The dreams of Columbus are at last realized. A trail has been blazed to the Orient.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

WHAT THE RAILROAD MEANT TO UTAH

It was inconvenient for those living in Salt Lake City to find themselves thirty-eight miles off the main highway connecting the two oceans. Also it was somewhat embarrassing for a town of twelve thousand inhabitants and the metropolis of the Territory to see a village of less than three thousand people become the "junction city." Yet that was what happened. So the leading men in Salt Lake City bestirred themselves to see that their home town was not "left out in the cold," as one of them put it.

The scene described in the preceding chapter, marking the completion of the Pacific lines, took place on the tenth of May, 1869. Just seven days later, ground was broken at Ogden for a branch line to Salt Lake City.

As soon as it appeared that the road was going through Ogden instead of Salt Lake City, some men in the latter town, headed by Brigham Young, got together, formed a company, and set to work on what came to be known as the Utah Central. Some of these men, besides the great pioneer, were George Q. Cannon, Daniel H. Wells, Christopher Layton (for whom a town in Davis County was named), John Sharp, and William Jennings. There were sixteen in all.

Up to this time it is doubtful whether any railroad in the United States had been built wholly from private means.

The almost uniform practice seems to have been to ask the Federal government or a local government for aid. But the Utah Central was an exception to the rule. Only local, private capital was used to build it. And this fact was so unusual as to excite comment from one of the officials of the Pacific lines at the time of its dedication a year later.

Two things, however, made it possible to construct this thirty-eight-mile stretch of road. One was that all those who had secured contracts on the Utah Central, whether for grading or for laying rails, took their pay mostly in stock. After the completion of the Pacific railroad, also, some of the larger contractors for that road had been forced to take their pay in spikes, ties, and rails, because the companies had run out of money. This material they turned in for stock in the Utah Central. Otherwise the building of the branch line might have been delayed no one knows how long. Thus it came about that Salt Lake City, after all, was not "left out in the cold."

WILLIAM JENNINGS
An early Utah merchant

It was not long after this that two other railroads were constructed in the same way. One of these went north from Ogden into Cache Valley. It was known as the Utah

Northern. The other, called the Utah Southern, ran south through Lehi, Provo, and Nephi. Thus the Territory was pretty well supplied with transportation facilities to its main towns. Ultimately all three lines were absorbed (merged, we should say nowadays) by the larger railroads, the main lines.

Commercially, the coming of the Union Pacific brought about changes in Utah. The cost of bringing merchandise here from the East or the West was cut down to one half. It took more than thirteen dollars, for instance, to haul a hundred-pound bag of sugar over the plains by mules or oxen. But the iron horse could haul it here and make money for its owner at a charge of six dollars a bag. (It costs sixty cents to-day.) Other costs of freightage went down also. Then, of course, there was the difference in time — a very important thing to a community as far away from the center of commerce and population as Utah.

Two things resulted from this difference in expense and time of transportation. In the first place, prices fell all at once. They fell, at least, to the extent of the difference in freight rates before and after the coming of the locomotive. A merchant who brought goods here by rail could afford to sell them for less than one who had brought them here by way of the ox or the mule. Since there was competition in business in Utah as elsewhere, the consumer paid a lower price for imported goods than formerly.

In the second place, some merchants were forced to take a loss on the goods they had on hand when the railroad came. The road had been completed sooner than was generally

expected. Its completion found on the shelves of many a storekeeper merchandise that had arrived by the old way and that therefore was priced high. But as the new stock of goods came by rail, prices went down — those on the old as well as on the new goods.

Nor was that all. Just as the coming of the telegraph displaced the pony express and made it necessary to lay off all the men, with their horses, that had been used in this service, so the arrival of the railroad did away with scores of men, who had to find other jobs, and with hundreds of horses, oxen, and mules. And with the going of these men and animals went also their large trade in groceries and hay and grain, which had been furnished by Utah merchants.

Besides, some factories had now to close. This was particularly true of those which made leather goods — boots, shoes, harnesses, and so on. It was true, too, of such factories as turned out suits for men, dresses for women, and hats. The reason for this is clear. These manufactured articles could be brought here from the East, where they were produced in large quantities, and sold for less than they could be manufactured for in Utah. Finally, too, the imported goods, as often happens, were better looking than the homemade ones. Usually people buy where they can be best satisfied as to both price and appearance.

Furthermore, as we shall see in more detail presently, the mining industry in a little while took on new life, in consequence of the railroad. Utah hills and mountains are full of minerals — coal, iron, copper, silver, and gold. Every one knew that, even in the early days. Many tried to work the mines in various parts of the Territory. But

always there was the problem of transportation — a problem that had a solution only in the cheaper transportation of the railroad.

In the construction of the Union Pacific lines and the lines of the Utah Central, the Utah Northern, and the Utah Southern the main obstacles in the mining industry were overcome. Transportation facilities thus provided, mining in Utah entered upon a new era, as we shall see in the course of this narrative.

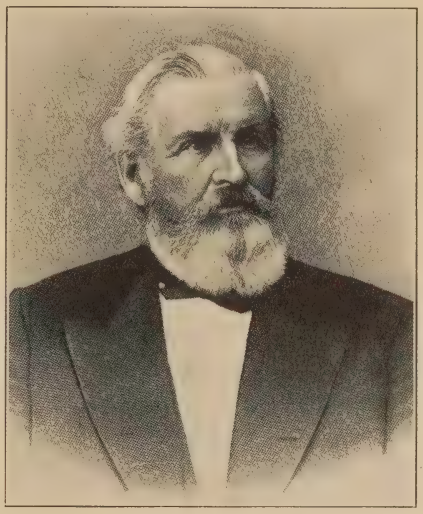
In July, 1869, the first shipment of ore was made to a point outside the Territory by rail. It went to California. Ten tons were consigned by the Woodhull brothers to T. H. Selby, in San Francisco. It was this same local firm that shipped the first load of ore over the Utah Central. This was in January, 1870. In February of this year two carloads of coal, the first to go by rail, were shipped to Salt Lake City by the Wasatch Coal Company.

The coming of the railroad to Utah, then, had four effects: First, it reduced the cost of goods brought into the Territory through lower freight rates. Second, it caused failures in some of our factories, particularly those that were attempting to produce leather articles and hats. Third, it threw men out of work, with their animals, which made it necessary for merchants here to seek new markets for hay and grain — a necessity that was passed on to the farmer. Fourth, it gave a new impulse to the mining industry in Utah.

Such was the material side of life in Utah. But there was another side of life in the Utah settlements that was affected as much, although not so easily seen with the eyes. It was

the cultural aspect. Through the arrival of the steam locomotive came new contacts with men and women of the East — statesmen, high government officials, publicists, literary men, musicians, actors.

During the days of the stagecoach not many people cared to venture "out West" unless they had to. There were too many dangers, and the mode of travel was too uncomfortable. Yet a few of the class it was desirable to meet did come beyond the Missouri River — Horace Greeley and Mark Twain, for instance. On the completion of the railroad, though, it was a common thing for tourists to visit Salt Lake City. At first they had to cover the distance between that town and Ogden by team, but that did not matter on account of the shortness of the distance. Everybody who came West was curious to see the city and the people he had heard so much about.



H. S. ELDRIDGE
An early Utah merchant

The first year (1869) following completion of the Pacific lines saw many famous visitors to Salt Lake City — Benjamin F. Wade, who had been president of the United States Senate; General Sheridan, of whose war record every one

here had heard or read; William H. Seward, Lincoln's great secretary of state, who had a long conversation with Brigham Young; George Francis Train, who gave his famous lecture on "The Doctor, the Lawyer, and the Clergyman" in the Salt Lake Theater; Vice President Colfax, who praised the pioneers for their industry and enterprise in redeeming a desert.

In later years, of course, the list of distinguished tourists increased. Two presidents paid their respects to the commonwealth during the period we are now treating — Grant and Hayes. Both met with the heartiest reception, as being not only the chief executives and great men in their own name, but also the first of the presidents to come to the Territory. Many people, too, were fortunate enough during these years to see and hear America's greatest philosopher and man of letters, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The first great musician to come to Utah was Ole Bull, a Norwegian violinist. He was the greatest of his time. He gave two concerts in the Theater.

As for the stage folk, the Salt Lake play lovers had the rare privilege of seeing and hearing such stars as John McCullough, who, with Helen Tracy, came here as early as 1871; and, later, James A. Herne, Charles F. Coghlan, Maurice and Georgie Barrymore, Fanny Davenport, Adelaide Neilson, and the great Modjeska — all famous stars of the time.

Salt Lakers took pride in the fact that, when famous stage stars arrived, they could appear in one of the very best playhouses in the country; also that, when famous lecturers arrived in the city, they could offer them, in case of necessity, one of the largest and best auditoriums in the nation.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF THE PERIOD

It is time now to get our bearings, political and social, so far as the whole period is concerned in which we find ourselves in this section. That period, as already stated, extends from the year 1869, when the railroad was completed, to the year 1896, when Utah was admitted to statehood. This would make it almost twenty-seven years in duration.

Who were the Federal officials then? How did they govern the Territory? What growth in population occurred during the period? To what extent did the commonwealth improve as these years came and went? These are some of the questions we shall try to answer in this chapter. If we can furnish some details of the social and political situation at this time, we shall be in a better position to understand the particular points to be taken up in the chapters that are to follow in this section.

The Territory of Utah was created in 1850. Yet it was not till 1896 that it was admitted into the union of States. This period of forty-six years of government mostly by outsiders was more or less galling to a community as able as Utah to govern itself. It was a longer period of territorial control than any other civic group in the nation had ever been asked to live under.

Idaho was admitted after twenty-seven years of territorial government; Montana, after twenty-five years; Wyoming, after twenty-two years; and Colorado, after only fifteen years. California never was organized as a Territory at all, but was admitted into the sisterhood of States at once, when she applied in 1850.

Yet within a few years after its settlement in 1847, Utah had the necessary population — greater than that of either Wyoming or Nevada at the time they joined the Union — and was far more homogeneous in its group life. Why was it that statehood was withheld from this community so long?

The answer lies in certain conflicts in politics and business that took place during these years — misunderstandings, in fact, on both sides. They found their source partly in the sort of men that were sent to hold office and partly in policies that originated in the community.

Brigham Young, to take the last point first, did his best to discourage mining. We have already mentioned this fact. He did so for two reasons: First, he feared that opening the mines might also open the doors to a lot of undesirables from other communities — saloon keepers, gamblers, immoral men and women, idlers, and the social riffraff generally. Second, he suspected that mining would divert the attention of the masses in the Territory from farming, making of them gold seekers instead of home builders.

There were others who thought that the way to build up the commonwealth was to open up the mines. They were persons who came for other and different reasons than had brought the great majority of the people to Utah in

the first place. Some of these were Federal officeholders; others were men who had come to practice law; and still others, men who wished to engage in business enterprises.

"In Dixie Land"

Painted by B. F. Larsen near Washington, Washington Co. Virgin River is in the foreground and Pine Valley Mountain in the distance

There were enough of this class to make a very lively conflict.

The commercial situation, too, furnished an opening for differences. Brigham Young, the outstanding man in Utah, was a very great believer in coöperation. We shall have more to say on this point in the next chapter. He organized

a gigantic mercantile society — gigantic by comparison with other businesses here — which was intended to serve the community rather than to make money. It was a coöperative association, in which every one was supposed to own stock.

As there were merchants in the Territory, some of them very able men as well as wealthy and influential, who had come here to begin with for the purpose mainly of making money, there very naturally sprang up a conflict in business policies, for this coöperative plan of Brigham Young's interfered with the plans of the individualists in business.

Then there was politics. Almost all men love power — political power included. Brigham Young, in those days, was the most powerful figure in Utah. His influence far outweighed the influence of any of the governors or the judges. Very naturally this proved a source of irritation to them, and one cannot altogether blame them if they tried to break down the pioneer leader's influence. To be governor of a territory where some one else's word went farther than yours was not a pleasant experience, to say the least. Friction developed, therefore, as each governor or other Federal official took his place in the government of Utah.

When Brigham Young died, eight years after the coming of the railroad, some of these sources of conflict disappeared — only to be replaced, however, by others as great, or at least by other occasions of discord.

The main point, though, which we have endeavored to make in this division of the present chapter is this: The differences that existed during these years between the majority of Utah's citizens and a very powerful minority

— powerful, that is, in Washington — kept the Territory from becoming a state till 1896, when the source of conflict was either removed altogether or temporarily smothered.

During the twenty-seven years of this period of Utah history there were eight governors. Their names are: J. Wilson Shaffer, Vernon H. Vaughan, George L. Woods, Samuel B. Axtell, George W. Emery, Eli H. Murray, Caleb W. West, and Arthur L. Thomas.

Shaffer was a soldier. He did not take off his armor when he came West. A man of iron will and of decision of character, he entered upon his duties as chief executive of the Territory bent on breaking the power of its chief citizen. "Never after me," he said on coming here, "shall it be said that Brigham Young is governor of Utah."

One of his first acts looking in that direction was to disband what was known as the Nauvoo Legion, a military body not directly under the power of the governor. Of course, he had no right to do away with an organization created by the legislature; but he did it anyway, in the face of a strong protest. Governor Shaffer, with his black whiskers, his sickly body, and his courageous spirit, died in office, after serving but a few months.

Governor Vaughan, who had been secretary of the Territory under Shaffer, was appointed only until President Grant could have time to look around for another. He served for about two months.

Governor Woods, who had been chief executive of Oregon for one term, served here in that capacity for four years — from January, 1871, to December, 1874. He was succeeded

by Governor Axtell, whose term lasted only a few months, chiefly because he took sides in the disputes that arose.

Governor Emery, a Southerner and a personal friend of President Grant, served one term, from 1875 to 1879. He came from California. A man of prudence and fine tact, he

City and County Building, Salt Lake City

managed to escape trouble and to win a degree of popularity surprising in a Utah territorial governor. Emery County was named in his honor. The secret ballot was first used in the Territory during his administration.

Governor Murray, who hailed from Kentucky and was said to have been the handsomest man there, arrived in

1880. Personally both handsome and genial, he yet offended a great many people and interests in Utah by his lack of tact and sense of fairness.

The first thing he said in public, after his arrival, was that the tree of liberty was "rich enough in timber to construct scaffolds and coffins for all those who may treasonably conspire to break down our Constitution and to violate its written laws" — an allusion clearer to his hearers than to the present generation. Later he granted a certificate of election to one who was not entitled to it, merely because he did not think the man who received the greatest number of votes was qualified for the office. The office was that of congressman, whose qualifications the Constitution and Congress prescribe. In President Cleveland's administration Murray was forced to resign, after having been in office about seven years.

Governor West, also from Kentucky, cultivated the good will of every Utahan by his strong sense of what Roosevelt termed the "square deal." He particularly endeared himself to the majority when he sought to get statehood for Utah. "It is scarcely necessary to dilate upon or go into details," he reported to the Secretary of the Interior, "as to Utah's population, wealth, stability, and material development, entitling her to statehood. A small minority continue to interpose objections to the conferring of this great boon upon the Territory. It affords me pleasure, however, to be able to state that this class is constantly growing less. Our people, after years of earnest effort, have peacefully solved their difficulties."

This was hardly true, though, for in the administration

of his successor, Governor Thomas, differences broke out afresh, and with greater bitterness, perhaps, than at any time in the history of the Territory. But Governor West's intentions were good.

Governor Thomas was the last chief executive under the territorial form in Utah. He had lived here before his appointment, having served on a Federal commission. After statehood he served as postmaster in Salt Lake City. Many exciting events occurred during his administration, some of which we shall have occasion to speak of later.

No doubt being governor of Utah during these turbulent twenty-seven years was not a very desirable position. As a matter of fact, it was a difficult job. If you took sides, you were respected by one group and looked down upon by the other. And if you took no sides at all, you were likely to be stigmatized as lukewarm, even weak and cowardly. And there you were. The wonder is that the governors did not do worse.

According to the United States census report, Utah had a population in 1870, one year after the completion of the Union Pacific lines, of 86,786. By the time statehood became a fact the number of persons in the Territory was estimated at 250,000. The official census for 1890 puts the number at 210,779, and for 1900 at 276,749.

This increase in population of about five thousand a year, if we count only the years between 1870 and 1890, was the result, of course, of the two usual causes of increase — birth and immigration. Our forebears of this period believed in large families, and practiced what they believed. Families

of from eight to ten and twelve were not uncommon then. Besides, the Mormon church then advised its converts elsewhere in the United States and in foreign countries to "gather" with their people.

There was a drain, too, on the population of Utah during this period, which must be taken into account. For these were the years when settlements were made in Arizona, Mexico, Canada, Idaho, and Colorado by people who had been born in Utah. Hence the increase shown in the figures quoted does not represent the real growth of the commonwealth established.

It was during these years, also, that new settlements were made in Utah valleys, other than those we have already noticed — Salt Lake, Davis, Weber, Tooele, Box Elder, Cache, and others to the south. Groups of people left Wasatch County for Uintah Valley, from Sanpete for Emery, and from Iron County and other parts for the San Juan region. Carbon County, too, was organized during this period out of Sanpete County. These pioneering efforts, especially in San Juan, make as romantic and exciting reading as any that are to be found in the history of Utah.

No more courageous men and women ever left the old home to make a new one than the little band that went into the country of the Colorado River, with its high cliffs, its ancient landmarks, its petrified trees, its romantic scenery, its hostile Indians, and its complete absence of roads that any human being could travel. The original purpose in going down there in the first place was to find a region where Southern converts to Mormonism could live and have a climate similar to that from which they had come.

Blue Mountains, Bluff, Lost Springs, Cheese Ranch, Hole-in-the-Rock — these are some of the names the little colony gave to the places where they settled. They show, if you look at them closely, the nature of the hardships endured to make San Juan County at all habitable. The story of how the men made roads would form one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in pioneer history.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

INDUSTRIAL TEAMWORK IN UTAH

In the early seventies George A. Smith went on a speaking tour through the settlements of Southern Utah. Everywhere he spoke, people flocked to hear him, for he was an impressive preacher, with his two hundred fifty pounds, his robust voice, and his tremendous enthusiasm. Always on this trip his theme was coöperation. Indeed, he was probably the greatest advocate in the Territory of the idea that people must "pull together" — a frequent phrase with him.

At one of the towns where he spoke it was impossible, for some reason, to get him to the next place, except in a ramshackle vehicle drawn by a donkey and a pony of doubtful value, neither of which had seen much service under the harness, let alone being hitched together to the same wagon. The driver, a rough but good-natured young fellow, was anxious to do his best for his distinguished passenger. After they had gone a little way on the road and the uncongenial animals showed signs of their dislike for each other and the job, he said to them, with a persuasive use of the whip, "Now, dog-gone you, *coöperate!*" Only, as the story goes, the language was not so mild as that.

In spite of some disagreements in Utah during this period over politics and business, these were nevertheless days of splendid teamwork, of coöperation, in the affairs of daily

life. Some quite unique things were done here by way of attempting to solve the economic problem. One of the most notable achievements in this respect was the building of the Utah Central between Salt Lake City and Ogden — of which we have already spoken.

This, perhaps, we ought to say in addition: The men whose names were given in the preceding chapter as originators of

Shiplers, Commercial Photographers, Salt Lake City

COÖPERATIVE LABOR

From a painting by A. B. Wright

the enterprise were not the only ones to put money into it. The people of Utah were pretty well established in the habit of pulling together when it came to matters that could not be accomplished by the efforts of individuals. So small amounts were subscribed by a good many persons who were unable to raise large sums. By splendid teamwork the Utah Central

was built, and not by government aid, either local or national. Furthermore, the construction of the Utah Central through coöperation showed how other railroads might be built. In the same way, the Northern and the Southern railroads came into existence.

The effect of all this railroad building by the people of Utah was stimulating. It pointed the way to industrial independence and self-confidence. It helped also to bring about other projects in a material way — such, for instance, as merchandising, which we are now to consider in some detail.

As the population of Utah increased — which it did more rapidly after the coming of the Union Pacific — buying and selling goods became more and more profitable. As the profits of merchandising grew, more and more men became interested in the business. That was only natural, as following the clearest path to wealth and power.

The merchants of Utah, for the most part, were men of real ability. There was, for instance, William Nixon, the "father" of Utah merchandising. A business man from St. Louis, he set up a store in Salt Lake City, in which most of the younger merchants received their training — the Walker brothers, Henry W. Lawrence, John Clark, John Chislett, Dan Clift, and others. Besides Nixon and these younger men, there were Livingston and Kinkead, Halliday and Warner, the Reese brothers (John and Enoch), J. M. Horner, Gilbert and Gerrish, Williams and Hooper, Eldridge and Jennings. Later in the period came the Cohns and the Auerbachs, Jewish merchants.

Nearly all these men had large credit in such cities as St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, and New York. And they brought merchandise to Utah, the cost of which ran into five and six figures. The firm of Hooper and Eldridge alone imported goods to the value of one hundred fifty thousand dollars, the freight amounting to eighty thousand dollars. That was in 1864. And William Jennings, probably the ablest business mind in early Utah, brought goods here to the value of a quarter of a million the very next year.

When Brigham Young saw the fortunes these business men were piling up, the large quantities of merchandise being imported into the Territory, much of which could be either grown or made here, and the great sums of money thus going out to eastern cities and states, he felt as if something ought to be done in the situation. That something should look in the direction of patronizing home products more and of spreading the profits derived from merchandising among the people, at the same time lowering the cost of goods to the consumer.

With these things in mind, he asked a number of leading business men to meet and discuss the problem. It was a critical situation. They met and, after careful deliberation, organized what is known as Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution.

Whenever we in these days speak of Z. C. M. I., as the name came to be abridged, we think mostly of a certain large department store on Upper Main Street in Salt Lake City. But that is not what the people of the seventies had in mind when they used the name. They thought rather of a system, a chain of stores, with the Salt Lake City house as the center.

Under this system there was to be a store in every town in the Territory, which was to be owned by the people. Every head of a family, at least, was to have stock in it, no matter how small the amount. And the establishment was to be managed in the interest of the stockholders, as to both prices and dividends. To this end the manager should be not only honest, but efficient.

Then, all the "coöp" stores throughout Utah were to buy their supplies directly from the parent store in Salt Lake City or from some store centrally located, like the one in Logan, in Ogden, or in Provo. All the Mormon merchants everywhere were expected to join the organization by putting into it their stock of merchandise and accepting a certificate of membership.

The project, however, did not succeed as its organizers had hoped. There were several causes for this. In the first place, not all the merchants became members of the association. In the second place, President Young was getting too far along in years to devote the necessary amount of energy to a new idea. And then, in the third place, it was hard to get capable managers. Finally, the people did not give it the support which was necessary to its success.

Lorenzo Snow sounded the keynote of the failure when he said publicly once: "Coöperation is of little benefit unless the people understand, appreciate. Honesty, ability, and devotedness are required in order to coöperate successfully. The difficulty in obtaining means to establish coöperation is not so great as that of finding men of ability, wisdom, and devotedness to manage in a proper manner such means when gathered."

In the year 1874, however, an economic movement was begun which was even more fundamental than the one just considered. It was known as the "United Order," and was also a movement within the dominant church, whose members comprised by far the majority of the population of Utah. Here are the basic principles of the Order:

First, no man should have more than another in material goods. In this respect all men should be equal. Inequality in property and property values lies at the root of most of the world's evils. Therefore, to remove this economic inequality is to remove these evils.

Second, every man is entitled to a job, to a job that he likes to work at, and to one at which he can earn a decent living — a living in keeping with his dignity as a man. But every man must work. He that will not work shall not eat. "The idler shall not eat the bread of the laborer," is how it was put in those days. That was the supreme law of the Order.

Third, every member of the Order was expected to work, not only in his own interest, but also for the interest of all the other members of it. This was necessary because, under a coöperative movement of this sort, there was more interdependence than existed where each one worked merely for himself.

Fourth, religion was deemed indispensable in the Order, as a working motive. It was thought that those who accepted the idea of a divine Providence and a life after this, would be more likely to think of others as well as themselves than unbelievers.

If you wished to become a member of such an organization,

the first thing you did was to deed to the Order all your property — your land, your house, your animals, your machinery, your furniture, your bedding, and even wearing apparel. Then you would receive back from the Order what was known as a "stewardship." This stewardship might include the very articles you had turned in, if all these were necessary in your work. Or in case the things you had deeded over were insufficient for your necessities, your stewardship would be greater than what you had in the first place.

After that, you would be set to work at whatever you could do to the best advantage for yourself and for the Order generally. What you earned at this occupation would go, first, to keeping yourself and those who were dependent on you, and, second, to the general storehouse, to be owned by the community as such. The earnings of every one else in the Order would be treated in the same manner. Thus, while you would have enough to make sure that you were always taken care of, sick or well, yet you never would accumulate a surplus. For, after all, of what use would a surplus, large or small, be to you in such a case?

This idea, as we have already said, was put into operation in Utah in the year 1874. Brigham Young started it in St. George, when he was down there for his health. On the way back to Salt Lake City he preached it in every settlement. In the end an organization was effected in almost every town throughout the Territory, from St. George on the south to Smithfield on the north. It succeeded best, perhaps, in Brigham City, Glenwood, Orderville, and Circleville. Membership was voluntary, and any one might withdraw at will with his stewardship.

Thus the people of Utah, first through the spirit of the coöperative movement and then through the United Order, made an attempt to solve the economic problem — the most important and troublesome problem with which the mind of man has to wrestle.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

HOW THE COÖPERATIVE SPIRIT WORKED IN UTAH

In the year 1886 Edward Bellamy visited Utah. Bellamy, who died twelve years later at the unripe age of forty-eight, was an American author and sociologist. He published a book on socialism that was very widely read by English-speaking people — and still is.

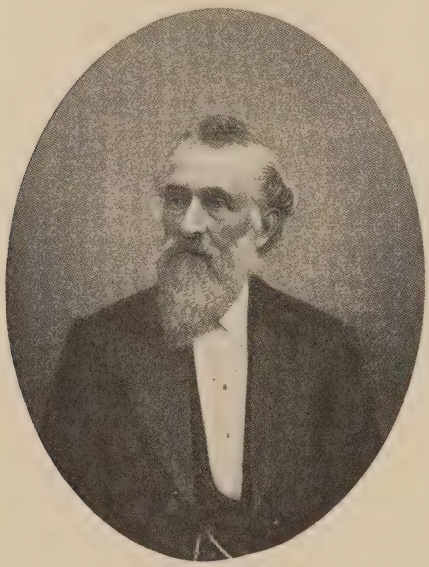
While he was here, he talked for three days with Lorenzo Snow, whose home was in Brigham City and who had organized and carried on there a coöperative society in the late sixties and the early seventies. Not long after these conferences between these two men, Bellamy published the book for which he is best known — *Looking Backward.*

Looking Backward aims to show just how the economic question may be solved, so that justice, equality, and brotherhood shall prevail among mankind. It professes to have been written in the year 2000 A.D. The author, in a glance backward, makes light of the economic system of preceding centuries and describes that under which he lives in 2000 A.D., where there is no poverty, crime, or cut-throat methods of competition in business and where every man has a job to his liking from which he earns a satisfactory living.

Now, any one who reads *Looking Backward* and who is acquainted with what was done in Utah in the seventies will

be struck by the many points of resemblance between what Lorenzo Snow worked out in Brigham City and what Edward Bellamy set down in his book.

Lorenzo Snow had the face of a poet and the affable manners of a college professor. But he was a man of large, practical views. Originally he was from Ohio and had attended Oberlin College in the Buckeye State. On moving to Brigham City in 1853 with fifty families, he proceeded to work out a plan by which the people might get together in their financial undertakings so as to eliminate, if possible, the evils of the competitive system in modern life. The result was the organization of what he called the "Brigham City Mercantile and Manufacturing Association." This was in 1864, but it did not become perfected until some time afterwards.



LORENZO SNOW

The Association did not spring up in a night, like Jonah's gourd. Its growth was very gradual, for its organizer was feeling his way. At the time of its creation, in 1864, there were but four stockholders, including Lorenzo Snow. As

the years passed, however, the number of stockholders increased till practically every head of a family in the town was a member.

First, a tannery was built. This was forty-five by eighty feet in dimensions and cost ten thousand dollars. The work, which was done during slack periods, was paid for in stock. In connection with the tannery a boot and shoe shop was maintained. This institution was one of those put out of business by the coming of the railroad in 1869.

After that a woolen mill was established at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. The machinery was bought from the profits made by the Association. In some years it did a business of around forty thousand dollars. In order to keep the mill going, however, there had to be wool. So the organization bought a ranch, stocked it with sheep, which grew in number from one hundred fifty to five thousand, and produced the necessary wool. Cotton was also made up later in this same factory, and this material was obtained from a farm in Southern Utah, owned by the Association and cared for by twenty young men sent down there for the purpose.

Next came a dairy and a millinery works. The Association bought some grazing land, put five hundred cows on it, erected suitable buildings, and made their own butter and cheese. Also they sold some on the general market. In the millinery department twenty-five girls were employed. They turned out a very creditable sort of straw hat and artificial flowers.

Thus the colony at Brigham City became practically an economically independent community. They grew their own cereals, fruits, and vegetables; they produced their own

milk and eggs and butter and cheese; they made their own clothes, as well as the cloth that went into them, together with the hats they wore in summer and their boots and shoes; and they had enough, after their own wants were supplied, to exchange for the cash they needed to pay the workers and for dividends. All the employees were paid every week.

The Brigham City organization was a coöperative association, created for the mutual benefit of its members, who owned property just as if they did not belong to the organization. But in Glenwood, Sevier county, there was a society established on an altogether different principle. It was, in fact, a branch of what was known then as the United Order. The community comprised upwards of a hundred families. Had you been in Glenwood during those years, you would have experienced a very interesting life.

Your father would have deeded over to the Order all of his property, and received back his "stewardship." This stewardship would include a house to live in, furniture, the family wardrobe, and whatever else appeared necessary. The head of your household would follow whatever occupation he was good at — herding cattle on the range, taking care of the tannery or one of the mills, helping to farm the Big Field, making shoes or harnesses, or teaching school. For his labor he received "credits" at the general storehouse.

You yourself, if you were a boy, would meet every morning in summer time with all the other boys in the village and, under the guidance of Father Dobson, would weed the streets, the yards and gardens, and the Big Field. And you would be paid in credits, too. But whether you were a

boy or a girl, you went to school for five or six months in the year. When your shoes wore out or needed mending, you went to the shoemaker's for a new pair or a patch; and when you required a new suit of clothes, you were measured for one by the tailor, like a million-dollar boy of to-day. The girls went to the store for a new dress, and had it charged to Father.

When you reached a certain age, you were expected to do two things — look around for a life's job and keep your eye open for a young woman whom you would like to marry.

You could be a herder, a farmer, a mill operator, a tanner, a shoemaker, an accountant, a carpenter, or a teacher. There was no place for a lawyer, for the community settled its own disputes; and in lieu of a doctor, the village midwife gave you medicine when you needed it or set a broken bone. Whatever you chose as your vocation you were expected to work at with honesty and intelligence.

Meantime you would be thinking about getting a home of your own. Having chosen your prospective wife, you went to St. George to be married. Very likely there would be one or two other couples with you, and the wagon would be loaded with things grown or made in Glenwood to be exchanged for things grown or made in the southern town. For the Glenwood folk believed in that old adage about killing two birds with one stone. While you were gone, men would be busy in your behalf at home.

First, a house would be built for you on a lot you and your sweetheart had chosen beforehand. It would very likely be of logs or rock — three rooms, one of which would be a lean-to. One set of men would cut the timber or quarry the

stone; another would haul it down from the canyon or the hills; a third would build the house, with the necessary outhouses; a fourth would put on the roof and do the finishing on the inside; a fifth would inclose everything within a neat fence. The boys, under Father Dobson, would clean up the lot and make it spick and span for you by the time you returned.

Next, your house would be furnished. All the furniture would be homemade — the table, the chairs, the benches, the cupboard, the bedstead. Other articles would be bought at the store. The blankets, the quilts, and the linen generally would be provided by the women's organization — whatever articles, that is, that were not to be found in the bride's trousseau.

Then after you and your wife had come home, you would be visited by the flour man, the potato man, the butcher, the molasses man, the dairy man, and others, to know how much of this or of that you would require during the next few weeks; and when these men were informed on the point, they would leave whatever quantity you had ordered.

All this — the lot, the house, the furniture, the provisions, with the labor involved — went down on the books at the storehouse against the credits that had been accumulating for you all the years since you weeded the streets and the Big Field. A balance would be struck between the debits and the credits, so that you might know just where you stood in your finances. If you were short, you made it up after you got to work again; and if you had a surplus — why, so much the better, for you would need it as soon as the stork, who paid regular visits to every family there, came to

your home. In any event, you went to work when your honeymoon was over.

In Glenwood, as in every other Order, the rule was that you worked. If you did not work, you did not eat — and there an end, so far as you were concerned. That is, of course, if you were able to work.

If you were away from your job or if you otherwise neglected it, you were waited upon by the *committee*. This committee consisted of three men, members of the Board of Directors. They were kindly men, but they were just men, too; so you had nothing to fear from them — unless you had something to hide. They looked into your case, and by dexterous probing got to the bottom of it.

If you were sick, you got only sympathy and kindness and something done for you. But if you were faking sickness, you were talked to and labored with, after which you either went back to work with a determination to do your duty or you were expelled from the Order. There was no place there for any one who shirked.

On the Sabbath day you went to Sunday school in the morning and to church in the evening. Your main amusements were a dance on Friday night and a private entertainment at the home of a friend. Occasionally the whole town went picnicking in the hills.

But you were happy. You had work that you liked, plenty to eat and wear, a good house to live in, and no fear in your heart that the future would bring you want, helpless sickness, or poverty. No one else possessed more than you did — unless his family were larger.

Glenwood was fast becoming rich. Some of the things

produced there, either on the farm or in the factory, were taken to Salt Lake City or elsewhere and sold. The money was brought back and invested in adjacent farmland or in conveniences for the homes. To-day every family in the Order, if it were in existence, would doubtless have a washing machine, an automobile, an electric refrigerator, and a radio. Certainly all or none of them would.

Of the people in Glenwood at that time it may be said, as Longfellow did of the people in Acadia, "There the richest was poor and the poorest lived in abundance."

This group life in early Utah aimed at completeness of the social unit. That is an important thing to keep in mind. Every Order was an independent social group. Each had its own political, commercial, and religious head, and usually that head was a single person or a group of persons. It was a complete society within itself. Incidentally, it may be noted that this fact was one of the sources of offense to those who were not in the Order.

Sometimes, as in Brigham City, the Order took the form of an association merely for mutual protection and helpfulness in the larger undertakings. Sometimes, as in Glenwood, it took the shape of an organization in which there were both private and public ownership. And sometimes, as in Orderville, it became sheer communism, where there was almost no private ownership of property. But, whatever form it took, the purpose was the same — to aid one another economically, to do away with the fear of want, to pool both interest and effort for the common good.

All these brave efforts to solve the economic problem,

however, went on the rocks for one reason or another. In Brigham City a series of fires and court disputes were the cause. In other places it was lack of business management, or insufficient interest on the part of the people, or the complexity of modern life. In Glenwood the organization was dissolved by orders from Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

TILLERS OF THE SOIL IN UTAH

In 1870 Utah had a population of less than eighty-seven thousand. At the same time Salt Lake City had only about twelve thousand inhabitants. Twenty years later the population of the Territory had increased to around two hundred ten thousand, and that of the main town to about forty-five thousand.

During the whole of the period we are now considering, Salt Lake City was the principal town in Utah. Ogden was the second largest, as it still is, with approximately three thousand inhabitants in 1870 and not quite fifteen thousand in 1890.

It would appear, then, that in those twenty-seven years of Utah history of which we are speaking here, eighty-six persons out of every one hundred lived in small villages close to their farms or ranches in 1870, whereas, at the end of twenty years, seventy-nine persons out of every one hundred lived in the rural districts. Hence we speak of Utah in those days between 1869 and 1896 as an agricultural, or farming, community. It still is, for that matter, although to-day a far greater number of people, proportionately, live and work in the city than formerly. From the beginning the community just *had* to be agricultural or starve.

Strangers who visited the settlements in Utah during this time often remarked on the way in which the pioneer builders had solved the problem of how to combine the advantages of farm life and town life. That is hardly a problem nowadays, when the isolated farmer anywhere in the United States can get into his automobile and be in the city, fifty or a hundred miles away, in almost as many minutes. But in

A Wheat Field near Spanish Fork

the days of the horse and buggy (for the railroad did not go everywhere) it was a real problem that taxed the wisdom of the best minds to solve.

Every settlement in the Territory had a very definite plan and arrangement:

First, there was the town itself. This was divided off into "blocks" by streets running east and west and north and south. Each "block" was again divided into four parts, and each of these had a house on it, with space enough in

front for a lawn and shrubbery and in the rear for a garden, bushes and fruit trees, corrals, barns, and chicken coops. Beside the unpaved, or even unboarded, sidewalk was a line of shade trees, usually the Lombardy poplar, kept fresh and green in the spring and summer by glistening streams that came down from the canyon near by.

Here lived the farmer with his family. He sent to the "coöp" store for such articles as he needed that he could not himself produce; his children went to school in the log, or maybe the rock, schoolhouse on the public square; and the whole family, baby in arms and all, attended church on Sunday afternoon or evening. As likely as not the church building, too, was of logs or rock or lumber.

Second, on the skirts of the town, stretching out on every side, except perhaps where the group of houses was next the foothills, were the farms, where the men and older boys worked. These farms, during the most of this period, did not exceed twenty or thirty acres of ground. There, too, were kept the plow, the harrow, and whatever else in the way of implements the farmer owned, and also most of the work animals. During the spring, summer, and fall the farmer with his boys went out every morning to the land to work; and every evening they returned to their home in the village.

Thus the people in Utah, outside of Salt Lake City at least, enjoyed the advantages of the isolated life of the farm and of the group life of the town. Every day they worked close to the soil and nature, in the open air, and with animals; and every evening, when their work was done, and on Sundays and holidays, they sought and obtained the company

of others in the dance, in the school, in home dramatics, or in the chapel. Life, therefore, under these conditions, was not the lonely, heart-eating thing it often was elsewhere on the isolated farm, either for the old or the young.

THE STRAWBERRY VALLEY PROJECT LOOKING TOWARD PENSTOCK

This form of the social group did not originate in fear — fear of the Indian. It began rather in a strong feeling for coöperation and in the spirit of religious fellowship. Fear probably had something to do with it, for often, in a still earlier day in these settlements, there might have been found a fort in the center of the town, or maybe a wall around it, either completed or in the making. But it was the feeling for

teamwork in the pioneers that originated and kept up this scheme of country life.

With each piece of land went certain amounts of water. In Utah the people had a different idea about water rights from that which prevailed in such States as California, or in the early New England colonies, or in England, from which the Pilgrims came with their notions of things. The Utah pioneers, breaking away from any old ideas that did not apply to the new situation, declared in the very beginning that the water, as well as the land, belonged to the people, and they gave to their legislature the power to say just what should be done with both.

All the water that ran down the streets of the town, as also all that spread out over the farm land and the meadow through ditches, came from the canyon stream or the river in a canal that had been dug by community effort. The canal was not, therefore, owned for the most part by private parties, who sold the water to the farmer at so much per second-foot. During the late seventies and the early eighties the coöperative spirit was strong in Utah — in canal digging, in merchandising, as well as in education and public enterprises generally.

Up to 1869 the ownership of land here, so far as the title went, was very uncertain. At first the Mormon church and then the legislature undertook to decide who should own the land and under what conditions. That applied also to the water. Really the territorial legislature, to say nothing of the church, had no right whatever to dispose of the land. The land belonged to the nation. But under the circumstances there was nothing else that could be done.

In 1869, however, a land office was established in Salt Lake City by the Federal government. Then there followed a confused scramble for proper entries. It was considerable of a mixup at first, but the principle of simple justice instead of technical rules served to disentangle the skein.

It was at this time that lawyers came pouring into the Territory from the outside — some good, some bad, some merely indifferent. The early settlers in Utah had not a single lawyer among them. Men there were, of course, who had studied law — George A. Smith and Daniel H. Wells, for instance. But there was not in the colony any one who had graduated from a law school or who had entered upon the practice of law as a profession. Some of these imported attorneys afterwards proved very troublesome to the people — but that is another story.

We have spoken of the canals as being owned and operated by the community in the particular locality where they were used. That is the fact during this period. But it is true only of the smaller canals, for the larger "big ditches," those requiring more money in their construction than the farmers jointly could raise, were owned privately. Then, too, during these years, an increasing number of communities got to the point in their farming where they did without water altogether.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these irrigating projects was the Bear River Canal. Bear River Valley was a great stretch of sagebrush land, sprawling out on both sides of the river of that name in the northern part of Utah. There were one hundred fifty thousand acres in all, which nobody

knew what to do with. No doubt the soil was fertile, for where sagebrush grows almost anything else can be raised; and it might be turned into rich grainfields, if only water could be obtained for it.

But who would do the job? A water project that could accomplish the irrigation of so large an area would cost a mint of money — more than any one community, even, could furnish. The practice of Americans of asking for Federal aid in all large undertakings was thought of. But that was before the Roosevelt Dam. So the request was turned down.

Before long, however, an enterprising promoter by the name of Bothwell saw the advantages (to himself) of buying up all this land, of reselling it to settlers, and of bringing water to those hundred fifty thousand acres. He organized a company, with outside capital, which acquired the sagebrush region and undertook to build a canal at a point high enough on the stream to irrigate the valley.

There is a sordid story about the financing of this whole project which is too unpleasant to be set down here. It is sufficient to say that, in course of time, Bear River Valley became, under the magic touch of water and the hand of man, one of the richest parts of Utah, producing immense quantities of grain, apples, and sugar beets. To accomplish this, canal digging alone cost more than two million dollars.

As for growing farm stuff without water, that went on increasingly during this period. Dry farming, if we look at the matter from the point of view of development rather than of discovery, is a product of Utah thinkers and workers. That is, the honor of developing the first ideas in the art of raising grain and fruits without irrigation belongs to Utah.

Utah, with adjoining States, is in an area of light rainfall. That is why irrigation had to be employed here. But this does not mean that no attempts were made to grow things without irrigation. As early as 1854 or 1855 such attempts were made, and they appear to have been continued. In 1863, a successful effort was made to dry farm — an attempt so successful as to place Utah at the head of the dry-farming states in point of beginnings.

In this year (1863) some Scandinavian settlers in Bear River City, in northern Utah, planted wheat on the sage-brush land there, which could not be irrigated, and waited without much hope for a crop. To their surprise and delight there was a fair yield. This led to the practice there of dry farming. About the same time, or maybe a couple of years later, Christopher Layton made a successful attempt to grow wheat on a patch of "worthless" land in Davis County; and Joshua Salisbury and George L. Farrell in Cache Valley. As early as 1877, at least, dry farming was practiced successfully in Tooele County.

During this period in the history of Utah, therefore, the art of cultivating the soil without the use of other water than the natural rainfall greatly increased. To be sure, the soil must be taken care of. It has been proved, for instance, that water falling upon a soil may, by cultural treatment, be stored and brought gradually to contact with the rootlets of the grain. In other words, the ground must be plowed at the right time and to the right depth, and it must be properly stirred in the spring by means of the disk harrow or a similar implement.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

COAL AND THE SHINING METALS

It is in this period of Utah history — the period, namely, between the coming of the Union Pacific and statehood — that the mining interests of this State had their beginning. This beginning is very interesting — almost spectacular, in fact. Certainly it is different in more than one respect from that which you will find in any other of the Western States. That is, of course, because Utah was different from them in many ways — in one way chiefly.

During the first twenty-two years of Utah history, from 1847 to 1869, there was almost nothing done by way of developing the mining industry. This backwardness, as some thought it, was due to two principal causes. One of these was the total lack of proper smelting machinery in the Territory and of proper transportation facilities. Another lay in the pronounced opposition of Brigham Young, the most influential man in the commonwealth. He believed, as we have already said elsewhere, that in a struggling settlement food came before gold.

It happened that in the early sixties a man by the name of Connor came to Utah to take charge of the soldiers at Fort Douglas. In fact, it was he who established that post in the first place, chose the present site for it, and gave it the name it bears, in honor of United States Senator Stephen A.

Douglas. An Irishman by birth and nature, General Connor had the ardent disposition of his race. He was brave, courageous, rather headstrong, and patriotic to a fault. Indeed, his patriotism, however sincere, was of the demonstrative sort, and he had no patience with any one who did not carry his love of country on his sleeve.

Edwin Martin, Salt Lake City

PATRICK E. CONNOR

This man decided to oppose Brigham Young's policy concerning the mines. In truth, though, Brigham Young did not object to the opening of mines in Utah. He merely objected to his own people engaging in mining operations. There is no evidence that he was opposed to any one coming in here from the outside and digging for gold to his heart's content. But the fiery soldier appears to have thought otherwise.

One day a certain Mr. Ogilvie came to the general with a shiny piece of something in his hand. It was ore which he had found. The general was impressed and had it assayed. So valuable did Connor believe it to be that he forthwith organized a company, located the claim, named the region the West Mountain District and the mine the Jordan, and drew up a set of rules to govern the situation.

General Connor did more than that. He issued a circular

(he was fond of issuing circulars) to the effect that there was "the strongest evidence that the mountains and canyons of the Territory of Utah abound in rich veins of gold, silver, copper, and other minerals." It was deemed important, he went on, that prospecting for minerals should not only be "untrammeled" but "fostered" by every proper means.

He also wrote to the War Department: "Mines of undoubted richness have been discovered, their fame is spreading east and west; voyageurs for other mining countries have been induced by the discoveries already made to tarry here, and the number of miners of the Territory is steadily and rapidly increasing."

That was not all. He sent other circulars out into various parts of the country inviting both men and capital to come here and help develop the mining industry in the Territory. He would flood Utah with prospectors to discover, and capital to develop, the mineral wealth of the colony, and that in spite of its leading citizen. And he promised that both should be "protected" in their endeavors — by force if necessary! This was throwing down the gauntlet in true soldierly fashion.

In consequence of this activity on the part of General Connor, there was a good deal of prospecting in the West Mountain district, and in some other places as well. Smelters and furnaces were established, the first being in Stockton, Tooele County. It was erected by Connor himself.

But money was lost in the mining enterprises of this first period. The treatment of the ores, it seems, was carried on by Californians, friends of the general, who did not know that the processes required in Utah were different from those

which had proved successful in the Pacific State. The Knickerbocker and Argenta Mining and Smelting Co., organized in New York, lost about one hundred thousand dollars in a vain attempt to make money here. Other efforts, too, failed.

The commander at Fort Douglas has the honor, however, of first attracting attention, on a nation-wide scale, to the wealth of mineral deposits in Utah, even if he did not at the moment succeed in putting money into his pockets at the same time. In the end he became reconciled to Brigham Young, for, once in the seventies when the pioneer leader was arrested on a frivolous charge, Connor offered to go his bail in the sum of half a million dollars. He died in Salt Lake City in 1891; his grave is at the Fort.

This mining activity on General Connor's part took place in the sixties. Then there was a lull, till the arrival of the steam locomotive. The coming of the railroad marks the real beginning of the mining industry in Utah. In the year 1870 Eli B. Kelsey, believing that the time was ripe for the development of Utah's mineral resources, undertook a sort of missionary campaign, with a view to awaken public interest outside of the Territory in its deposits of the precious metals.

Not only did he publish pamphlets on the subject, but he personally visited some large cities in the East and spoke before what we know to-day as chambers of commerce. Thus a Mr. Fliess, of New York, became interested, and advanced considerable capital to be put into mining in Utah.

From that time on an almost steady stream of American

and European capital flowed into Utah to develop the mineral wealth of the Territory; it was the railroad and Mr. Kelsey's pamphlets and addresses that gave mining its new impetus in this period.

Old mines were reworked. New mines were opened — in Bingham, Little Cottonwood, American Fork Canyon, Rush Valley, and many other places. What is more, they

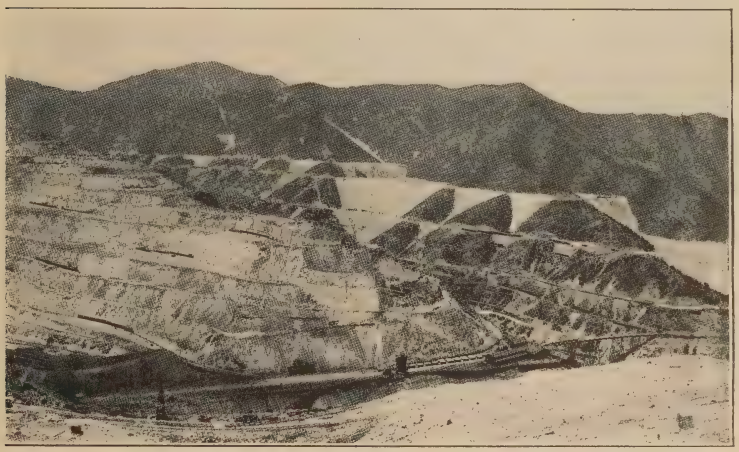
COPPER MINE

made money for their owners from the start. This was due mainly to cheaper transportation and to better methods of treating the ores. From Bingham Canyon alone came products, in 1872, valued at a million dollars in gold. Other mines, particularly the Emma, in Little Cottonwood, proved even more profitable during this period.

Smelters also sprang up in various places to meet the demand. The Woodhull brothers built a furnace at what

is now Murray; there were the Badger State Smelting Works on South State Street; north of the Warm Springs was another, erected by Jennings and Pascoe, in 1870; and there was one in East Canyon, established by Jones and Raymond.

The Emma mine created a sensation, not only in Utah, but in the East and in Europe. It was owned by the Walker brothers and the Woodhull brothers. From now on the



AT BINGHAM

prospector with his inquiring pick came in such numbers as must have satisfied the wildest dreams of the redoubtable commander of Fort Douglas. While the general run of ore at the Emma was between eighty and a hundred fifty dollars to the ton, yet ore was found there which ran as high as twenty thousand dollars.

According to Mr. Edgar M. Ledyard, a mining expert who has delved into the history of early mining in Utah, there

were twenty mining corporations here in 1872, with a capitalization varying from one hundred thousand dollars to two million four hundred thousand dollars. All but two were incorporated in Utah, and of those two one was incorporated in London, England. In the same year there were eighteen reduction works, located in as many different places in the Territory.

Shiplers, Salt Lake City

MATTHEW H. WALKER

Thus the mining industry in Utah, after a strange and doubtful beginning in 1863, turned out to be, during even this period of our history, one of the great sources of wealth to the community. This statement, however, does not include coal.

As late as 1872 a writer on Utah mines made this statement concerning our coal deposits: "As yet nothing is known of the exact extent of the coal beds. They are found for more than one hundred miles along the line of the railroad, and other beds are known in the southern, or, more properly, the central part of the Territory. It is by no means impossible that other deposits will be found in the heart of Utah."

All of this goes to show that at the beginning of this period of Utah history there had been almost as little done in the coal mining industry as was done in the precious metals, so-

called, before the coming of the railroad. The reason probably lies in the fact that the pioneers began with the use of wood as fuel and in the further fact that coal was more expensive. Besides, there was not so much money to be made from mining coal as from mining gold and silver.

Nevertheless, coal deposits were located very early in Utah history, and some of them were worked on a small scale. It is said that coal was discovered in Sanpete Valley in 1850, less than a year after its settlement by Isaac Morley, Seth Taft, Charles Shumway, and others. But if so, there was little or nothing done by way of developing a mine in the county.

There is no doubt, however, that, in 1859, coal was discovered in Coalville — probably by Thomas Rhodes, although there are others for whom the claim is made. The discovery was followed up by actually mining the coal and shipping it away. At first coal was hauled four miles to the railroad, when the Union Pacific came, by team and wagon; but later a branch railroad was built to the coal beds.

The quality of coal in Coalville was not so high as that later found elsewhere in the Territory — in American Fork Canyon, for instance, in the Mount Nebo district, and in what is now called Carbon County, then part of Sanpete County. This last place, it appears, was looked upon as the most promising even then, partly because the coal produced there could be coked and therefore used in the smelters, which were rapidly increasing in number.

About 1876 the Pleasant Valley Coal Co. was organized for the purpose of developing the coal deposits in what is now Carbon County. It was one of the first in the field on

anything like a large scale. Two others were the Wasatch Coal Co. and the Grass Creek Coal Co. Capitalized for two million dollars, the Pleasant Valley Coal Co. soon became the main producer of coal in the Territory. As late as 1900 its mines — Castle Gate, Winter Quarters, Clear Creek, and Sunnyside — turned out seventy-five per cent of all the coal produced in Utah.

In 1880 the company opened a mine at Mud Creek, between Schofield and Clear Creek, which, two years later, produced thirty thousand tons. Two of the mines in Winter Quarters were opened in 1884, and Castle Gate in 1889. About four hundred men were employed daily by this company during this period. The coal was used for both railroad and domestic purposes, and much of it was shipped to the Pacific Coast.

In the earlier days of the development of these coal fields the product was hauled by team to Springville and Provo. It took four days to make a trip, and trips could not be made in the winter at all. Then a narrow gauge — dubbed the "calico road" from the fact that the men employed in its construction had been paid partly in calico — was built from Winter Quarters to Tucker by a Springville merchant. Later — in 1880, that is — the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. passed through Fish Canyon, with its narrow gauge.

At one of the mines belonging to this company a gang of Chinese was employed. They used no powder, but only picks and shovels. And the work, on the sides and overhead, is described as "the most beautiful one could wish to see." But white men resented the employment of the

Chinese; one day, the foreigners were loaded into an empty coal car and sent away. They never returned.

Up until the time of the Bingham Copper Mine, the Pleasant Valley Coal Co. was the largest industrial concern in Utah. Its pay roll in 1903 exceeded a million and a half dollars.

In the next period of our history we shall see that the coal industry expanded into one of the largest in the State.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

FURTHER ATTEMPTS AT COMMERCIAL INDEPENDENCE

In the manufacturing industries in Utah there was smoother sailing than in mining. Or, to put the matter with greater accuracy, the difficulties encountered were of a different sort. There was practically no opposition to the building of factories in the Territory, for Brigham Young, from the very beginning of the settlements here to his death in 1877 — a period of thirty very strenuous years — had put forth every effort to make the community as nearly self-supporting as possible.

But trouble was ahead. For one thing, money, or, as the business man of to-day would put it, capital, was hard to get. There were then few men of wealth in the community. Again, skilled workmen were scarce during these years. An effort was made to overcome this difficulty by importing skilled workers from abroad, as in the case of the first sugar-making attempt. Finally, the market for any manufactured article was limited, even after the coming of the railroad. This it was, chiefly, that made the first sugar venture in the Territory in the fifties so heroic. More than forty thousand dollars were put into a business, which, even if it succeeded, could not yield any profits to those who invested in the enterprise.

Both during and after the time of Brigham Young, too, public men urged the importance of manufactures in the community. "Too much of our wealth," said Wilford Woodruff, "is annually sent out of the Territory to procure manufactured articles. Even in those cases where Utah supplies the staple, we foolishly yield the profits of the manufacture to strangers." Woodruff was then, and for many years thereafter, president of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Association. He particularly deplored the sending of wool out of the Territory to be converted into cloth.

It was during the period we are now considering that the salt industry developed into something of importance to the community. Salt is one of the necessities in all animal life, of man as well as of beast. In all pioneer life in Western America it has been one of the first things to be sought. Wild animals all knew where the salt licks were, and went great distances to reach them. Men, too — trappers, traders, explorers, and others — knew where to replenish their supply of salt, and told one another. Escalante and Frémont went out of their way to renew their stores at the rock-salt deposits in what came to be called Salina, some two hundred fifty miles south of Salt Lake City.

Fortunately for the pioneers, Utah abounded in salt deposits. Those salt beds near Salina, which are said to be the largest of the kind in the world, stretch out for half a mile one way and for a mile and a half another. Only recently have they been worked to any appreciable extent.

The waters of the Great Salt Lake are seven times more

saline than the sea. They were much used by the Utahans. Brigham Young, it is said, was once asked by an army officer where he could obtain salt to make cornbeef. The answer was, "Drive your animals to the lake shore, slaughter them there, and then salt them down." That is probably what had been done more than once by the colonists.

Those dry and liquid deposits of salt have made of Utah the sixth largest salt-producing State in the Union. The others are, in the order named, New York, Michigan, Kansas, Ohio, and California.

From 1847 till 1864 salt was obtained in Utah by gathering the deposits left in lagoons, or natural basins, along the shore of the Great Salt Lake, after the sun had evaporated the water. But in the last-named year dams were made to hold larger quantities of water for salt purposes. The sun, however, was still used as a means of evaporation. Thus comparatively large quantities of salt were produced, and people outside of Utah were supplied with this necessity. In 1872, for instance, nearly half a million pounds of salt were shipped out of the Territory — principally to Nevada, Wyoming, Nebraska, and Colorado.

Before the days of the railroad in the West and after the use of chlorination processes on silver ores, salt was taken from Utah to Butte on the backs of mules. The price of this salt in the Montana town was two hundred dollars a ton. At the same time and in the same manner salt was carried to Park City at a cost of fifteen dollars a ton.

In 1870 about fifty thousand barrels of salt were made in Utah; nearly ninety-seven thousand barrels in 1880; and, in 1896, almost two hundred eighty thousand barrels. It

was not till the year 1889 that a salt company was established on the lake to do business on a large scale. In that year Nephi W. Clayton bought out Jeremiah Langton. This new company was the first salt refinery in Utah. Later the organization sold out to a Kansas firm. It was not till 1926 that a company was organized to work the salt deposits in the Salina district.

Already, in another section of this book, we have said something about the processes by which our pioneer forebears here turned wool and cotton into wearing apparel. These processes at first, as we saw, were carried on mainly in the home and by hand. The spinning wheel was then the main instrument of manufacture. But in the period we have now reached in the story of Utah's progress the hand gave way to the machine, for the most part, and the factory displaced the home as a center of manufacture.

In 1872 there were three woolen mills in the Salt Lake district — the Wasatch mills, the Deseret mills, and the Salt Lake City mills. Other similar mills were in operation at Ogden, Brigham, Grantsville, Provo, Beaver, Washington, Springville, and Kingston.

During all of this period, and during the later period as well, the principal woolen mills were in Provo. In 1869 one was established there by A. O. Smoot. It had taken the place of a small factory there, built by Shadrach Holdaway in 1851.

Into this factory went seventy thousand dollars' worth of machinery. The first cloth was turned out from the mills in the year 1873. The company was capitalized at half a million dollars — a brave effort at home manufacturing,

which deserved more than the failure it underwent later. In after years Jesse Knight bought the factory, and gave it another lease of life. "Uncle" Jesse, as he was familiarly known throughout his later life, was also one of the big figures in mining — a kindly, lovable character, who spent his money like water for the benefit of others.

Says an advertisement in the *Deseret News* for April, 1875, "Provo Manufacturing Company wants 400,000 lbs. of wool; highest market price — one-half cash and one-half cloth." And there were announced as products: doeskins, tweeds, jeans, repellants (that is, waterproof cloth), plain flannels, dress flannels, lindseys, shawls, blankets, and all kinds of yarn.

But with all this inducement from the mills of the Territory it was found difficult to get enough raw material to keep the factories going. Not because not enough wool was grown here. The reason was found in what Brigham Young had a very strong name for — greed. This is a good place to raise wool, he said, "in spite of the bishops." And he deplored the fact that machinery, which had cost a great deal of money, was idle for want of wool. Sheep men sent their wool crops out of the Territory, because they could get money for it instead of cloth, most of which they would have had to dispose of for cash.

That was in 1872. And Wilford Woodruff, as we have already remarked, wanted to know why "Utah should send her wool abroad, to be converted into cloth."

Now we come again to sugar making. In a previous chapter we have told the story of how the manufacture of

sugar was attempted here in the fifties and what came of the venture. Nothing further was done by way of making this product until well along in the eighties.

Sorghum cane had been raised in Utah from the very beginning, and from it had been made a good grade of molasses, especially in St. George. Arthur Staynor believed that sugar also could be made from sorghum cane. Besides, there was a standing offer by the legislature of five thousand dollars for the first Utah sugar. So this enterprising man undertook the job.

Some farmers in the vicinity of Salt Lake City were induced to raise sorghum, and some sugar was made in 1887. The venture was not so successful as had been hoped for, but it was successful enough to get the legislative bounty.

Also it was successful to the extent that a company was organized to produce sugar — the Utah Sugar Co. — out of sorghum cane. After twenty-five thousand dollars had been spent, however, the enterprise went under. It probably was a consolation to those in the company (if business consolation is ever derived that way) to know that a similar company in Kansas, to which they had looked for guidance, had also failed. But the people of Utah had got into the habit by this time of wresting success out of failure in manufacturing. They believed that perhaps there was a "break" for them in this case, too.

Wilford Woodruff, who had at this time attained a leading place in the community, was firmly of the opinion that the sugar beet could be grown successfully in Utah. So he appointed a committee to investigate and report to him. Its report was unfavorable. He appointed another. That,

too, reported adversely. He appointed a third committee. And this committee, for some reason, reported favorably. The report, however, must have been grounded more in faith than in knowledge, for the problem was greater than it looked.

Sugar was, of course, made from beets elsewhere, both in California and in Europe. It was not this point that was

A Beet Field

new. But it was made from beets that were grown in soil that was watered naturally, as in California and in France and Germany. Nowhere in the world, at that time, was sugar being made from beets grown on land that was artificially irrigated.

Here then was the problem, and out of this problem sprang

a multitude of questions, which could be properly answered only by costly experience. What size should the beets be? That was one question. The company decided they should be small, like carrots. And so all the large beets were discarded. Then it was found that size did not matter.

Another question was: Just when should irrigation cease? Similarly, the company thought irrigation should not con-

First Successful Beet-sugar Factory in the West, at Lehi

tinue after the middle of July, and so instructed the farmers. But it was soon learned that irrigation ought to go on till the middle of August. Thus little problems multiplied.

The first factory was built in Lehi. That location was chosen because it was thought to be central to a large beet-growing area. It was the only beet factory in the territorial days in Utah, and one of three successful ones in the United

States for some time after it was erected, the other two being in California.

The Lehi factory was established in 1891. The very next year it turned nine thousand tons of beets, grown on about three thousand acres, into more than a million pounds of sugar. The Territory and the Federal government paid the company a bounty of three cents a pound. It received nine and a half cents a pound, including the bounty. It paid the farmers five dollars a ton for beets. But its other expenses — manufacturing cost and overhead — were so great that it made a profit of only a half a cent a pound.

Such men as Wilford Woodruff, Arthur Staynor, Heber J. Grant, and Thomas R. Cutler built the sugar enterprise mostly on faith. Yet experiments proved that Utah was one of the best places in the country to grow the sugar beet. This is true as to both sugar content and tonnage. Here are some comparative figures, between the years 1921 and 1930, after methods were perfected:

State	Tons per Acre	Lbs. of Sugar
California	9.21	3380
Michigan	7.45	2342
Colorado	12.33	3733
Idaho	10.28	3486
Utah	11.48	3749

This period, therefore, was largely one of experiment in sugar. The conditions were new; methods had to be tested and results weighed. But it was proved that the sugar beet can be grown under irrigation. And here, too, Utah pioneered the way for others.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

MATERIAL PROGRESS IN THE SETTLEMENTS

Pioneer settlements are usually slow in their growth. There are two reasons, in the main, for this. First, growth is slow in the very nature of things. What the first settlers have, they come by through hard, incessant work. Money is scarce and, being scarce, is cautious when it comes to investment. Easy come, easy go — that is the rule. In the Territory of Utah, first and last, there was no easy money for the masses.

Second, pioneer settlements are slow of growth, especially, as was the case in early Utah, where they are removed from the centers of business and cultural life. At best, life here in the eighties and the nineties was still hard, as it was in the West generally. Concrete roads, steel bridges, the automobile, the telephone, the countless household conveniences — these were yet in the future.

Besides, Utah has always been conservative — conservative in politics and government, conservative in business, and especially conservative in religion. Yet there was growth, perhaps more than could be found in other Western settlements created at the same time and under similar conditions. Utah tried to keep up with the times.

Population, as we have seen, increased at the rate of about five thousand a year during this period. This does not take

into consideration the large number of people who left the Territory in these years to make settlements in Idaho, in Nevada, in Wyoming, in Arizona, in Colorado, in Mexico, and in Canada.

The first man to settle in the Snake River country, to give but a single instance, was John R. Pool. He went up there in March, 1879, from Ogden, with a number of others. Yet only six years later there were nearly eighteen hundred people in that part of Idaho, in seven different settlements — all of them originally from Utah. It was the same in the other states named.

Most of this increase of population in Utah, of course, was in Salt Lake City. But much of it was in the smaller towns throughout the Territory, as the figures show.

In Cache Valley, a rich farming district, the principal town was Logan. There the population had grown from about seventeen hundred in 1870 to thirty-four hundred in 1880, and to some forty-six hundred ten years later. The Temple, with its varied tints, was erected in 1877. The towns of Richmond and Hyrum had increased proportionately.

Brigham City, the main settlement in Box Elder county, had a population of thirteen hundred in 1870, of nearly nineteen hundred in 1880, and of twenty-one hundred in 1890. The city had been built in one of the most picturesque places in Utah, and the country thereabouts was already acquiring a reputation for peaches and other fruits.

Ogden was the second largest town in the Territory — as it still is. Its population in the three periods named was 3127, 5246, and 14,889, respectively. Already it was a railroad town, although not, strictly speaking, a "junction

city." Agriculture and manufacturing were the main occupations of its people.

In Utah County were Lehi, American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Springville, Spanish Fork, and Payson, all considerable towns, with Provo in the center. After Salt Lake County, Utah County was the most populous. Provo, with its fine tabernacle and academy, had thirty-four hundred inhabitants in 1880 (the census is not given for 1870) and forty-one hundred in 1890. Even in those years the county, particularly around Provo, was gaining a reputation for growing choice apples. Two railroads ran through it.

In general, the southern towns did not make the headway in population that the northern settlements did during this period. Manti gained about one hundred fifty; Richfield, about two hundred; Cedar City, not more than fifty; Beaver, about five hundred; Fillmore lost in numbers by something like a hundred; St. George went from eleven hundred forty-four in 1870 to thirteen hundred seventy-seven twenty years later.

Grantsville, west of Salt Lake City, gained in population, going from seven hundred fifty-five in 1870 to twelve hundred twenty-five in 1890. Heber likewise made a considerable advance. In 1870 the number of inhabitants was six hundred fifty-eight; in 1880, sixteen hundred sixteen; but in 1890 it dropped down to fifteen hundred thirty-eight.

Since Salt Lake City was the political, the commercial, the cultural, and the religious center of the Territory, it set the pace very largely for the outlying settlements. Not only in appearance, but in every other respect to the extent pos-

sible for them, the larger towns throughout Utah were replicas of the main town. So when we come to know the points of advancement made in Salt Lake City, we have at the same time a clue to the progress made elsewhere in the community.

In population the town grew from nearly thirteen thousand in 1870 to upwards of twenty thousand in 1880 and to almost forty-five thousand in 1890.

The city developed, meantime, a fire department and a water system. Up to 1872 it was the bucket brigade that did the work. There were between one and two hundred firemen, all volunteers, scattered throughout the settlement. At the sound of a bell they hurried from all parts of town, some afoot, some ahorse, and some in wagons. The bell kept ringing till the fire was out. This is how the citizens at a distance knew the progress of the fire fighters with the blaze. ("Conflagration," the papers called it.)

A fire about 1864 shows how things went. A haystack belonging to Squire Wells took fire. It was where Z. C. M. I. now stands. The fire department came with buckets. So did neighbors near and far, each with his bucket. The well and the ditches were used. Full buckets went from hand to hand, and empty buckets back in the same way. Wet blankets were put on the roof of the house to keep it from igniting through sparks.

In the end, however, the hay went up in flames. For what could any number of buckets do in a situation like that? A certain great hog, which had all the hair singed off one side, was thereafter known among the boys as "General Burnside." It was during Civil War days.

Later, of course, the fighting apparatus was improved. A "steamer" (that is, a fire engine) was bought for seven thousand five hundred dollars, and hose with a hose cart for eleven hundred dollars more. Thus the firemen could pump water out of ditches and wells to put out any blaze. Still later, horses instead of the men were used to pull the steamer, which weighed many tons, from place to place. The biggest fire recorded during these years was at Dinwoody's furniture store — a hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar blaze.

In 1876 a water system was installed. The pipes drew water from City Creek, went down Main Street to Third South, east a few blocks, and down South Temple to where the Union Pacific depot now stands. These mains were extended in after years, as the city could get the money by taxation; for the pioneers did not like to borrow merely to improve things. An experienced engineer from New York told Salt Lakers, in 1888, that their water system compared favorably with that of Eastern towns.

The fire chief during fourteen years — from 1876 to 1890, when he was ousted by a change in the administration — was George M. Ottinger. Ottinger had acted on the stage in the home dramatics; he was at the time an artist of no mean ability; he taught afterwards in the University of Utah; and he became head of the Utah National Guard, when it was organized under Governor West.

In 1890 the Liberal Party came into power. The opposition was known as the People's Party. The Liberals upset things considerably, not only for the fire chief, but for others as well. Liberals were for public improvements. For one thing, they paved the streets. Before that it was a common

sight for a team and wagon to get stuck on Main Street after a heavy rain. The Liberals settled that. For another thing, they extended the water mains. They believed that canyon water was better for everybody than ditch water, or even well water. And they did other things, too, spending money right and left, until the city was greatly in debt.

COLONEL GEORGE M. OTTINGER
Early fire chief, Salt Lake City

As a matter of fact, there was nothing wrong in spreading out the cost of public improvements over two or three generations. It was different from private debt — provided it did not go too far. The people generally, however, not only in Salt Lake City but throughout Utah, believed in paying as they went, privately and publicly. Perhaps they carried the matter too far in this direction. The Liberals certainly thought so, as no doubt did many others than members of the Liberal Party. Hence the political turnover.

It was not the Liberals who were responsible for the lighting system, the police, and the street cars in the city.

At first, when the moon was not at its full, the streets in the main Utah town were dark, and those who wished to go out of a night were forced to hold out a lantern in front of them. But people soon tired of that. So the city erected posts at intervals on Main Street, set kerosene lamps atop of them in inclosed spaces, and there you were! That was only on Main Street, however, and after it had ceased to be called "Whisky Street."

In those days kerosene was used in all the homes in Utah, Salt Lake City included. The "deadly" kerosene, as it was often called, caused many a fire. In 1890, for instance, according to the *Tribune*, a certain Miss Stonehaufer, "aged sixteen, formerly of Oskaloosa, was in a restaurant putting on a light wrap," after getting ready for the opera, when "the fringe caught in a big kerosene lamp overhead, and ere she knew it came down, with its two quarts of oil." She was carried out, the notice declares, in a fainting condition.

Then came gas. That was in the early seventies. A private company owned and operated the works — outsiders partly, and partly local men. For many years the streets and some private homes and offices downtown were lighted by gas. But gas was never popular as a lighting system.

When electricity entered the field, there was a contest between those who wanted the city to grant a franchise for the new invention and those who did not. The *Deseret News* opposed the innovation, and the reasons given sound queer in these days of electricity. It was untried, for one thing; and, for another, it did not throw its rays as far as gas. Besides, it was too glaring for common eyes. That was in the early eighties.

The first street cars were drawn by mules. That, of course, was then the case everywhere in the United States, where there was a street car line at all. This particular line was built by the enterprising John W. Young. There are men still living who operated those first cars, which ran between the town proper and Warm Springs, where there was a public bath house owned by the city.

After that came the electrically moved tram. It was called the "Rapid Transit" — rapid, that is, as compared with the mule-drawn car. (The first steam carriage in the United States was named "Autopsy," very appropriately, as a good many thought, although its topmost speed did not exceed eight miles an hour!) What with an electrically lighted street and an electrically drawn street car, Salt Lake City believed itself in the first class. And it was, although the service did not cover all parts of the town.

As for police protection, very little of that was needed during these twenty-seven years. Visitors often commented on the fact. Nor was the reason far to seek. The pioneers had come here to make homes, not to get rich. For the most part, they went about their own business. Most of their troubles they either settled among themselves or took to the church courts. They believed the law was something to live by rather than to be scoffed at. Public sentiment being what it was, the lawbreaker got little sympathy and no protection.

Still there was a police force in Salt Lake City in those days. At first it was a volunteer body, but later the men were paid. But it was never large. The size varied with conditions. Often the policemen went off duty in the

summer months, to keep down expenses. And it is pleasant to read, in these days of installment and of postponed and unpaid fines, that the officers, both police and judicial, made those who were convicted of crimes and misdemeanors either pay spot cash or go to jail. The theory was that if you wanted to avoid clashing with the law, you could do so by conducting yourself properly.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

THE HIGHER VALUES IN THIS PERIOD

Historians tell us that there is a great difference between civilization and culture.

A civilized country is one where man's inventive genius is always at work to make nature his slave. Thus, to-day travel is made easier and quicker by means of the steamship, the automobile, and the airplane; communication of thought is speeded up by the telegraph, the telephone, and the radio; and life is generally made more comfortable because of such electrical inventions as the washing machine, the electric-light globe, and the vacuum cleaner.

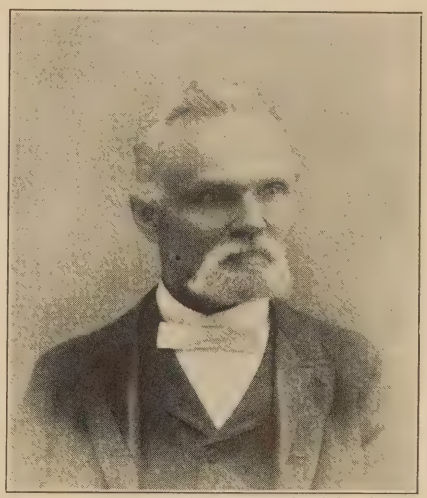
A country where culture is high stresses beauty, goodness, truth, character, art, literature, humaneness, education, morality, and religion above things that merely satisfy the physical wants.

The world is more civilized to-day than it ever has been. We are living in a highly mechanical age. But it does not necessarily follow that culture is higher than at any time in the past. Civilization is more a matter of society, and culture a matter of the individual. What part did culture play in Utah during this period? That question we are now to consider.

Education concerns itself largely with ideas, and ideas are generated, developed, and put into practice by individuals. In every community, schools and methods of teaching center

in persons who stand out from the rest. Utah, during this period, had two outstanding educators. They were Karl G. Maeser and John R. Park. The first exercised a powerful influence in religious education; the second, in secular education.

Dr. Maeser was a German. For several years he taught in the schools of Dresden and Bohemia. When he was thirty-two he came to Utah. That was in 1860. In Salt Lake City he taught in the ungraded schools of the period and played the organ for the tabernacle choir.



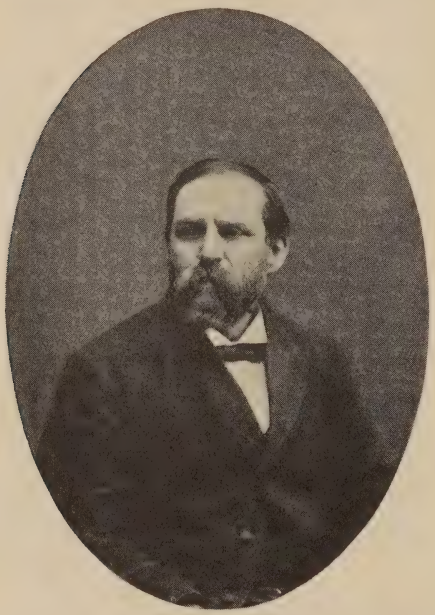
The Phœntz Studio, Salt Lake City

Dr. Karl G. Maeser

When the Academy was founded at Provo, in 1876, he was chosen by Brigham Young to organize the courses of study there. All his life his motto was: "Be yourself what you would have your pupils become." He died in 1901.

It was during this period that church schools were established. The B. Y. Academy was opened in Provo, the B. Y. College in Logan, the L. D. S. College in Salt Lake City, the Ephraim Academy in Sanpete Valley, and others elsewhere. Dr. Maeser's genius for organization led to his appointment as superintendent of the church school system.

In the first election under statehood Dr. Maeser was the candidate for State Superintendent of Public Instruction on the Democratic ticket, against Dr. Park, who was elected. He had been a member of the State Constitutional Convention a few months before.



Fox and Symons, Salt Lake City

DR. JOHN R. PARK

Dr. Park came to Utah from Ohio, in 1861, settling in the town of Draper, near Salt Lake City. A student by nature, he was graduated from a number of schools, including the Wesleyan University in Delaware. Later he took a degree in medicine from New York University, and practiced in his home town.

But he could not resist the call of the schoolroom. So he took up teaching as a profession. On coming to Utah he opened a school in Draper. From there his reputation went everywhere throughout the Territory. In 1869 he became president of the University of Utah, a position which he held for the next twenty-five years. He was Utah's first Superintendent of Public Instruction, elected on the Republican ticket. He died in 1900.

Of a strongly paternal nature, yet he was never married.

He nevertheless reared a family of seven adopted children, among whom were David R. Allen, who became a teacher in the University of Utah, and John Held, one of Salt Lake City's most noted bandmasters. Dr. Park will always be remembered as a man who had the mysterious power to stir up desire in youth for the better things.

These two men — Maeser and Park — had perhaps more to do in shaping educational policies and ideals in the Utah of their day than any one else.

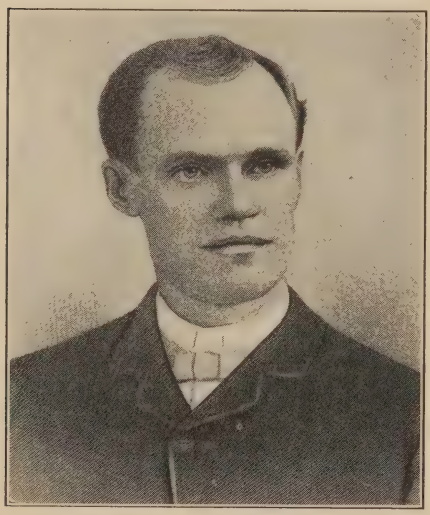
In 1880 a bill was passed by the legislature, and signed by the governor, creating a free school system in the Territory. Acting Governor Mann, ten years before this, had recommended such a plan, but nothing was done about it at that time.

Prior to 1880 the tuition system had prevailed. Parents paid so much a quarter, which went to pay the teacher and to meet incidental expenses in keeping up the school. In Salt Lake City the tuition was two and a half dollars a quarter. The school everywhere in Utah was held in the meeting house. The school division was the same as the ecclesiastical division. Later, however, the law prohibited the local trustees from collecting a tax for school purposes, as long as the school was held in the meeting house.

This law of 1880 directed the county courts to divide the counties into school districts. There were to be three trustees elected by the people, and they were to serve without pay. These trustees were empowered to levy a tax for the purpose of building schoolhouses, maintaining the school, and paying the teachers. It does not appear, however, that the law was put into immediate effect, for things went on

much the same as before. In Salt Lake City, at least, the tuition system prevailed for some years. This may be due to the reluctance with which a greater tax is levied by officers who respond quickly to the popular feeling. In time, however, the public school became free.

In this period the Agricultural College at Logan was established. President Lincoln, as early as 1862, had signed a bill making a grant of land for the school. But no further steps were taken toward such an institution till 1888. Two years later the school first opened its doors to pupils. The Enabling Act, by which Utah became a State, made a grant of two hundred thousand acres to the college for a perpetual fund. There were other schools in the Territory — denominational schools.



EVAN STEPHENS
Former leader of the Tabernacle Choir

We have already spoken of the Mormon educational institutions in Provo, Logan, Salt Lake, and Ephraim. A Catholic school — St. Mary's — was founded in Salt Lake City in 1875. Two sisters from an Indiana school went there. Another — the Sacred Heart Academy — received pupils in Ogden from 1879 on. Here there were seven sisters from

Notre Dame, the now famous Indiana school. Then there was All Hallows College in Salt Lake City, founded in 1885. These were the days of Father Lawrence Scanlan, bishop of this diocese.

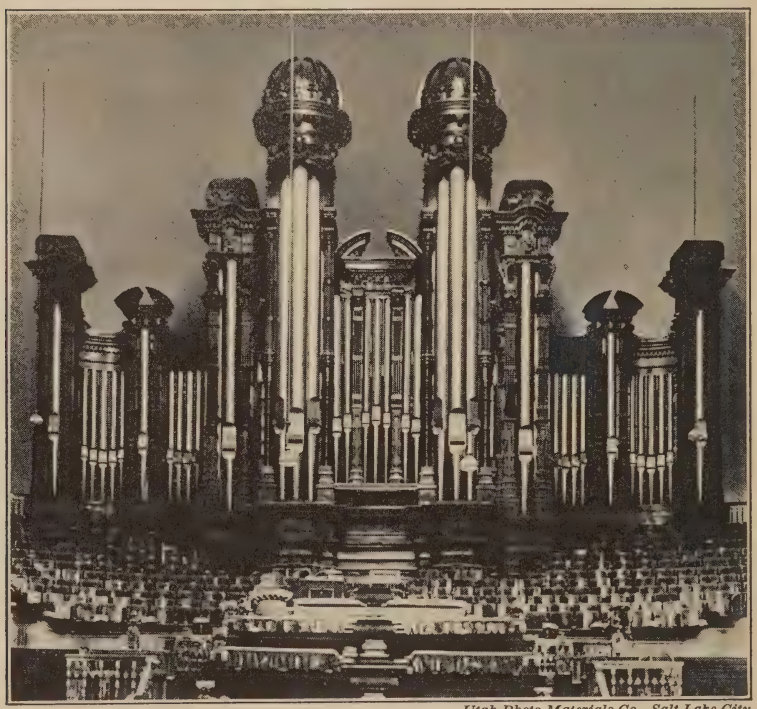
The Presbyterians had at least eight missions and schools in Utah at one time or another during this period. These were in Hyrum, Kaysville, Pleasant Grove, Benjamin, Moroni, Ephraim, Mount Pleasant, and St. George. That in Mount Pleasant was the most flourishing. It was established by the Rev. D. M. McMillan. In 1891 a dormitory — Hungerford Hall — was added, the school in the meantime having become popular. Besides these, the Congregationalists had established the Proctor Academy in Provo, Bliss Hall in Bountiful, and the New West School in Coalville; and the Methodists had established schools in Spring City, Moroni, and Nephi.

At Spanish Fork, in 1872, forty-two young men opened the Young Men's Academy there. Pooling their efforts, they cut down trees, trimmed them, hauled the logs to town, built a house, and filled it with desks and benches of their own make. It opened with fifty-two pupils.

In those years, as in these, Utah had churches everywhere. Mormons, Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and other church folk vied with one another in the saving of souls.

Besides the great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, of which we have already spoken, the Mormons had meeting houses in every town and hamlet in the Territory, with a bishop or a presiding elder.

The Catholics came to Utah in 1866. Father Kelley said mass in the old Assembly Hall on Temple Square, at the invitation of Brigham Young. Two years later the Rev.



Utah Photo Materials Co., Salt Lake City

GREAT ORGAN, TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY

James P. Foley, after repairing an old adobe hut, ministered to the few Catholic families in the city. In 1870 Father Walsh came to Utah. He built the first cathedral in the Territory. Brigham Young contributed to its erection.

Three years later Bishop Scanlan made Salt Lake City his home. He established the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City.

The Episcopal church began work in 1867. It was then that Bishop Tuttle arrived. Bishop Tuttle was widely known. "He's full-jeweled and eighteen karats," declared Bitter Root Bill, a notorious desperado in Helena, Montana. "He's a better man than Joe Floweree." (Joe Floweree was an equally notorious gambler in the same wild town.) "He's the biggest and best bishop that ever wore a black gown, and the whitest man in these mountains. He is a fire-fighter from away back, and whenever he chooses to go on a brimstone raid among the sinners of this gulch, he can do it, and I'll back him with my pile."

Bishop Tuttle, a little before this, had worked side by side with these two outlaws putting out a fire in Helena. The bishop was here till 1886, and was succeeded by the Rev. Paul Jones. The Episcopal church built the first hospital in Utah — St. Marks, in North Salt Lake, as you go to the Warm Springs.

The Rev. Lewis Hartsough, in 1869, held services for the Methodist church in Utah. Later the Rev. G. M. Pierce built a chapel in Corinne. He preached in Salt Lake City for the first time in 1870, and the following year held a camp meeting there, which Brigham Young publicly advised the young people to attend, so that they might have a standard of comparison in religion.

As for literature, there was nothing to boast of during this period. The people were too busy getting a living to give

much encouragement to anything more than the practical phases of the literary art — newspapers and magazines.

The *Deseret News* was the first one. It was founded in 1850. At first it was a weekly, then a semiweekly, and finally, in 1867, a daily. Its first editor was Willard Richards. Other editors were Albert Carrington, George Q. Cannon, John Nicholson, and Charles W. Penrose. Penrose was an Englishman, with a great fund of information, a ready wit and pen, and a sting like that of an adder.

In 1868 E. L. T. Harrison and William Godbe established a magazine, the first in Utah, called the *Utah Magazine.* This presently became the *Mormon Tribune,* which later became what is now the *Salt Lake Tribune.* Judge C. C. Goodwin, a man of high literary ability, was its editor for a great many years.

Rarely has any Western community had two such able editorial writers as Penrose and Goodwin. During most of this period their newspapers were on opposite sides of local questions; so there was ample opportunity for the display of humor, wit, and sarcasm, in which they were both past-masters.

There were other newspapers and a few magazines in these years. Bancroft lists ninety-five in Utah, fifty-three of which were in Salt Lake City alone. Of course, many of them — such, for instance, as *Keep-a-Pitchin-in* — were short-lived. The *Ogden Junction* began in 1870; the *Juvenile Instructor,* in 1866; the *Contributor,* in 1875.

Architecturally and artistically, there was not much to speak of during this period. At first there was a desire to

satisfy only the necessities in building. Nevertheless, some of the first houses were of hewn logs, and an attempt was made to have the rock houses look their best — those in Willard, for example.

The first dwelling house of any pretense at beauty in Utah was that of William C. Stains. It was located on West South Temple Street. Stains sold it for twenty thousand dollars to Joseph A. Young, who turned it over to William Jennings for thirty thousand dollars. Jennings, who was an Englishman, made considerable improvements in the house and the surroundings, and lived there in state, entertaining Eastern notables from the secretary of state down. It went by the name of the Deveraux House.

The Guardo House, sometimes called the Amelia Palace, was one of the residences of Brigham Young. It was a large, commodious structure, and very pretentious. The building is not now standing.

Little, too, was done in art. Ottinger, the fire chief, and Alfred Lambourne were the leading artists of the period. Both were self-taught, in the main, but men with the true artistic spirit.

PART IV

STATEHOOD

In Which Utah at Last Comes to Its Maturity, with a Government of Its Own Making and an Avenue for Growth Limited Only by Its Great Natural Resources and Its Intelligent Man Power and Citizenship

Every one knows what it means to be in leading strings. Not the *being* bound, but the *feeling* of being bound, is what cramps one's growth most. For forty-six years Utah was like that.

Then, all at once, it was unleashed. And, all at once, too, it felt the spirit of independence. It stretched its limbs, looked about, took in the new and strange situation, and set to work with a right good will.

In the next thirty-six years its population more than doubled; agricultural, mining, and manufacturing interests increased beyond all expectation; the educational system developed, until in some respects it led the nation; art, literature, and the higher values generally flourished as they had never done before.

From a Painting by Lee Greene Richards

CHAPTER THIRTY

UTAH BECOMES A STATE

When a new star is to be put on our national flag, there is a certain way in which it is done. To begin with, to be organized into a state the people must signify their desire for statehood. This, of course, is done to Congress, for only that lawmaking body has the power to turn a territory into a state. In the case of Utah there was no lack of desire in this respect, nor any hesitancy in letting it be known that Utahans wished political independence. They had, in fact, agitated the question in 1849, in 1856, in 1862, in 1872, in 1882, in 1889, and in 1893. And in every instance, but the last, when they asked for bread, Congress gave them a stone.

Next, what is known as an *enabling act* is passed by Congress and signed by the president. An "enabling act" tells the people to be organized just what they may and what they may not do in order to become a state. In the case of Utah there was to be no mingling of religion with political government; also there was to be no practice of polygamy under statehood.

The bill looking to this end was drawn up by Joseph L. Rawlins, Utah's delegate to Congress at the time. Rawlins was a native Utahan, a lawyer, a prominent Democrat, and a man of quiet ability. The bill passed the House in December, 1893, after a hot debate, and the Senate in July of

the following year. President Cleveland added his signature in July, 1894.

It was not till January, 1896, however, that the usual proclamation came from the Capitol at Washington. The people here waited for it in anxious expectation. And when at last it came, there was such rejoicing as Utah had never before seen. The news was made known to the public by the firing of a cannon in front of the Western Union Telegraph office. Thereupon bells were set ringing, guns firing, whistles blowing, and people shouting. Meanwhile Utah prepared for the great event by setting its house in order.

From 1872 to 1890 Utah had not been organized politically on national party lines. To be sure, delegates were sent occasionally to the national conventions from the Territory, sometimes two rival sets to the same convention. And in 1884, when Cleveland was elected for the first time, an attempt was made to organize the "Sagebrush Democracy." But there were no Democratic and Republican organizations in Utah during these eighteen years.

The political parties in Utah then were operated on strictly local lines. One was called the "People's Party"; the other the "Liberal Party." The questions involved were whether polygamy should be practiced in Utah and whether the Mormon church should exercise political influence. In Salt Lake City, as we have already hinted, there was an added question as to whether the town should spend more money for public improvements than it had been in the habit of doing.

When it began to look as if Utah was at last to be admitted

into the Union, its leading men thought there should first be a division on national party lines. The Democrats took the lead in this matter. Early in 1890 the Democratic Club was organized. Presently a meeting was held, at which resolutions were drawn up recommending that the old party lines

Utah State Capitol

be abandoned for national lines. In consequence the Democratic party came into existence in Utah.

One year later — in May, 1891, — just after a visit to Utah by President Harrison, a mass meeting was held in the Salt Lake Theater to discuss the advisability of organizing a Republican party here. By a vote of two to one it was de-

cided to do so. Accordingly, there came into existence the Utah Republican Club and then the Republican Party.

Thus, after eighteen years of bitter strife, the two old local political parties died. The Liberals had had their day in both Salt Lake City and Ogden.

Another event also paved the way for statehood. It was embodied in two utterances by the Mormon church.

In 1890 President Wilford Woodruff, fourth president of the Church, issued what is known as the "Manifesto." In this official statement this leader promised to obey the anti-polygamy law himself and advised the members of the church over which he presided to do the same. This document was voted upon by the Church at its next general conference, and thus became from that time on the law of the organization.

Later, but before the disbanding of the Liberal party, the first presidency of the Mormon church issued a statement giving its views on church and state. This statement disclaimed any right on the part of the church authorities to interfere with, or to influence, political government. In fact, it denied that any real benefits could come to the organization through political control. And it favored a division of the voters on national party lines. As long as conditions were the same here as elsewhere, it said, there was no need for the members of the church to vote solidly for any particular party or for some particular man.

These two documents, especially the first, created a sensation. At a stroke they had eliminated the chief points of difference between Utah and other communities. From now on there was to be no bone of contention among the people. And presently statehood was in sight. With no

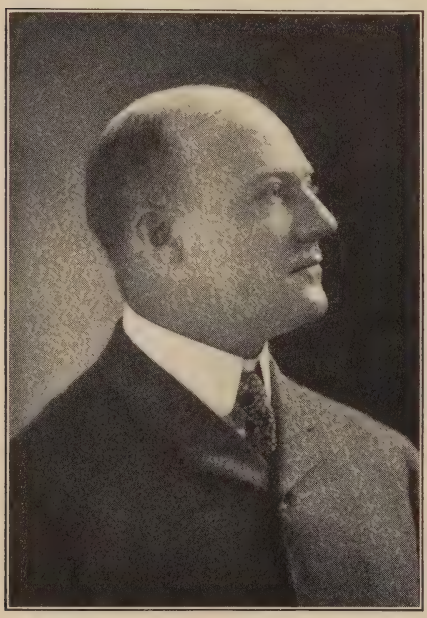
church influence in politics and no polygamy, and with the national two-party system in civil affairs, Utah was on the way to political independence.

Meanwhile, also, a Constitutional Convention was held, and ballots were cast to determine who should be the first officers of the new State. The Convention met in Salt Lake City, in March, 1895. It consisted of one hundred eight representatives. Its sessions continued for sixty days. Probably no political body of men ever gathered in Utah which included so many able minds. Conspicuous among them were Anthony W. Ivins, of Washington County; Abel John Evans, Karl G. Maeser, and Samuel R. Thurman, of Utah County; C. C. Goodwin, Elias Morris, Charles S. Varian, Heber M. Wells, and Orson F. Whitney, of Salt Lake County; B. H. Roberts, of Davis County; and Moses Thatcher, of Cache County. John Henry Smith presided over the meetings.

One of the outstanding events at the Convention was a debate, chiefly between Representatives Whitney and Roberts, over the question as to whether women should be allowed to vote or not. Whitney said yes; Roberts, no. In the end a clause was included in the Constitution recognizing the right of women to vote — a rather uncommon thing in the United States at that time.

A statement was issued to the people by the Convention, when everything was over. It commended the new document to the voters. Taxes would be slightly increased, it said frankly, but the advantages gained through statehood would outweigh this greater outlay in money. Seven mil-

lion acres of land would come to the State from the Federal government; home seekers would be attracted to the State by the climate and the greater political independence; there would be ample capital with which to develop the mines; the school system would be brought abreast of the times; Utah would hereafter be able to say who should be president and would have real representation in Washington — a congressman and two senators.



GOVERNOR HEBER M. WELLS
1896–1904

So the Constitution was submitted to the people "with steadily swelling confidence" in the belief "that they will, by an overwhelming majority, indorse and ratify our work." It was indorsed.

Officers were chosen at the same time that the Constitution was adopted. Here is the list: for governor, Heber M. Wells; for justices of the supreme court, Charles S. Zane, George W. Bartch, and James A. Miner; for secretary of state, James T. Hammond; for attorney general, A. C. Bishop; for treasurer, James Chipman; for auditor, Morgan Richards; for superintendent of

public instruction, John R. Park. Clarence E. Allen was chosen as representative to Congress. The district judges were: Charles H. Hart, Henry H. Rolapp, Ogden Hiles, John A. Street, Morris L. Richie, Ervin A. Wilson, Edward V. Higgins, William H. McCarty, and Jacob Johnson.

With the exception of Judges Hart, Rolapp, Hiles, and Wilson, who were Democrats, the entire Republican ticket was elected. In addition, the Republicans had a majority in the state legislature. Hence the two senators, Frank J. Cannon and Arthur Brown, were Republicans. Cannon won the long term and Brown the short term. (In those days United States senators were chosen by the state legislatures.)

Impressive inaugural ceremonies were held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on Monday, January 6, 1896. That large auditorium was packed. Thousands stood outside, trying to catch a glimpse or a sound of what was going on inside the great building.

Charles C. Richards, secretary of the Territory, presided in the absence of Governor West. Ex-delegate Rawlins, addressing the governor-elect, presented through him to the State the pen used by President Cleveland in signing the bill creating Utah the forty-fifth State in the Union. This pen, he said, was to be "preserved in the archives of the commonwealth."

The governor's address, after referring to the privations of the pioneers in founding the community, complimented the people on having at last settled their differences and in uniting to advance the interest of the new State. There was a great future for Utah, if only her wonderful resources could be developed by a united people.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

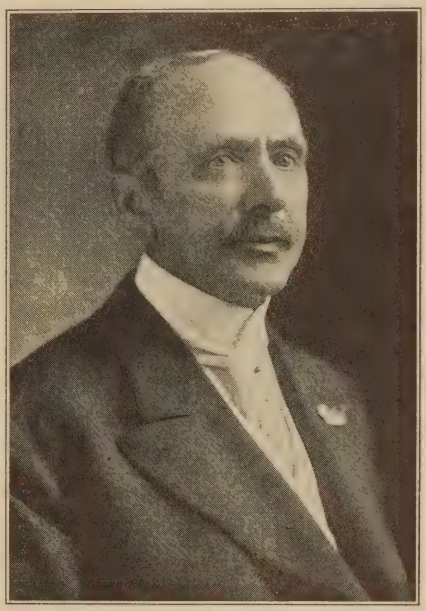
POLITICAL HISTORY UNDER STATEHOOD

Since Utah became a State there have been six governors, including the present incumbent. The first of these governors, as we already know, was Heber M. Wells.

Governor Wells was a native Utahan, the son of Daniel H. Wells, a prominent figure in early Utah. Also he was the product of Utah schools — those in Salt Lake City and the University of Utah. Before becoming governor he was, at different times, city recorder and the cashier of a bank in Salt Lake City. His chief characteristics were a rare sense of humor, the gift of expression, and a love of the dramatic art, for he acted on the stage in the town's home companies. He served as governor for two terms, from 1896 to 1904.

To Governor Wells fell the task of organizing the new government. The offices were moved from what is now the Ambassador Hotel on Fifth East Street to the present City and County Building, which was then new. The chief events of his administration were the codification of Utah's laws, the establishment of the Branch Normal School in Beaver and of the School of Mines at the University, and the first attempt in Utah (and perhaps in the United States) at the conservation of our forests. In this last respect Governor Wells was a true pioneer.

Our next governor was John C. Cutler. Governor Cutler was born in England. After a brief period in the public schools there, he was employed in a Manchester warehouse. At fourteen he came to Utah, with his father's family, settling first in Salt Lake City and then in Provo. He and his brothers bought and operated the woolen mills there. In later years he became a merchant and banker in the capital. He was regarded as one of the safest and soundest bankers in the Territory. When he died, he was president of the Deseret National Bank.



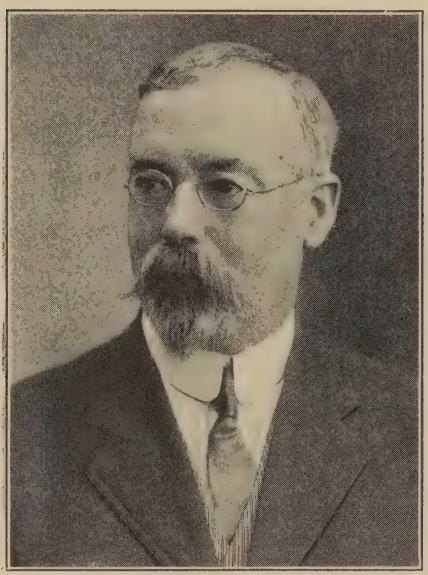
GOVERNOR JOHN C. CUTLER
1904–1908

During his administration the finances of the State received his special attention. When he entered the office, there was an indebtedness of almost one hundred thousand dollars, which, he said, had largely been incurred through "a fire, a storm, and bounty frauds." The fire had been in the Agricultural College in Logan and the storm in Ogden.

In one of his messages to the legislature he recommended that a capitol be built. The "State," he said, "had no place

to lay its head." Also he advised the erection of a building for the feebleminded. Both of these suggestions have since been carried out.

Utah's third governor was William Spry. Governor Spry, like his predecessor, was born in England. He came to this country when he was eleven. That was in 1875. After a residence in Salt Lake City he moved to Tooele County, where he engaged in farming and stock raising. Before his election to the governorship he served as United States marshal. He was governor for two terms, from 1908 to 1916. His rise to the first office in the State was not only gradual, but deserved, for he had some very substantial qualities—courage, good judgment, and common sense.

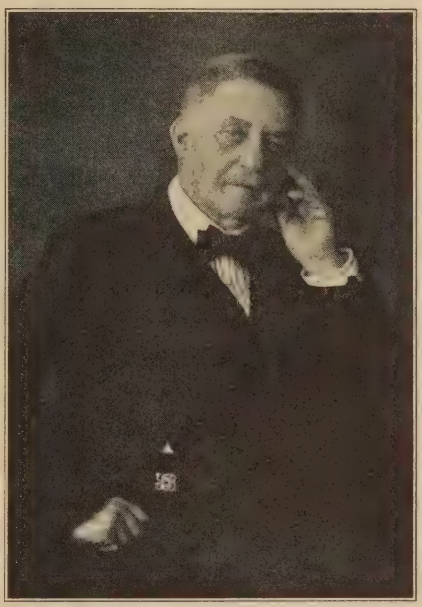


GOVERNOR WILLIAM SPRY
1908–1916

During his administration a workshop for the blind was established, the child-labor law enacted, funds appropriated for the Orphan's Home and Day Nursery and the Neighborhood House, and the State Capitol erected.

The Capitol, one of the finest in the West, was first sug-

gested as far back as 1888 by Heber J. Grant. He suggested that the City give to the State the present site — which was done. There were nearly twenty acres, which have since been added to. Governor Cutler, as we have just stated, urged the erection of a statehouse. It was built at a cost of two million three hundred nine thousand dollars. The ground floor is of Sanpete oolite; the main floor is of Georgia marble, except the vestibule and the chambers for the senate, the house of representatives, and the supreme court, which are of Utah onyx.



GOVERNOR SIMON BAMBERGER
1916–1920

Simon Bamberger was the fourth governor. Governor Bamberger was also of foreign birth. He was born in Germany in the year the pioneer company entered Salt Lake Valley. He used to say, in his dry humor, to those who were born here: "You came to Utah because you couldn't help it, but I came here from choice." He walked from Wyoming to Salt Lake City when he was fourteen. No man did more to develop the coal industry in Utah than Simon Bamberger.

He had an uncanny shrewdness, keen insight into men, was a good mixer, and administered charity quietly. He was the first Democrat to serve in the office of governor. He declined to run for a second term. His administration was marked by the adoption of the budget system, the creation of the utilities commission, the adoption of state-wide prohibition (there was local option before that), and participation in the World War. One of the things Governor Bamberger began was the Colorado River Project, but he had had only one meeting with other governors when his term expired.

GOVERNOR CHARLES R. MABEY
1920–1924

The fifth governor was Charles R. Mabey. Governor Mabey was born in Bountiful, Utah. His education was obtained there and at the University, from which he was graduated. After receiving his normal certificate he taught school for six years, some of the time in the Branch Normal in Cedar City. At one time he was mayor of his native town and later a representative of Davis County in the legislature.

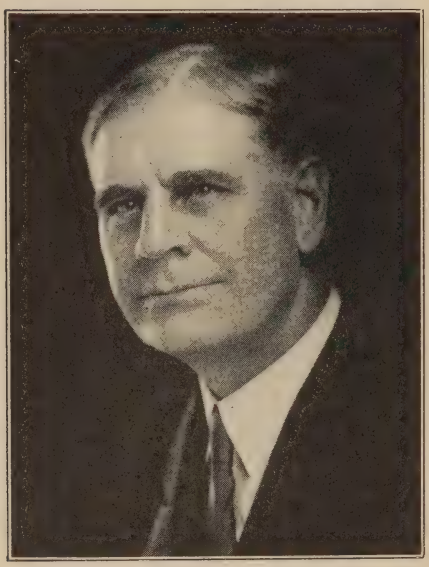
Before becoming governor in 1921, he achieved a substantial war record. He served in the Spanish-American War and in the World War. A corporal in Battery A, Utah Light Artillery United States Volunteers, he took part in more than twenty engagements of the former, and was cited for gallantry in action. In the World War he rose to the rank of major in the 145th Field Artillery. He was also instructor in the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, from which he had been graduated. Governor Mabey is a good public speaker, has a sense of the importance of public service, and prefers exercise in useful, beautifying work on his home premises to golf or tennis.

While he was governor, he carried on the work which his predecessor had started on the Colorado River Project. He also initiated the plan to secure school lands for the State, and constructed the Wendover Cut-off at a cost of only twenty-five thousand dollars to Utah, although the project cost in all six hundred forty thousand dollars. His most important service to the state, however, was the reorganization of the administrative system. Through the changes made in the purchasing department alone there was a saving of half a million dollars to the state.

The sixth governor was George H. Dern. Governor Dern was born in Nebraska. After completing the common school course in his native town, he attended the University in that state, where he became a football star. He came to Utah when he was twenty-two. Almost immediately he took up mining, in which his father, John Dern, a widely known and much loved man, had large financial interests. Successively he was bookkeeper for one of the large mining

companies, assistant general manager and treasurer, and general superintendent, with between five and six hundred men under him.

Later Governor Dern was connected with the Jesse Knight interests in the Tintic district. He was also co-inventor of a machine for treating low-grade silver ores. The invention is still in use — in Mexico and South America, as well as in Utah. He also served in the state senate for two years, where he fathered several very important bills, which became law — the corrupt practices act, the workman's compensation act, the absent voters' act, and an act by which the coal lands of the state are leased instead of sold, thus becoming a perpetual source of revenue to the State.



GOVERNOR GEORGE H. DERN
1924–1932

Governor Dern's sympathy with the average working man and his interest in the human element in government have made him one of the most popular governors Utah has had.

During his administration some important measures have been brought to a head, which were begun by other governors, and other important measures have been begun and

consummated during his eight years. The Colorado River Project, much on the mind of Governor Bamberger and worked on by Governor Mabey, was brought to a head in these years. Looked at in the large, it is probably the most far-reaching single measure of the administration. Another is the securing of the school lands, from which the State will derive an ever-increasing revenue for educational purposes.

Besides, a new taxing system was worked out, to replace the outgrown system that was in use from the beginning. It is based on the fundamental ideals of economics — justice and the ability to pay. Then the parks and playgrounds of the State have come into prominence during these years. They are looked upon, to an extent, as one of Utah's "industries" and a means of income to the people. Thus a new impetus has been given to road building, partly to provide a way of reaching these parks.

During the thirty-six years of statehood — from 1896 to the present, 1932 — there has been a number of different representatives to Washington. In the House of Representatives Utah has thus far had nine. Their names are: Clarence E. Allen, William H. King, George Sutherland, Joseph Howell, Jacob Johnson, Milton H. Welling, James H. Mays, Elmer O. Leatherwood, Don B. Colton, and Frederick C. Loofbourow.

From 1896 to 1916 Utah had but one congressman. But in the last-named decade there was found sufficient population here to entitle us to two representatives in the lower house. The second district comprises Salt Lake, Davis, Utah, and Tooele counties, and the first district the rest of

the State. In November, 1932, Abe Murdock and J. W. Robinson were elected congressmen to succeed Mr. Colton and Mr. Loofbourow.

Up to 1932 Utah has had but seven United States Senators. They are: Frank J. Cannon, Arthur Brown, Thomas Kearns, George Sutherland, Joseph L. Rawlins, Reed Smoot, and William H. King. In 1932, Dr. Elbert D. Thomas was elected to succeed Senator Smoot. Senator Brown served one year in the Upper House, Senator Cannon two years, and Senators Sutherland and Rawlins one term each of six years. Senator King has served for fourteen years now, and Senator Smoot for twenty-eight. Utah has had the habit, with other Western states, of reëlecting its senators over and over again, so as to give them the prestige that used to go to only the Eastern representatives.

Senators Rawlins and King were Democrats, all the others were Republicans. For two years — from 1899 to 1901 — Utah was represented in the Senate by only one man; the legislature in this first year failed to agree on a candidate, and so adjourned without making a choice. And for almost two years it was without a representative in the Lower House, because B. H. Roberts, who was elected in 1898, was not allowed to take his seat, on account of being a polygamist. George Sutherland, who was one-time senator from Utah, is now a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In 1932 Henry H. Blood was elected governor for the term ending in 1936. He is an efficient business administrator and has shown his capacity as Chairman of the Road Commission under three governors. For one year also he was President of the National Association of State Road Officials.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

HOW UTAH IS GOVERNED POLITICALLY

There is a notable thing about government: You do not notice it much until you begin to work at cross purposes with it. As long as one minds his own business, everything goes along smoothly. It is almost literally true, as one of the ancients assures us, that the law was made for the transgressor.

However, it is necessary to know something about the workings of the governmental machinery, not, of course, that we may steer clear of trouble, but rather that we may help the machinery to work at its best. We are living under a government in which we are supposed to take part and in which the people are supposed to be the real sovereign power. No one can truly govern himself who is ignorant of the rules by which he is governed.

In Utah our first contact with political government is in the town or the city where we live. It may not be a conscious contact, but it is there just the same. When we step outside our own home on to the sidewalk or into the street, we are not on our own property, but on the property of all the people who live in the place. On the street one person has as much right as another — provided he behaves himself properly.

Other property, too, belongs to the people collectively —

the town hall, if there is one, the schoolhouse, the public park, and so on. All this public property, as it is called, is controlled by a group of men elected to office by the people, and usually consisting of a mayor and a council, with subordinates appointed by them. In Salt Lake City this body is known as a commission.

Whenever a public building is to be erected, a street paved, a water system put in, or any improvements made, these men see that the work is done. Sometimes, as when a street is to be paved, the people whose property abuts on the street thus improved may be asked to give their consent, or at least to state whether they are opposed to it. But ordinarily the city commission or the town council uses its judgment.

A constable, or if it is in a city of the first or second class, a police force, sees to it that those who break the laws or ordinances are brought to justice. And there is a justice of the peace or a judge to decide, upon evidence, whether such a person is really guilty or not and, if guilty, to mete out the punishment which the case merits.

Thus the officers of the town or the city perform three customary functions of government. The council or the commission makes the rules, the mayor enforces them through the police officers, and the justice or the judge interprets the rules — that is, tells what they mean and applies them to particular cases.

In order to become a town or a city all that the people have to do is to make an application, in writing, to the county commission. A town is a subdivision of the county, and is subject to it in certain respects.

The county is a subdivision of the State. In Utah there are at present twenty-nine counties. County affairs are managed by a board of commissioners. There are three of them, and they are elected by the people within the county where they are to serve. In order that there shall always be at least one experienced commissioner in office, the three are chosen at different times. The commission holds its sessions in the county seat, which may not be moved except on a two-thirds vote of the people. All its meetings are public.

The sheriff, with his deputies, is the county's peace officer. It is his duty to see that all violators of the laws, both of the state and the nation, are apprehended and delivered over to the courts. The warrants for the arrest of offenders are usually made out by the attorney, another officer of the county. He, too, may have assistants. Both the sheriff and the attorney are elective officers.

Besides these officers there are a treasurer, an assessor and collector, a clerk, a recorder, and an auditor. The assessor determines the value of all private property in the county, so that it may be taxed. An appeal to the commission, however, is possible for those who believe they have been assessed too high. The treasurer is the keeper of the moneys. The clerk is the county bookkeeper. The auditor checks the accounts, to see that everything is done legally. The recorder takes care of all papers and documents, to see that a correct record is made of them. All these officers are elective. Their salary is fixed by the commission. Their terms are for two years.

Thus a county, within certain limits, may make its own

rules, execute the laws, and interpret and apply them. It is an important division of the state government. When the county breaks down in its enforcement of, say, the traffic laws, the liquor laws, or the laws against robbery, a very serious breach is made in the whole scheme of popular government.

The State is a little nation. It is an independent unit of government. It has all the functions that the greater unit has. There are those who believe that more power should be vested in the Federal government and less in the states; others think the matter should be reversed. It must be admitted that the tendency during the past few years is toward the centralization of political power in the national government.

The Constitution of Utah, like the Federal Constitution, guarantees certain fundamental rights to the individual. "All men," it says, "have the inherent and inalienable right to enjoy and defend their lives and liberties; to acquire, possess, and protect property; to worship according to the dictates of their conscience; to assemble peaceably, protest against wrongs, and petition for redress of grievances; to communicate freely their thoughts and opinions, being responsible for the abuse of that right."

Moreover, "all political power is inherent in the people; all free governments are founded on their authority for their equal protection and benefit; and they have the right to alter or reform their government as the public welfare may require." There are other rights mentioned in the Constitution, but they all grow out of these.

Three departments of government, the customary ones, are provided for in the Utah State Constitution. They are (1) the legislative, (2) the executive, and (3) the judicial.

The legislature makes the laws. It comprises two houses — the senate and the house of representatives. The members of both are elected.

Twenty-three persons now comprise the senate. They are elected for four years. Not all, however, are chosen at the same time, so that there are always "hold-over" senators. The senate selects its own presiding officer, who is called "president." In addition to passing on the bills that come before it, the senate also approves or disapproves the appointments of the governor. In case a charge is made against a state public official, which is done by the lower house, the senate sits as a court in the situation.

The house of representatives now consists of sixty members. They are elected for a single term, and all are chosen at the same time. They, too, select their presiding officer, who is known as the "speaker."

A bill may originate in either house, but no bill can become a law unless it is passed by both chambers. A person, in order to be a member of either house, must be at least twenty-five years of age. Women are as eligible as men. The sessions are held every two years, but a special session may be called by the governor. The time limit is sixty days; the compensation, four dollars a day, with a mileage rate of ten cents.

The executive department consists of a governor, a secretary of state, an auditor, a treasurer, an attorney-general,

and a superintendent of public instruction. Each holds office for a term of four years, and is elected.

No one may be governor who is not at least thirty years of age. The attorney must be at least twenty-five. Neither the auditor nor the treasurer may succeed himself in office.

The governor must see that the laws are enforced throughout the State. He also is commander-in-chief of the military forces in the State, "except when they shall be called into the service of the United States." No bill can become a law without his signature. The Constitution makes it his duty to deliver a message to the legislature when it convenes and to make recommendations, as well as to give the condition of the State. A vacancy in the governorship is filled by the succession of the secretary of state or, in the event of his disqualification or death, by the president of the senate. The governor has large appointive power.

When a bill becomes law — that is, when it has passed both houses and received the signature of the governor — it is sent to the secretary, who places on it the great seal. The secretary is the keeper of the records of the State — the Constitution, the laws, resolutions, memorials, petitions, maps, and so on.

In the auditor is vested the duty to keep account of the state funds. All claims made on the State must be examined by him, to see that they are valid. Moreover, he checks up on the books of all those who disburse state moneys or who collect moneys for the State. He is required to make a report to the governor, to be transmitted to the legislature.

The treasurer takes care of the state funds. It is expected

of him to pay the warrants issued by the auditor, to make a record of all moneys that come in and go out, and to report to the governor twice a year.

It is the duty of the attorney-general (1) to defend cases against the State and to prosecute cases in behalf of the State in the supreme court of the State and in the courts of the United States, (2) to supervise the work of the county attorneys, and (3) to advise any state officer as to the law in any particular case. Whatever fees he receives must be turned over to the treasurer. He must carry a bond for five thousand dollars.

The superintendent of public instruction must be (1) at least twenty-five years old, (2) a qualified voter, (3) a resident of the State, and (4) the holder of a state certificate of the highest class or the graduate of a reputable college or normal school. He has charge of all the district schools, apportions the state funds intended for the schools, and makes reports twice a year to the governor. He also is chairman of the state board of education.

"The judicial power of the State is vested in the senate acting as a court of impeachment, the supreme court, district courts, justices of the peace, and such other inferior courts as may be established by law." We now have, therefore, a supreme court of five members, seven district courts, and lower courts.

The supreme court is the highest tribunal in the State. The term of office is ten years. The five members are elected by the people. One of them is chief justice. The age qualification is thirty years. This court has what is known among lawyers as "original jurisdiction." That is,

certain cases may *arise* in the supreme court — writs of *mandamus*, for instance, and *habeas corpus*. But most of the cases it tries come to it from the lower courts. That is, they are appealed. Ordinarily witnesses are not heard in this court.

As stated, there are lower courts provided for in the Constitution — district courts and courts held by justices of the peace. The district judges are elected for four years. There are also district attorneys and county attorneys. An elaborate system of rules tells how these courts shall be conducted.

Finally, there are numerous boards and commissions — an industrial commission, a tax commission which also acts as an equalization board (the two functions being kept separate, however), a utilities commission, a board of education, and many others. The members of these bodies are appointed by the governor, with the consent of the senate.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

UTAHANS FIGHT IN THREE WARS

In 1847 Utah took from the hand of wild nature a great stretch of waste land, in which only sagebrush and cricket-eating Indians could thrive. With the help of artificial irrigation it worked over this in sweat and anxiety until it became fields of grain, orchards of fruit trees, grazing lands to fatten sheep and cows and feed horses, with homes surrounded by lawns and flowers and filled with happy men, women, and children. Then it handed the product of its toil and tears and joy to America and said: "Here is our gift to the nation and to the world in times of peace." No greater contribution can be made by any social group than the gift of a prosperous, happy commonwealth.

Times of war and strife came. Then Utah had another gift for the nation. It was money and its sons. It sent five hundred to the war with Mexico, another five hundred to the war with Spain, and twenty-one thousand to the war with Germany. There is no greater sacrifice that any man can make than to offer his life to his country.

In 1846 there was war between the United States and Mexico. The people who were to be the first settlers were then on their way to Utah. Literally expelled from Illinois by angry neighbors, they were resting in improvised

towns on the plains of Iowa and on the banks of the Missouri River, trying to think their way through to the Rockies. In log houses, in tents, in dugouts they lived the life of the migratory. Death from exposure and hardship was an everyday occurrence.

There were twenty thousand of them. All of them were poor, most of them were badly equipped for a trek that was to take them a thousand miles over plain, hill, and mountain, over unbridged streams and unmarked roads; and many of them had insufficient food to last even a part of the journey that lay before them.

While they were in this plight, there rode into their settlements one morning a uniformed soldier. It was Captain Allen. He represented the government. His instructions were to raise a battalion among the Mormons. To some of the people this raising of five hundred men appeared a hardship, maybe their undoing. The men would have to be young, able-bodied — the best men physically in the camp. It would leave many a woman and older boy to drive the team. That was one way of looking at it.

But there was another side. These five hundred men were going out West. Most likely they would be mustered out of service in California. Besides, they would receive pay, which would bring into the camp some much-needed money. On the whole, then, the raising of the battalion would be a real lift.

It was probably this last view, together with his natural desire to help in the war, that led Brigham Young to say, "Captain Allen, you shall have your battalion; and if there are not enough men, you shall have women."

The truth is, too, that a representative of this people in Washington — Jesse C. Little — had asked President Polk

MORMON BATTALION MONUMENT
This is on the Capitol grounds, Salt Lake City

for some "assistance" in the effort of the Mormons to get to "California." (California was then the general name of the country in which they expected to settle.) While

they may not have looked for this "assistance" to come in quite this form, yet when it did come it was looked upon as helpful, even under the circumstances. Furthermore, Brigham Young at once saw an advantage in the fact that his people would be taking a hand in conquering the territory in which they expected to settle.

After a farewell party, at which young and old danced to the music of Pitt's band, out in the open air, the Battalion marched to Fort Leavenworth. Here they were given uniforms and muskets and ammunition for the march to the western sea. And what a march it was! Some of them, including their loved leader, Captain Allen, fell sick and died. Others who were sick but did not die were sent back to Pueblo. These, when they recovered, were among the first to enter the Salt Lake Valley.

Under Lieutenant A. J. Smith at first and then under Colonel Philip St. George Cook the volunteers marched, with aching feet and parched throats, over the thirsty plains and the precipitous mountains of New Mexico to the Pacific. Two thousand miles it was in all. A great part of their route lay through unknown territory — near the Rio Grande, the Gila, the Colorado, and the San Pedro rivers. Lack of food, thirst, foot and body weariness — these the Battalion went through with fortitude. Doubtless they would have preferred to fight — which it was never their lot to do.

Arrived in California, they were distributed among the towns of San Diego, San Luis Rey, and Los Angeles, where they engaged in fort building and garrison work. That is the way the history books put it. But one of the volunteers gives us details:

"I think," he says, "I whitewashed all San Diego. We did their blacksmithing, put up a bakery, made and repaired carts, and, in fine, did all we could to benefit ourselves as well as the citizens."

Governor Mason paid the men this tribute: "Of the services of the Battalion, of their patience, subordination, and general good conduct, you have already heard; and I take great pleasure in adding that as a body of men they have religiously respected the rights and feelings of this conquered people." This was said to the adjutant general on September 18, 1847.

The Battalion was mustered out of service in Los Angeles in the summer of 1847, after a year of service.

When the Spanish-American War came, Utah was asked to furnish five hundred men. The request was made of Governor Wells, April 24, 1898; next morning the papers contained a request for the men in the State to volunteer for the service; and by May 4 more than seven hundred men had signified their willingness to go to war. These represented every city, town, and village in the State.

The recruiting officers were Willard Young, John Q. Cannon, Ray C. Naylor, Joseph E. Caine, F. A. Grant, and George W. Gibbs. Many business firms in Salt Lake City, led by Z. C. M. I., offered to give their employees who volunteered, half pay while they were gone and to hold their places for them till they came back; and this promise was faithfully kept.

On May 9 the volunteers were turned into soldiers at Fort Douglas by a solemn oath, administered while the men

were at attention, by Lieutenant Briant S. Wells, of the United States army, a Utah boy. Then drill and practice, drill and practice, till May 20, when they left for San Francisco. There they remained till the middle of June. Three ships took them and other troops across the sea to the scene of the main battles.

They engaged in dozens of battles, all with strange, foreign names — Manila, Tagalo, La Loma, Caloocan, Marilao, and the rest, almost without end. And they fought in the trench, in the jungle, in the open, in the swamp, on river banks. One man tells of a terrible night when the infantry stood peering into the darkness for hours, guns in hand, ready to fire on the enemy when they should appear out of the black darkness. And he adds that no man who took part that night would ever forget "the indescribable horror of suspense" endured.

"Words spoken or written," said Lieutenant Frank T. Hines at the time in a letter, "cannot explain the terrors of war. God only knows. The roar of the cannon and musketry, the crash of arms, the charge, the laying down of life for country, and, above all, the victory won."

A private wrote to his wife: "I believe that my greatest comfort nowadays is the little *Testament* my father carried through the Civil War. When one is as near sudden death as we are here, he is inclined to think of the future life."

After the war had ended, the unexciting duties of police and garrison and the monotony of the daily meals began. "Coffee, hard-tack, and bacon for breakfast; coffee, bacon, and hard-tack for dinner; and bacon, hard-tack, and coffee for supper."

Almost the only diversion occurred when one of the artillerymen was sent to the guardhouse for laughing while at drill. Any man who can find anything to laugh at in drill, the others said, was almost beyond hope. And so they were for sending him to the madhouse, to be placed in a padded cell! "Poor fellow! It's to be hoped that, with complete rest, he will regain his normal condition."

The following year (1899) the battalion was mustered out. At Ogden, on the way home, the soldiers were taken to the park and banqueted and praised, until it was a wonder their heads were not turned. The celebration in Salt Lake City cost fifteen thousand dollars, contributed by friends. A state holiday was declared by the governor. The street parade was a mile long. It was fifteen months to the day since the battalion had left the town.

But not all the boys came back. That is one of the tragedies of war. Some had died in action; others had died of wounds received in action; and still others had died of disease, contracted in a climate to which they were not accustomed. The bodies of these, as Judge Goodwin, editor of the *Tribune*, poetically puts it, slept for a time "under perennial flowers," with "the sob of the Pacific against the coral shore" as their lullaby. Later, however, they were brought home for burial.

Meanwhile, when the boys were drilling at the Fort and when they were away, the Red Cross organizations of Salt Lake City and Ogden were busy with their work of kindliness. Lunches were provided for three thousand soldiers passing through these towns at different times. Delicacies were served to the Utah volunteers doing duty at the Fort.

And later such articles as blankets, socks, pajamas, towels, sheets, pillowcases, bandages, and comfort-bags were made by the score and given to the soldiers before they left. Also such families of the soldiers as needed help were taken care of to the limit of the organizations' resources. It was the women of the Red Cross who furnished the tables at Lester Park, in Ogden, and at Liberty Park, in Salt Lake City, when the boys came home in May, 1899.

Says Lieutenant Hines, now a general in the United States army: "Not an inch of ground was yielded by the Utah Batteries A and B, who were stationed in the trenches on those dates, and to be a member of one of these batteries is an honor as great as any young American could desire." He is speaking of an engagement in July and August in which our boys were opposed by a "largely superior force."

War with Germany was declared by the United States on April 6, 1917. But more than a week before that a huge meeting was held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, at which a resolution was passed to this effect:

"We solemnly reaffirm our allegiance to the flag and the Republic; our faith in the Constitution of the United States; our confidence in the Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy; our devotion to the principles of human liberty and to the rights of the weak to immunity from torture, slavery, debasement, and destruction by the strong; and we solemnly pledge ourselves here and now loyally to support the President of this Republic in whatever course may become necessary to enforce our rights as a people,

Memorial in Memory Grove

to preserve our honor as a nation, and to protect the lives of our fellow citizens at home and abroad, on land or sea."

A copy of this resolution was sent to Washington to let it be known by the authorities there how Utah felt in a situation that was every day growing more tense. Governor Bamberger, who called the meeting and presided, made an address, as did also Senators Smoot and King and Mayor W. Mont Ferry of Salt Lake City. Thus Utah was forehanded in her patriotism.

Action in Utah began with the appointment of a man to take charge of the selective draft, for the Federal government did not depend on volunteer service. That man was Captain F. V. Fitzgerald, the governor's secretary. But pretty soon he entered the army himself. He was succeeded by Captain Gordon Snow. Also a local draft board was created, with an appeal board.

In a very short time more than one hundred three thousand men entered the service through the draft. Fifteen out of every hundred, though, were declared physically unfit. Seventy more out of every hundred were either rejected or exempted or passed to deferred classifications. This left between fifteen and sixteen thousand.

This number, however, was increased by men who had already enlisted, and were in what was known as the "Wild West Division" of the army. It comprised men from Utah, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Alaska, and Northern California. Calvin S. Smith, a Utah boy, was chaplain of this regiment, and became very popular on account of his friendliness and courage among the wounded.

In the famous One Hundred Forty-Fifth Division were

some more Utah men. This was distinctively a Utah regiment. It comprised upwards of fifteen hundred. At the time it entered the service Colonel, afterwards General, Richard W. Young was in charge. Its chaplain was the veteran churchman, B. H. Roberts, who endeared himself to all the men by his tender solicitude for them.

This division went overseas in September, 1918. The Ninety-First also, after training at Camp Lewis, took the boat for France, although earlier, in July. In the former was a group of musicians, an excellent band, under the direction of Clarence J. Hawkins. About one hundred Utah physicians and surgeons went "Over There."

There is not space enough in this book to tell of the engagements our boys were in. How they conducted themselves is more important than what they did and where they were. In December, 1918, General Degoutte issued a statement in which he said of the Thirty-Seventh and the Ninety-First divisions: "Glory to such troops and such commanders! They have bravely contributed to the liberation of Belgium and to final victory. The great nation to which they belong can be proud of them." In both of these divisions were Utah men.

Major General Johnston wrote to Governor Bamberger, of the Utah men who had been in his command: "The people of Utah have reason to be proud of the record made by their representatives in the Ninety-First Division. No better soldiers exist than can be made of young American citizens. I congratulate you upon the return of such men to the citizenship of your State, and with equal sincerity I part with them with genuine regret."

What is war like, as the soldier sees it? Here is part of a letter written by one Salt Lake boy to his parents: "I am expecting to be sent back to the States by Christmas. I've had three operations and all were successful. My left shoulder and right arm have been sewed up but it will be some time before I can use either arm. My jaw has healed up to some extent, my eyes give me no trouble at all, and my face is getting into shape again. I have four teeth left, but I am in a ward of broken jaws, and it is comical to watch each other at meal times. All of us are fed through tubes. Don't worry about me as I'll be able to do most any kind of work in a few months, although I have only one eye and a bunch of wound scars." This was to reassure his parents, who had heard that he was in a hospital!

Utah sent four brigadier generals to the war — Richard W. Young, Frank T. Hines, William E. Cole, and Briant H. Wells. Utah also sent into the service seventy-three trained nurses, of whom thirty-seven crossed over to France. The first Utah woman to reach the front was Miss Mae Morton, a Salvation Army worker.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

A NEW FORM OF COÖPERATION

Over and over again, in the course of this book, especially in the earlier chapters, we have had occasion to speak of the spirit of mutual helpfulness on the part of the individual members of the commonwealth. That spirit became less active in the years that followed what we may call the pioneer days. It was succeeded by the individualistic spirit that marked the close of the nineteenth and the opening years of the twentieth century. The heart of that spirit is: Each one for himself. No doubt it was a reaction, due to a notion that prevailed elsewhere in the United States.

But there came a change. During the last few years there has been a tendency to return to the spirit of the pioneers, so far as coöperation is concerned. This tendency is more pronounced in the agricultural interests than in any other phase of industry. The story of how it has developed is not only interesting, but very instructive.

Food values remain always the same. The nutrition derived from butter and cheese, from the egg and the chicken, from potatoes and apples and wheat does not vary a great deal from one age to another or in different parts of the world. It is the price received by the producer of these articles that changes from season to season. This variation

of price is due to several causes — the amount produced, for one thing, and the difficulty of marketing, for another, not to mention the quantity of gold in the world.

These two facts the farmer in Utah, in common with farmers elsewhere, has always known. He has wanted, and deserved, a higher price for what he produced. The question was how to get it. Often there was a great gap

From a Painting by Lee Greene Richards

between what he received for his products and what the consumer paid for them. The farmer knew another thing: He could not improve matters by working alone. Out of these facts came the idea of coöperation in Utah among the farmers.

Prior to 1910 there had been some efforts at coöperation in marketing, notably among the creameries and the growers of vegetables and fruit in the state. But these efforts did

not, as a rule, go beyond an attempt to ship products by the car load.

In 1920, however, there arose what were called farm bureaus. These came on the crest of a wave of sentiment all over the nation that the growers ought to get together somehow for their own advantage. And this sentiment was a reaction from the hard times following the War.

Now one of the things that hindered the progress of the farm interests in Utah was the absence of a law permitting them to organize for the purpose of mutual helpfulness. As a matter of fact, there were laws prohibiting that sort of thing, not only in the state but in the nation as well. The Federal law was known as the Sherman Anti-trust Act, but it was intended to cover something quite different from what the farmers had in mind — as the Supreme Court of the United States was afterwards to decide.

In their legal troubles the farm bureau leaders appealed to their attorney, Frank Evans. In response he helped to formulate a bill covering their case. It became a law during the administration of Governor Mabey. In 1929, while George H. Dern was governor, it was considerably improved. But Senator Evans did more than give legal advice. He guided the farmers into an organization that promises to prove of untold value to the agricultural interests of the State.

The details of the plan are not at all hard to understand. Moreover, they have worked out so well that some of their particulars are being copied by other similar organizations, east and west.

First, there is a state-wide association of growers. The

name of this organization is the Utah Farm Bureau. It consists (1) of a board, each member of which represents one of the counties; and (2) of a group of men, who represent such special divisions as the poultry growers, the milk producers, and so on.

Second, there is the county organization, which comprises representatives from the various local units. These local groups are made up of the individual producers.

Third, there are in the organization divisions based on the kind of things produced — poultry, for instance, live stock, fruit and vegetables, and the milk products. Some of these — such as milk and fruits and vegetables — require local treatment and assembling; others, like poultry, do not need so much local attention.

Such is the organization. But it is the underlying principle that sets the association apart. In the older coöperatives stock was issued to members. This stock could be bought and sold, like anything else, and whoever wished to do so might buy up the control of the organization. Thus the original purpose of the coöperative association might be frustrated.

That cannot happen in the Utah Farm Bureau or in any of its divisions or units. Each member has a vote, not stock. And this vote cannot be disposed of. When any member withdraws, he takes nothing with him, not even the vote. Each member, whether he produces much or little, has but one vote, and thus has no more power in the organization than any other member. Besides, each member shares in the Bureau's benefits and pays for its upkeep in proportion to the amount he produces.

Naturally the cost of handling farm products through the association is a great deal less than it would be if each man handled them himself. That ought to go without saying — provided every one is honest. The overhead for handling thousands of dollars' worth of turkeys, for instance, was one half of one per cent a pound. No one, working individually, could do it for that amount.

Furthermore, all returns from sales come to the organization, to be distributed to the individual growers. Thus, if you ship your eggs or apples through the Bureau, the money received goes first to the Bureau and then to you. Of course, before it reaches you, the organization will have deducted the cost of handling.

In this way all worry is taken from the farmer, so far as the disposition of his products is concerned. Also there is a wider distribution of returns than there would be if the organization were run for the profit of a single individual or a small group. For the money goes to the farmer, and from him to the bank, where it is given out to the farm hand, the grocer, the garage, and whoever else has contributed to the production of what the farmer sold. Like the silt of the Nile River, this money spreads out, instead of fertilizing only a spot here and there.

The social and educational benefits of the Utah Farm Bureau are worth noticing:

First of all, a spirit of friendliness prevails among the members of the Farm Bureau. Every now and then social gatherings are held. Sometimes these are local, but occasionally they are state-wide. On such occasions there are

business meetings, where matters important to the organization are discussed; there is a party, with a banquet, where local talent provides a program of music and speeches; and there may be even a parade, as in the Uintah basin recently (August, 1932), which created much favorable comment. All this tends to bring growers together in good will and feeling.

To be sure, there is rivalry, competition. But it is not of the cutthroat sort, such as prevails under the usual modern competitive system. No one wants to force a competitor out of business or to batter down prices. Indeed, even the inducement to do that is wanting in the Bureau. On the contrary, it is rivalry to produce better quality, better value, so as to get bigger prices.

Then there is the educational side of the Bureau. If you pay a visit to the Weber Central, you will there see an expert with a microscope before him. He is testing milk for fats and bacteria. As each can comes in he places a drop of milk under his glass, sets down the result, and the price is fixed according to his findings. Thus it comes about that there are differences in the price various farmers get for their milk. These varying prices, of course, are talked about among the local producers. What is the effect? The farmer who gets the lower price naturally seeks for the reason. It does not lie in the system, and certainly not in the microscope. The cause lies in the barn or in the milking or in the feeding of the cows. He finds it, removes it, and gets the higher price for his milk.

The system is educational in its effect. It makes for open-mindedness and progress. And there is no doubt that this

Shipleys, Commercial Photographers, Salt Lake City

SALT LAKE CITY TO-DAY

educational ideal is often transferred from the dairy to other fields of farm activity. The Utah Farm Bureau is thus wholesome in its influence. It strives for the highest grade of products to dispose of through its marketing system. Its brands on products thus become a sufficient guaranty of high quality. The organization also seeks to eliminate all waste in its handling of products. Overhead costs are thus cut down. In a word, it aims to satisfy the customer — the last word in successful business.

Organization of the farm interests, rather than government aid, is the ideal toward which the farmers of America are striving. This is particularly true of the farmers of Utah. If the farm bureaus of all the other states can be made as efficient, and therefore as successful, as the one in this state, then farm products will command prices that will make the back-to-the-farm movement more than a catch phrase in the United States.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

THE COW, THE HEN, AND THE SUGAR BEET

In early Utah the cow was one of the most important domestic animals. Wherever there was a family, there also was a cow in the barn. The cow furnished milk and butter and cheese; the calf supplied the table with veal; the steer was killed for beef, when it was not reserved for the yoke; and all of them in the end provided the family with boots and shoes.

Milk was used freely by the housewife; on the table at every meal was a large pitcher full of the white fluid, with a cup or a glass at every plate. Butter was made in the old-fashioned dash churn, at which all the older children took a turn. Sometimes, though, when the family went on a trip — to the canyon, for instance, or to a distant settlement — the jolting of the wagon was utilized in butter making; for before they left, the churn had been filled with cream. This trick the pioneers had learned while crossing the plains.

That was in the days when every family raised its own vegetables, exchanged wheat for flour at the mill, and depended on others only for such articles as sugar, tea and coffee, and writing materials. But as soon as the division of labor arose in the main towns, like Ogden and Salt Lake City, where men worked in shops and stores, things began to change. Then came into existence the dairy, the milk

wagon, and the butter and cheese factory. And presently came a time when the cow was either banished from the cities, where her products are most needed, or allowed to stay only under circumstances that made life burdensome for her owner.

From a Painting by Edwin Evans

At first the distributor of milk to the cities and larger towns owned the cows whose milk he sold. Out of a large ten or twenty gallon can he ladled a pint or a quart, with a long-handled dipper, and emptied it into the receptacle held out to him by the housewife, receiving a ticket in return, which had already been paid for. There was no inspection, no testing of the milk, no restriction whatever.

As the towns grew and sanitary ideals came into prominence, conditions changed for the milkman. Cities passed ordinances requiring that all milk sold there be of a certain standard and that it be in containers. Nowadays few dairies own cows. The milk is brought to them from a distance. For this reason most milk delivered to the city home is pasteurized.

The difference between what the farmer receives for his milk and what the consumer pays for it — and the amount is by no means small by comparison — represents the cost of processes and regulations of which our forebears knew almost nothing.

One of the first butter and cheese factories in Utah was in Richmond, Cache County. Cache County's specialty was, and still is, the raising and pasturing of cows. The first factories appeared long before statehood, however. The number of factories increased gradually until, in 1920, three and a half million pounds of butter and nearly a million pounds of cheese were produced in the State. To-day the output is: butter, ten and a quarter million pounds, and cheese, more than two and a half million pounds.

In 1904 the first evaporated milk plant in Utah was established. It, too, was in Richmond. Evaporated milk has a very interesting history. Like almost everything else we have, it grew out of a human need — a war need, in fact.

Away back in the Napoleonic era the French government offered a cash prize to whoever would discover a way of preserving food. The prize was awarded, in 1810, to a man by the name of Appert, who became known as the "father" of the canning industry. He found that food could be

preserved if it were first heated and then put into an air-tight container. Nothing was then known of Pasteur's discoveries in bacteriology. But evaporated milk did not come into commercial use until 1885, when a small factory was set up near St. Louis, Missouri.

When the Spanish-American War broke out, and later the World War, our boys had fresh milk whenever they wanted it. It was in cans. When they got home, they continued its use. To-day, therefore, one of the commonest food articles in America, as in Europe, is canned milk.

There are three forms of this food: Evaporated milk, which is milk out of which sixty per cent of the water has been taken by evaporation; condensed milk, which is evaporated milk that has been sweetened with cane sugar; and dry, or powdered, milk, in which is no more than a trace of water.

Coming back to our Utah story, in 1904 a Richmond citizen, C. E. Merrill, with two others, went east to investigate the evaporated milk industry. Mr. Merrill was already interested in the butter and cheese plant near Richmond. The result of this visit was the erection of a factory in Richmond. It was called the Utah Condensed Milk Co. The money for the plant had been subscribed by the farmers in northern Cache Valley. Later the concern was sold to Eastern capitalists.

Meanwhile, other factories were established to turn out butter, cheese, and canned milk. In 1929 the evaporated milk produced in Utah reached a total of thirty-seven and a half million pounds, most of which was exported, mainly to Western cities.

Very little condensed milk, in the technical sense, is produced here. Dry milk, which is used in feeding animals and in making candy, has not been found profitable enough to warrant much of an output, although some of it is produced in Utah. At present there are one hundred thousand cows in the State, with enough demand for double this number.

Our pioneer fathers and mothers would be amazed beyond expression if they could see what has come out of the little flocks of chickens that scratched and cackled and crowed in their barnyards. We ourselves, in fact, are staggered by the figures which the poultryman asks us to grasp. The hen is one of the largest industries in America.

In the early days in Utah the hen took her place by the side of the cow in the circle of domestic animals. Only she was not so important, of course. As every family had a cow, so also every family had a small flock of chickens. And only as the centers of population grew and the number of people there who hired out by the day or the month increased, was there a market for eggs or chickens. Then it was that the husband, the wife, or one of the children took a bucketful of eggs to the store, or a few chickens to the butcher, and traded them for thread or calico or a hoe. As for sending either out of the territory, that was not to be thought of on account of the danger of spoilage.

But how conditions have changed! In 1930 the Poultry Growers Association of Utah, which is a unit of the Utah Farm Bureau, disposed of some eight million dollars' worth of poultry and poultry products that had been grown here.

In other words, the hen brought into the State that amount of money, to be distributed among the chicken growers of Utah.

It all came about rather simply. The purpose of the Utah Farm Bureau, as you may remember, was to furnish the farmer with a market for what he produced. Here was a source of difficulty. To raise things was easy enough. But where was one to sell them and at what price? This required more information than was accessible to the average farmer. The poultry grower was no exception.

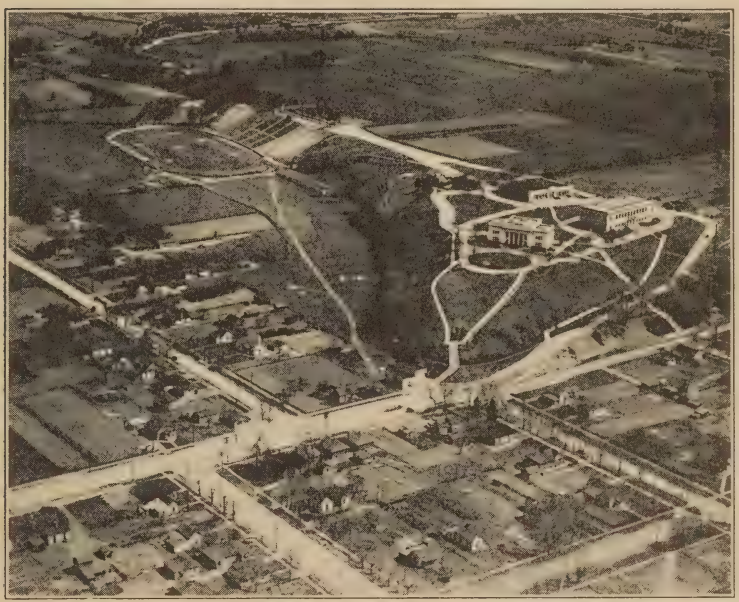
No one organization could manage the affairs of so many diverse interests as the farmers had. At least, it could manage these affairs better by dividing the growers into groups, according to the things they produced. Thus arose the Poultry Growers Association. This was after 1920.

A member of this unit sends his eggs or chickens or turkeys to an organization, whose managers are skilled in marketing his particular products. They have been hired by him and his fellow members for this express purpose. He receives a check for his products without delay — less only the amount it has cost to handle them. This leaves him free to set his mind upon the problem of how, by means of the latest scientific knowledge on the subject, to get the best results through feeding and housing his fowls.

How the hen is manipulated, so as to yield the best returns in eggs and meat! Your poultry grower, if he keeps abreast of the best thought on this phase of farm life, can produce almost what he wants for the market, and when he wants it.

If the egg is too small, if the hen does not lay often enough, if the yolk is too reddish, or if the white is not firm enough —

one knows how to remedy the situation. He does it by feeding. Indeed, your expert in this line is able, by lifting the hen and feeling of her, to tell just about how many eggs a year you may expect from her. He can almost tell what



Air View of Upper Campus, Brigham Young University, Provo

kind of eggs she will lay. So definite has become the science and art of poultry growing in the United States.

Most of this information has come through experiments carried on in the various agricultural colleges of the land. In Utah the State Agricultural College, through its extension division, has aided the poultry growers materially, as indeed all the other growers of the State, by meeting with them,

advising them, giving lectures, conducting classes, and directing the work of experimentation.

As for the beet-sugar industry, it has developed tremendously during this last period of Utah history. This is shown in the number of factories built, in the acreage put to sugar beets, and in the total output of the plants. It is evident, too, in a new interest that has been awakened in beet cultivation.

In 1891, as we saw, Utah had but one factory. It was in Lehi. Now there are fifteen. They are located in Elsinore, Gunnison, Moroni, Payson, Spanish Fork, Springville, Lehi, West Jordan, Layton, Ogden, Garland, Brigham City, Logan, Lewiston, and Smithfield.

Some of these, however, are not now operating, for one reason or another. But the beets grown in the vicinity of the factories that are now shut down are hauled to the nearest one that is running.

In 1891, when Utah had only the Lehi factory, there were but eighteen hundred acres sown to beets, which produced nine thousand five hundred tons of beets, and the farmers received forty-seven thousand five hundred dollars for their beets. In 1931, however, the acreage was forty-four thousand, the tonnage of beets five hundred and fifty-three thousand, and the amount paid the farmers three million eight hundred seventy-one thousand dollars. In 1920 the beet-sugar interests here paid the farmers seventeen million dollars for beets. During the eleven years from 1920 to 1930 inclusive, the amount paid by them to the beet growers was nearly sixty-eight million dollars, about six million dollars a year on the average.

A new aspect of beet growing — new, at least, to America — is coming more and more into prominence. It is this: The beet is a replenisher of the soil.

Up almost to the present, beets have been regarded as being valuable (1) for their direct product, sugar, and (2) for their by-products, such as tops, pulp, and molasses. But tops are used as fertilizer, pulp as feed for dairy cows, and molasses as feed for horses and cattle, particularly when there is a scarcity in hay and alfalfa.

Beets are also coming to be looked upon as soil-builders. Not that they add any new elements to the soil. By sending their network of rootlets deep into the ground (often to a spread of six feet), they loosen the soil and aërate it. Besides, when the beet is pulled up, this network of roots is left behind. Thus there takes place a mixing of the subsoil and the upper soil. This is one of the reasons why in Germany they say: "We *have* to raise beets."

Following is a table showing the effect of sugar-beet culture on the yield of other crops in the United States:

	Before	After	Increase	Percentage
Wheat . . .	29.98	44.93	14.95	49.87
Corn	55.41	71.93	16.52	29.81
Oats	55.65	67.70	23.05	50.49
Barley . . .	42.26	66.30	24.04	56.88
Potatoes . .	196.56	285.31	88.75	45.15
Hay (tons) . .	2.71	3.49	.78	28.78

As in the growing of other products through such coöperative agencies as the Farm Bureau, so here in the cultivation of sugar beets there is an educational value. It is claimed

by those who have carried on extensive investigations that a community where there is beet growing tends to become more stable than others where there is none of this form of agriculture. This is due to two things. One is that the quality of the land and the price expected for the beets are known beforehand. And the other is that the price of the land does not fluctuate.

Moreover, successful beet growing depends upon accurate knowledge of certain principles. Every operation in the raising of beets must be done with care. Deep plowing, careful thinning, thorough weeding, proper irrigation — these more than repay the expense and labor involved. And then there is the matter of tillage, of rotation of crops, of topping and loading and dumping. Much of this information comes through the study and experience of trained experts — chemists and soil analysts. It is certain that a good deal of the education of the farmer in this painstaking work with beets carries over into his other work.

Recently a new by-product of the sugar beet has made its appearance — alcohol. In Springville experiments have been carried on with molasses, and a new use has been discovered for it. In October, 1932, it was announced that a standard quality of alcohol had at last been produced from molasses and that every day at the Springville plant twelve hundred dollars' worth of alcohol is produced from the sugar beet. This distillery is the only one of its kind in the United States.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

DEVELOPMENTS IN MINING AND MANUFACTURING

In the early days of October, every year, the streets of Salt Lake City are crowded with people from all parts of the State. The reason is that the State Fair and the semi-annual conference of the Mormon Church are going on.

If, now, on one of these occasions, you should stop exactly one hundred Utah men and women on the street and ask them what they depended on for a livelihood, the chances are that you would get something like this for a part of your answer: Fifty-six of them would be dependent, one way or another, on the mining industry in Utah, including the metals, coal, and salt, and ten of them would derive their support, directly or indirectly, from some occupation connected somehow with manufacturing. This in round numbers. Sixty-six persons out of every one hundred in Utah, therefore, depend on the things discussed in this chapter for a livelihood — mining and manufacturing.

That does not mean, of course, that those sixty-six persons dig in the mine for coal or silver or that they put up milk or tomatoes in a canning factory. But it means that if all our mines were shut down and our factories closed, they would have to look to something else than what they are now doing for a living, or find other markets for their products.

There are at present three districts in Utah in which metal mining is carried on. They are Bingham, Park City, and Tintic. Previously there were others: the Frisco district in Beaver County, for instance, where the Horn Silver Mine gave up fifty million dollars; the Alta district, in Salt Lake County, where the Emma Mine was located, with its fabulous wealth; and the Silver Reef, in Washington County, where now is only a "ghost city" after having produced almost eight million dollars.

Of the first three districts named, one of them, Bingham, was discovered in the sixties and the other two in the seventies. The Bingham and Park City districts were found by two prospecting soldiers — Ogilvie and Steen.

It would be interesting to know just how much these young men received from their discoveries. Steen should have considerable out of his, because the knob of ore he stumbled upon grew into the great Ontario Mine, which did not run out until it had produced fifty million dollars. As for the other district, the Tintic, the men who made the discovery thought so little of it that they presently traded some limestone deposits for a herd of Texas cattle. That small transaction cost them twenty million dollars in cold cash.

Park City is in Summit County, thirty miles east of Salt Lake City. Here are three of the largest mines in the State. The ore mined is chiefly silver, although lead and gold also abound. Between 1872 and 1876 in one mine the ore ran two hundred fifty dollars a ton. Another, in 1930, turned out a gross value of more than ninety million dollars, of which nearly sixty million dollars flowed out into industrial

channels for wages, supplies, materials, and so on. A third, with its four thousand acres of mineral land, is growing better and better every day.

Tintic is in Juab County, about ninety miles south of Salt Lake City. In this district are gold, silver, lead, and copper. Here are three other large mines. One of the companies has paid more than three and a half million dollars in dividends to its stockholders. Here, too, used to be the Humbug, the Spy, and the Centennial Eureka — all famous in their day. This is one of the rich districts.

The Bingham is in Salt Lake County, thirty miles westward from the city. It has become celebrated on account of the Utah Copper, the largest copper mine in America and one of the largest surface mines in the world. The *Mining Journal*, in 1927, called it "the premier" — which is a high compliment.

This mine was owned by Colonel E. A. Wall at one time, but it was really never discovered until D. C. Jackling, by dint of the most dogged perseverance, induced some Eastern capitalists to put money into it. More earth is moved here every day, when it is working full time, than was moved on the Panama Canal in the same period. Forty-one shovels, electrically driven, bite into its terraces. This work was begun in 1903. Two hundred three million dollars in dividends the Utah Copper has paid since then.

If the dividends paid by the metal-mining interests of Utah from the beginning had been spread out among all the people of the State, each man, woman, and child here would have received about six hundred dollars apiece, taking the present population of 507,000.

But the dividends paid by the mines are really only a small part of what comes to the State from the mining interests. The total yearly output of Utah's mines is about one hundred twenty million dollars. Of this gross sum about eighty-five million dollars is spent for wages, freight, smelting, and supplies. In 1929 stockholders received thirty-eight million dollars in dividends. Moreover, as the men who worked in the mines required food, clothing, and housing, there appeared storekeepers, farmers, dairymen, carpenters, and so on.

That is how it comes about that fifty-six persons out of every hundred in Utah are dependent on the mines for a livelihood.

Gold, silver, lead, and other metals, of course, come out of the earth in the form of ore. That is, the precious metals are mixed with other minerals. These must be separated. Hence concentration processes and smelters. There are six main plants in Utah. They are located in Bauer, in Tooele, in Midvale, and in Murray. Since much of the ore in Utah is low grade, it is processed at the mine and then sent to the smelters.

Our smelters, which serve not only Utah but also the adjoining states of Idaho, Nevada, Colorado, and Montana, have the reputation everywhere of treating ores at the best customs rate. Concentration and smelter processes are called metallurgical operations.

In a preceding chapter we mentioned the discovery of iron in Iron County. There were discoveries also in Washington County. It has been estimated (in a geological survey by government officials) that Utah has anywhere from forty

million tons of unmined ore to one hundred sixty-four million tons, with a probability of half a million tons more.

A steel plant was built just south of Provo in 1922, which is turning out a superior quality of pig iron. In 1929 the United States Steel Corporation took over this plant, with other holdings. So business interests here are looking forward hopefully to new and large developments in the iron industry of the State.

Utah is rich in coal lands. The United States Geological Survey estimates our unmined coal reserve at one hundred ninety-six billion tons. To put the same idea in another way, Utah has enough coal, when it is mined, to supply the entire United States, with its hundred and twenty million people, with coal for three hundred years.

During the last ten years, when the greatest development has taken place in our coal industry, the average annual output has been five million tons. Counting this as worth between two and a half dollars and two dollars and seventy-five cents a ton at the mine, we have a sum of around thirteen million dollars a year coming to the State from our coal industry. The average number of employees engaged is five thousand, and the payroll is about seven and a half million dollars.

Utah coal, as a rule, is low in ash, moisture, and sulphur, and both high and uniform in heat qualities. Most of it is noncoking. There are two companies, however, that produce coke, as an incident of blast furnaces.

This is a chapter of big figures, but we are by no means through with them yet. We must speak now of the manu-

facturing industries of Utah. In May, 1931, the United States Department of Commerce astonished the business interests of the State by giving out some industrial figures about Utah. One of the statements made was that our factories turned out, in 1930, goods to the value of two hundred sixteen million dollars.

Now, our stock-raising interests bring in forty-two million dollars, agriculture fifty-eight million dollars, and mining one hundred ten million dollars — a total of two hundred ten millions. According to these figures, therefore, our manufacturing industries contribute more wealth than the three other branches of industry combined. Here is where the surprise came.

Moreover, according to the same authority, there were some eighteen thousand persons, all told, employed in these manufacturing industries, and they received in wages and salaries for their services more than twenty-six million dollars. These figures, of course, include all the manufacturing plants in the State, even the milk products, if processed.

We have already spoken about the various kinds of condensed milk and about butter and cheese. About sixty per cent of our evaporated milk goes out of the State. Los Angeles alone absorbs more than five and a quarter million pounds of our butter and cheese, of which the value is close to two million dollars. That coast town, it may be added, buys six hundred thousand dollars' worth of our poultry.

Perhaps Utah is just entering upon its career as a manufacturing State. For one thing, in agriculture we can go no farther than we have water to irrigate the land, and at

present only about five per cent of Utah's land can be irrigated with what there is now in sight. Our mines cannot last any longer than there is gold, silver, lead, iron, zinc, and other metals in the hills. So, if our industries expand at all, the greater growth cannot but be in the manufacturing industries.

Besides, Utah is the center of a large area of population. In the heart of the intermountain region, it ships its products — coal, canned goods, poultry products — into nearly all the Western States, and east to New York City, in some instances.

At any rate, the trend in industrial development is decidedly in the direction of the factory rather than of the mine or the field.

The main centers of manufacturing are Provo, Ogden, and, most of all, Salt Lake City. In the southern town there are twenty-seven establishments. More than twenty-three hundred workers are employed; there is a payroll of six hundred eight thousand dollars; and the products are worth in excess of two million dollars.

Ogden has a packing plant where about eighteen hundred head of cattle, ten thousand sheep, and seventy thousand hogs are slaughtered every year. In 1929 more than a million cases of fruits and vegetables were canned in the factories there. For these fruits and vegetables approximately three hundred thirteen thousand dollars were paid the farmers. Tomatoes led the vegetable list and peaches the fruits, with peas and cherries as seconds. There are eighty-three establishments in Ogden, with a payroll of nearly three million dollars spread among twenty-three hundred workers. The

products in the year named amounted to more than nineteen million dollars.

Of the six hundred fifty-four industrial plants in Utah two hundred sixty-three are in Salt Lake City and environs — a sugar factory, an oil refinery, smelters, packing plants, to name but a few of the largest industries.

These factories employed in 1930 five thousand six hundred eighty-three workers, and paid them more than seven million dollars, for a production that ran into nearly a hundred thirty-two million dollars. The daily output of oil is seven thousand barrels of crude oil.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

UTAH'S PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS

Utah has many strikingly beautiful features — lakes, parks, and canyons. They have only recently been widely advertised, but they have been known from the earliest settlements and appreciated locally.

In the days of the first pioneers Brighton, in Big Cottonwood Canyon, was a favorite resort. Among the first settlers were those on the banks of the placid Bear Lake, which duly impressed its beauties on their minds. As early as 1858, one of our national parks was called by the pioneers Little Zion — a sufficient proof that they were struck by its incomparable charm.

Probably the time will come when the influence of our mountain scenery will be felt as much by the writers of our books and the composers of our songs as it already is by our artists, for it is easy to fall into soft phrases after breathing in the spirit of our hills and streams and lakes.

Not the least beautiful of our waters is Bear Lake in the northern part of the State, for the south end of that body of water is in Utah. No one who drives through Logan Canyon — one of the finest of our canyons — over the new road, and comes suddenly upon the lake, can ever forget the thrill of delight as he looks down upon its surpassing loveliness from

the rim of the basin. The astonishing beauty of the water there, it is said, comes from its great depth. Bear Lake has never been sounded. Some believe that in places at least it is sixteen hundred feet deep. It is certain that lines have been let down for a thousand feet without finding bottom. Except around the shores, the waters are clear as crystal. Travelers often are heard to compare the lake with the Bay of Naples.

Granddaddy Lakes, in the Uintah region, we hear very little about. For, unhappily, unless money is to be made out of our scenery, as things go with us to-day, there is not much to-do made of it, except among those who love beauty for its own sake. This group of lakes, ensconced among pines and quaking aspens, is much frequented in summer time by fishermen, hunters, and beauty lovers. There is no railroad there at present, nor any public means of conveyance, but the place may be reached by automobile within a three or four hours' drive from the capital city. Not many scenes in Utah draw from the sightseer such superlatives in description as this region of a hundred lakes.

Besides these lakes and the one in Northern Utah there are many others scattered over our State. As you wander through our mountains, afoot or on horseback, you may come all at once upon the glassy surface of a small lake, hidden away in the most bewitching nook. There is a man in Coalville — James Beard, a merchant in winter, but an artist in summer, a self-made one — who can tell you where most of these pleasant nooks and lakes are to be found. For every summer now for forty years and more, he has tramped lovingly over our wonderful mountains, camera and

pallet in hand, making scores of photographs and sketches for his own pleasure.

Then, of course, there is the Great Salt Lake — something quite unique in the world. Great Salt Lake was about the

Stevens and Wallis, Salt Lake City

SALTAIR, NEAR SALT LAKE CITY

first feature known of this vast region. All the old trappers were aware of it, and Bridger never tired of depicting its wonders, for he first saw it, as Balboa did the Pacific, from a high peak. Washington Irving tried to fasten upon it the name of Bonneville, the name of that intrepid ex-

plorer, soldier, and fur hunter of the early nineteenth century. But fate would not have it so. It was to bear another name.

Its waters are buoyant. You cannot sink in them, but must float on their bosom like a cork. They are heavily saturated with salt — thirteen per cent, some say, and others twenty-two. Tens of thousands of people from all parts of America and the world bathe there every summer. Until recently there was a great herd of buffalo on what was known as Antelope Island, in the southeastern quarter of this inland sea. But they have been taken away now, to be looked at curiously as relics of a bygone day, in parks, circuses, and zoölogical gardens throughout the nation.

Sunsets on the Great Salt Lake have become famous. More than fifty years ago a great English newspaper man, Philip Robinson, said in his book *Sinners and Saints:* "Where have I not seen sunsets by land and by sea in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America? And where can I say I have seen more wondrous coloring, more electrifying effects than on the Great Salt Lake? They are too baffling in their splendor for any attempt at description, but it seemed evening after evening as if a whole world in flames lay on the other side of the craggy islands that stud the lake, and I shall carry in my memory forever and forever the terrible range of crimson peaks standing up, and the gradual change from the hues of catastrophe, of conflagration and carnage to the loveliest colors, the daintiest of pinks, the daintiest of roses, and all the shifting charms of Alcinous' golden-gated cities of the Kingdom of the Clouds. It was a veritable apocalypse of beauty and power."

Canyons abound in Utah. Every town, almost, has at least one of these opening out upon it. This is only to be expected, since nearly all the towns in the State are in valleys, with hills not far away. We have already mentioned Logan Canyon. The canyon leading out of Ogden to the east is equally famous for its scenery. There is a picturesque falls at one point — the Bridal Falls.

Salt Lake City has six canyons — as if nature had prepared for an expected population greater than in any other place in Utah. These are, beginning on the north: City Creek Canyon, running past the Capitol, with Memory Grove in it; Emigration Canyon, a deep ravine cleft in the mountain and full of strange beauty as well as historic interest; Parley's Canyon, which is now a part of a continental highway; Mill Creek Canyon, with its wild charm; Big Cottonwood Canyon, one of the most gorgeous in the West, with Brighton on its head waters; and Little Cottonwood Canyon, the wildest and most rugged of all.

Leading out eastward from American Fork is a canyon that is fast becoming one of the best known in the State, partly on account of its own rare charm and beauty, but partly also because of Timpanogos Cave there, with its weird stalactite and stalagmite formations, its glassy pools of clear water, and its winding paths in which one may easily get lost.

Provo Canyon is often called the Yosemite of Utah. The town itself, nestling at the foot of high mountains, is known as the Garden City.

Elsewhere throughout the State are canyons which are probably as lovely and attractive as those we have mentioned,

but which are known and enjoyed chiefly by those who live near them and an occasional visitor from a distance.

Most of these canyons have camps and homes in them for summer use, and several of them hotels and resorts. They furnish an easy and pleasant escape, now that the automobile has become so common, from the dust of the cities and the counting houses. There is no telling how much the average span of human life has been lengthened by the fresh contact with the woods and the streams and the mountains given us by the many canyons in Utah.

As for natural wonders, Utah has its share, for there are Cedar Breaks, Bryce Canyon, and Zion's National Park. The whole region where these wonder grounds are is replete with legends that have come down to us from a far-off day. Indians thereabouts, as well as the early settlers, were filled with awe, as well they might be, when they looked upon the mystic beauty of the scenery in these three places. These legends are embalmed in the names borne by some of the objects there — Altar of Sacrifice, Mountain of Mystery, Angels' Landing, and other suggestive titles.

Cedar Breaks is not far from Cedar City, and Cedar City is two hundred seventy-five miles south of Salt Lake City. Zion's Canyon is south from Cedar Breaks, east of Toquerville, and Bryce Canyon is to the east of Cedar Breaks. Away farther to the south of all these is that wonderful upland, the Kaibab Forest, with the Grand Canyon beyond. So that here, within a two days' drive from Salt Lake City in an automobile, is a region of wild grandeur that is perhaps not to be surpassed anywhere else in the world —

Utah Photo Materials Co., Salt Lake City

"THE CATHEDRAL," BRYCE CANYON NATIONAL PARK

certainly not in so small an area and not on so gorgeous a scale.

Zion's Canyon was made a national park by the Federal government in 1909, and Bryce Canyon in 1923. Grand Canyon had been made one only the year before the first date.

Cedar Breaks was known among the natives thereabout as Circle-of-the-Painted-Cliff. This characteristic title is descriptive of the two things for which the place has become famous — cliffs and color. "Red is the color most frequently found," says one description, "a sort of pinkish red that sometimes deepens into orange. But along with the green of the scattered pines, there are also shades of chocolate, yellow, lavender, purple, and white." It is said that one artist counted no fewer than sixty different tints. But the cliffs, too, are extraordinary. There is indeed a "circle," or rather a succession of circles. Each circle breaks down from an elevated plane into great chasms that yawn ominously.

Bryce Canyon is in the shape of a horseshoe. The bowl is three miles long and two miles wide. An easy trail leads down into the canyon. This is fairy land. Nothing seems to be real. You almost have to pinch yourself to make sure you are alive and in the flesh. Then, too, the name by which Bryce Canyon is known among the Indians is the most suggestive of its main characteristics. That name is Bowl-shaped Canyon-with-red-rocks-that-stand-up-like-men.

Certainly the figures "stand up." Over here is one that looks for all the world like Queen Victoria, and another that some one thought looks like a Pope of Rome. At one place is the Organ; at another, the Sculptor's Studio; and at another, Bluebeard's Castle; and so on. There are

temples, churches with steeples, and cathedrals. And everything is highly colored. "By moonlight the deep shadows set off the brilliant white spires, glowing with a light that is almost phosphorescent."

Zion's Canyon is a "parade of majestic peaks." You first see two great domes, the East and the West Temples. Then you come to the Watchman, a sandstone pile, looking down upon the valley. Here is the Altar of Sacrifice. Here also are the Patriarchs, the Twin Brothers, and the Mountain-of-the-Sun, which catches the first and the last rays of that luminary.

This is the largest of the three canyons. In it are green meadows, deep, cavernous rivers that sometimes run red and that are lined with willows and cottonwoods, and abundance of footpaths and trails, and in one or two places narrow gorges, both walls of which you may touch at the same time with your outstretched hands. In this canyon is the Great White Throne. There is no path up its precipitous incline, and only one man has ever succeeded in scaling its tremendous heights.

These wonders are all in Utah. They are now one of our "industries." Thousands come every year to see them, and go away in wonder at the lavish expenditure of nature in strength and color.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

EDUCATION AND THE SCHOOLS

In preceding chapters we related briefly what was done educationally in Utah, first, from the coming of the pioneers in 1847 to the arrival of the railroad in 1869, and then, from the coming of the steam locomotive to the time when statehood was achieved in 1896.

The practice in education, we found, lagged behind the theory, as is often the case in pioneer communities, because of the physical hardships of the period and the reluctance of the leaders to overburden the people with taxes or to undertake obligations for the community by borrowing. Schools those days were supported (1) by appropriations by the legislature after 1874, (2) by taxation, beginning in 1878, and (3) by tuition fees, these being the main source of income for educational purposes until after 1880, when the law creating the free public school system was enacted.

It is under statehood, however, that education in Utah has taken its greatest strides, partly because of the stimulus given to constructive work by that important event and partly because of the greater development of the commonwealth's resources. Of this growth, of course, we shall be able, owing to lack of space, to point out only the outstanding educational events.

One of the big steps taken was the movement to consolidate the school districts of the county. Until the year 1905 each county in the State had as many school districts as the population appeared to warrant. In Salt Lake County, for instance, there were thirty-six districts, with one hundred eight trustees. The trustees of a district levied the taxes, built the schoolhouse, hired the teachers, bought the supplies and transacted whatever business was necessary to carry on local education.

The result, while better than what went before, was not all that could be desired. There were inequalities, for one thing. Taxes were not the same in all the districts. Hence the teachers' salaries were different in different districts. The school term was shorter in some districts than in others. Therefore, opportunities for education on the part of the children varied. And then, there was more or less waste of effort and money. It was evident that five men could manage the business of, say, ten districts as well, at least, as thirty men. Besides, supplies purchased in large quantities would cost less than the same amount of supplies bought in small quantities.

To remedy this situation, a law was passed authorizing the county commissioners to consolidate the districts in a way that would best promote the cause of education there. Salt Lake County was accordingly made into two school districts — not counting Salt Lake City — the Granite and the Jordan. In this county, which was the first to adopt the idea, consolidation really began before the law was passed in 1905. Weber, Box Elder, Cache, and Sevier Counties soon fell into line, though not without opposition in

Cache County, chiefly on account of the way the movement was effected.

Indeed, there was considerable opposition on the part of many counties until the year 1914. This was because, for the most part, it was feared that the county board of education

Main Buildings of the Agricultural College, Logan

would not look after the interests of the local schools as well as the district trustees. In the end, though, all the counties adopted the idea. Not a county would now go back to the old plan of district schools — which is the best evidence that the new plan works better than the old.

In each county, as at present organized in Utah, there is a central board of education; or, as in Salt Lake County and

some other counties, two central boards, with different jurisdictions. This board has a clerk, who sees to the business affairs of the schools, and a superintendent, who takes care of the educational matters. Usually there are special supervisors — primary, grammar, music, art, and so on.

Thus was revived in education, as early as 1905, the doctrine of coöperation, of which we have heard so much in these pages.

Another idea that has pushed Utah schools one step forward is what is known as the junior high school movement. School training, in order to be effective, must be adapted to the nature and the needs of those who are to be trained. This is one of the fundamentals in education, more and more recognized as the years have come and gone. It has led to the adoption of the junior high school in Utah and elsewhere.

There is a time when boys and girls are mastering the tools of learning. That is, they are getting a knowledge of how to read, how to write, and how to "figure." These attainments used to be known as the "three R's" — reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. During this time, too, it is best that they have one teacher to give them these subjects and that they be in one room for all the periods.

When, however, boys and girls reach the age of twelve, they are no longer children. They now wish to use the tools of learning on such subjects as English, algebra, history, woodwork. It is also desirable — so it is believed — for them to be brought in contact with more than one teacher, each of whom is a sort of specialist in his subject. In most

cases it is well for them to make use of more than one room during the day. This is the origin of the junior high school.

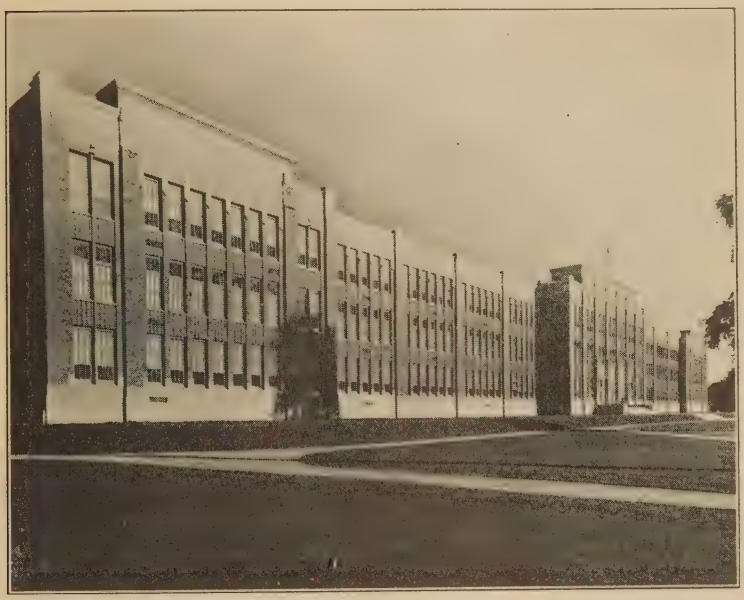
The junior high school takes young people from the age of twelve to the age of fifteen. This covers what, under the old plan, would be called the seventh, the eighth, and the ninth grade. By adopting a plan of procedure giving greater freedom than prevails in elementary grades and less freedom than is enjoyed by secondary grades, the junior high school forms a kind of bridge between the former grade school and the high school.

The Utah educational system recognizes the customary objectives of the junior high school. They are: first, to continue, though in a gradually decreasing amount, the idea of "common" education; second, to find out what pupils' needs are and to satisfy them, if possible; third, to let the pupils practice on subjects, with a view to finding their natural aptitudes; and, fourth, to reveal to pupils the possibilities in the various fields of learning and endeavor.

This is known as the six-three-three plan of public school education — six years for the lower grades, where the pupils stay from six to twelve; three years in the junior high school, which covers the ages twelve to fifteen; and three years in the high school proper, covering the years sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen. The plan, in one form or another, has existed in Utah for the last twenty years. There are now more than a hundred junior high schools in the State. Most of these are in separate buildings; but some are in the same building with the lower grades, although the junior high school method of subjects, teachers, and supervision work is followed.

In Salt Lake City, however, which is a separate educa-

tional unit, the six-three-two plan prevails. It was first put into effect in 1926. A year has been cut out between the first grade and the end of the high school. This has been done "by eliminating all nonessential material, by better organization, and by strengthening the teaching of



THE SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL, SALT LAKE CITY

the fundamental subjects from the beginning up through the seventh grade." It is claimed that this shortening of the school period has saved the city between a hundred twenty-five and a hundred fifty thousand dollars yearly. Also, it is said that the pupils' interest in school is "maintained undiminished at a time when interest is wont to lag."

Utah has a law requiring that boys and girls attend school, whole time or part time, to eighteen years of age. This State is the only one at present (1932) with such a law. There are others with a law approximating it, but none with exactly the same requirements.

Utah Photo Materials Co., Salt Lake City

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Fort Douglas is in the background

Like other states, Utah has undertaken to develop a system of character education in its public schools. Merely to impart knowledge is sometimes to put a tool in the hands of the criminal. Knowledge is power. There is therefore something more needed than a knowledge of facts and prin-

ciples. That something is character, the ability to make the best, instead of the worst, out of life. This was seen very clearly and promptly by our American educational leaders after the World War. A movement began throughout the nation to develop character in the youth, in addition to training the mind and the hand. In this movement Utah has taken an important part. The department of public instruction at the Capitol issued, in 1929, a book of one hundred seventy-six pages on character education, supplemental to the state course of study for elementary and high schools.

"Character education," it is stated by the committee that drew up the plan, "finds its goal in the realization of two ideals — social progress and development of personality." No sectarian instruction, of course, is contemplated as part of the plan. That is forbidden by the State Constitution, which is an expression of public opinion. But an attempt is made to direct the pupils in the public schools to develop their personality and to help them to see that their relationship to others brings with it obligations that must be met by them.

No special course in this subject is provided. That, it was thought, would make character education too formal and, for that reason, ineffective. Besides, it would mean an added subject. So character education has become a *method* rather than a *subject* or a *course*. This method is carried on in connection with the courses of study already provided. Mathematics, for instance, is made, through the way of teaching it, to convey the idea of uniformity of law and of exactness. Two and two make four — not sometimes, but always. The teacher of woodwork, to give another illustra-

tion, by insisting on perfect joinings and straight lines, may instill in the pupil the notion of neatness, as well as exactness, in his work.

But ideals may be transferred from one process of thought and action to another. Thus, when one learns that physical laws are invariable, it is not a long step to the idea that mental and moral laws also are invariable. If certain things are done by a person or a nation, the result is growth in happiness; if their opposites are done, there is degeneration and decay. When this fact becomes known to the pupil and when this knowledge is expressed in habits of thought and conduct, the aims of character education are already in sight, if not actually attained.

This subject is being more and more stressed in the public schools of Utah in this unspectacular, suggestive manner.

Educational affairs in this State are managed by a State Superintendent of Public Instruction. He is an elective officer and, therefore, answerable directly to the people, not to an appointive board. The people of Utah have always been jealous in the matter of the education of their children, and so have not been willing to see this office go out of their hands.

The first state superintendent, as we have seen, was the late Dr. John R. Park. He served from 1896 to 1900. In the interim of two months between his death and the installation of the next elected official, Mrs. Emma J. McVicker was superintendent. She was appointed by Governor Wells.

A. C. Nelson was the second person elected to the office. He served from 1901 to 1913 — a period of thirteen years.

He was elected three times. When he died, Governor Spry appointed A. C. Matheson to the position; he had been assistant superintendent under Nelson. He occupied the place for one year. Mr. Matheson has been connected with the educational office in the Capitol almost continuously for the past nineteen years.

The next superintendent elected was Dr. E. G. Gowans. He had been a practicing physician. He was in office for three years. When he resigned, George N. Child and Leo J. Muir were appointed by Governor Bamberger in succession. Superintendent Child resigned to accept the headship of the Salt Lake City schools.

Dr. George Thomas was the next superintendent. He held the position, however, but six months, for he resigned to become president of the University of Utah. His successor, through appointment, was Dr. C. N. Jensen, who has held the office also two terms (to 1932) by election, and who was reëlected again for four years (to 1936) on November 8, 1932.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

PROBLEMS OF SOCIAL WELFARE

Most human beings can take care of themselves. But some appear not to be able to do so, for one reason or another. The commonest of these reasons are unemployment, sickness, old age, and such physical handicaps as blindness and insanity. Time out of mind these unfortunates have been helped by the church — at least since *New Testament* times. To care for the poor has always been a deep obligation imposed upon the Christian body by its Founder. Until comparatively recent years, "charity work," as it has been improperly termed, was carried on by the church or by men and women who were members of the church or who were imbued with its spirit.

Of late years the social problem has been tackled by the state in America. It has been felt more and more that a man out of a job or socially maladjusted, for any reason, is a liability, not to the church merely, but also to society as a whole. The criminal is a menace to everybody. But the criminal is often made such by his handicaps — physical, mental, financial, or environmental — for which society itself, as it is coming to be clearer ever year, is largely to blame. Society nowadays is so complex and interwoven that, when one of its members suffers, all the members are affected to a degree.

Hence political units — the town, the county, the state, the nation — are now bestirring themselves in the matter. They seek (1) to find out the facts in the situation, (2) to learn the causes that lie back of these facts, and (3) to ascertain just how these causes may be removed. The underlying purpose is not to give individuals what they want, much less what they think they want, but to provide a way by which they may be restored to self-respect and to independence through self-help.

In early Utah things were allowed to go pretty much their own gait. They usually are in new and struggling communities. Nevertheless, something was done to relieve human distress in the Territory. There was really no problem of unemployment. Work was easy to get — not perhaps the kind of work in every case that one would like to do, but work that brought bread to the table. But whenever unemployment appeared, it was taken care of, and some of our modern methods and means were put to good use.

In Brigham City, as we saw elsewhere, public buildings were erected in slack times. In Salt Lake City, Brigham Young provided work in slack seasons, sometimes by having men carry stones from one place to another in the tithing yard and then back again. This, he thought, was better for the man than to give him food outright. That this ideal spread out over the community is evident from what we know of certain cases. One local leader, whenever a newcomer arrived without means of support, went round to the farmers and obtained for him a few days' work in this place, then a few days' work in another place.

As for defectives, no attempt, so far as we have been able to find out, was made to take care of them in early Utah, any more than in other communities similarly situated. Subnormal children, the blind, the maimed, the morons — these were simply unfortunates for whom nothing could be done, at least by the State; they were of no particular concern to the community as such. They were taken care of by their "folks."

The incorrigible boy was given a dose of Carlyle's medicine — "inoculation of ideas through the hide" with a razor strop, which otherwise would have hung idle in those days of heavy beards. Of course exceptions were made of the criminal, for whom jails were built, and of the dangerously insane, for whom presently a "hospital" was erected.

Whatever social work was done in the early years of Utah, however, was done through the religious organizations. The political units did not feel themselves under any obligation in the situation — with certain exceptions to be noted presently.

In a primitive social order, such as prevailed in early Utah, it was not so urgent as at present to grapple firmly with social problems like those mentioned. They were not so large and threatening as now. But there came a time when they were in the fore.

One of the first was the criminal. It was evident that the criminal was not a being that could be handled by the home or the church. He was a problem to be solved by the State. The murderer, the thief, the highwayman, and other "scofflaws" must be taken out of society. That was all that was

necessary. Hence jails and a penitentiary were built. In some of the settlements the jails were without occupants. But that did not matter. They stood there against the time when they might be needed, a menace to evildoers as well as a lesson to the "rising generation." No question was asked as to what to do with men and women who were in prison. They were out of the way — at least for a time. The thing was to see that they did not escape.

Nowadays we look at the matter differently — especially since so many of the prisoners are young. Here, let us say, is a youth in jail. Presently he will be out and next door to us. What will he do? That jail term is going to make it all the harder for him to go straight. So our attention is slowly veering to what to do with the prisoners. Society must answer that question in self-defense. Thus to-day we are grappling with problems unthought of by our forebears — in Utah as elsewhere.

The incorrigible boy sometimes becomes the incorrigible man, and the incorrigible man is headed for the jail. Utah was therefore forced to consider the problem of the "bad" boy and the "bad" girl. The solution was the Industrial School in Ogden, at first called the Reform School. It opened its doors to "students" in 1889.

Earlier than that — in 1885 — the institution now known as the Mental Hospital, but first called bluntly the Insane Asylum, was established in Provo. It was not until 1896 that the present School for the Blind was opened in Ogden, although classes for the blind were held in connection with the University before that. Not until the year 1931 did Utah bring herself abreast of the times, in this respect, by estab-

lishing a School for the Feeble-minded, which is located in American Fork.

These institutions — the Industrial School, the Mental Hospital, the School for the Blind, and the School for the Feeble-minded — are all supported by the State. Almost half a million dollars a year is now required to keep up these four establishments. The buildings for the last one named, in American Fork, cost three hundred thousand dollars. Besides all this, thousands of dollars every year are paid out by the various counties of the State to the aged, to widows, and to the poor.

These institutions and measures are corrective. They take the individual *after* something has gone wrong with him and he needs attention. The fatherly hand of government takes the boy and the girl when they have made a misstep; the blind, when they have lost their sight; the feeble-minded, after their condition has become manifest; the demented, when they show signs of insanity; the aged, the poor, and widows after they have become old, dependent, and husbandless. Much of this work will very likely always be necessary in the state and in the world.

But modern social workers are now stressing preventive institutions and measures. Wherever possible, they work with people *before* they show a tendency to become feeble-minded, or criminal, or dependent. The tendency is clearly and increasingly in this direction of preventing (*prevent* comes from a Latin word meaning *to go before*) the conditions that require attention on the part of the state. At least, scientific methods are applied to social problems by persons who have been trained to use them.

About the year 1910 there came to Salt Lake City a man by the name of M. M. Woods. He was with the Salvation Army. This man had been to college. He had fought in some war or other, where he had acquired the title of "captain." Captain Woods had a deep interest in social work. He sincerely believed that the thing most needed by the class that require social attention was religion. Later he revised his views in this respect. He discovered that his methods of giving, as well as those practiced by others, were creating professional beggars. These went around from minister to minister and from bishop to bishop, from whose gifts they waxed fat. Therefore, Captain Woods, warily forehanded in his intelligent ways, concluded that what was most immediately needed at that time was facts, information, a card index on the "indigents."

He proceeded to organize a group of people to handle the situation. It was called the Salt Lake Charity Association. Dr. T. B. Beatty was president. Presently (another forehanded idea of the Captain's) it appeared that there ought to be a survey made in Salt Lake City. It should be made by one who understood how to make it. So Francis H. McClean, field secretary of the American Association for Organizing Social Work, was brought here for the purpose — a guarantee that the work would be well done.

Out of this Salt Lake Charity Association came the Family Service. This organization gave relief only to transients, its purpose being to collect information for the use of such organizations as were doing charity work. A long step forward was taken in 1912 when the Charity Organization Society was created, which consisted of representatives from

the churches and other associations engaged in any kind of social work. Two years later this organization acquired funds with which to employ a secretary.

Meanwhile, there emerged in Salt Lake City other organizations in social service work. The Orphans' Home and Day Nursery, now the Children's Service Society, came into existence as far back as 1884. In 1886 it received the first of its legislative appropriations — five hundred dollars. It began by merely taking care of children, but now it places them in homes, after first ascertaining that conditions there are what they ought to be.

About the year 1910, the Playground and Recreation Association was organized, chiefly through the efforts of Mrs. C. E. Allen. Its purpose, as the name indicates, was to take children off the streets and to supervise their play. This was really the first attempt in Salt Lake City to get together a group of people with a definite welfare aim, instead of friendship, to bind them. In this organization were such public-spirited persons as Bishop Franklin S. Spaulding, of the Episcopal church, John D. Spencer, Elizabeth Hayward, and Kate Williams. Later it was taken over by the city.

Then, as time passed, other organizations were effected — the Neighborhood House, a replica in small of the one established in Chicago by Jane Addams; chapters of the Red Cross, which specializes in relief work; the Utah Tuberculosis Association, which also specializes; the Boy Scouts of America, which aims to give training for manhood; and other organizations with social welfare purposes.

The State of Utah, as well as most of the counties and

some of the cities, have for years conducted public health departments. These see to it that our milk is wholesome, that our garbage is carried away at stated intervals, that quarantine signs are put up when they ought to be, and so on.

Not a little of this Social work is done by the Relief Societies of the L. D. S. Church. Inasmuch as there is one of these organizations in every town in the State, the Society furnishes a ready and effective means through which to convey information and to work. The effectiveness of the Sheppard-Towner (Federal Maternity and Infancy) Act in Utah as engineered by our State Public Health Department, is due largely to this widespread organization.

What Utah needs now more than anything else, according to social workers, is a public welfare board, such as all but three states have created. This will coördinate the social work throughout the State and direct its operations in channels of economy and effectiveness, somewhat as the Community Chest does in Salt Lake City. Such a board has been recommended by the Conference on Child Welfare.

CHAPTER FORTY

LITERARY HIGH-WATER MARKS

There are two underlying phases of life as we know it: One of these concerns itself with the bread-and-butter problem. We must have food to eat, clothes to wear, and houses to shelter us from the heat of summer and the cold of winter. But, in the pursuit of these things, there grow up a great many kinds of work. The farm, the dairy, the canning factory supply us with various sorts of food; the cotton fields, the sheep pastures, the weaving mills, and the tailoring establishments furnish us with different kinds of wearing apparel; and the forests, the sawmills, and the cabinet shops give us what we need in the way of places to live in, and of furniture.

Since, however, some things that we want are grown or made in other parts of the world than where we live, there springs up a need for means of communication between us and others and of conveyance of things from one place to another. In answer to this need, we have the postal service, the printing press, the paper mill, the telegraph, the steamship, the railroad, the telephone, the automobile, the airplane, the radio, and many other means.

These all minister to our material wants. But there is another side to our nature. In its broadest sense, it is the

spiritual. Somehow we feel an urge to satisfy our various higher wants. There are, first of all, dancing and the pageant. Instinctively we love rhythm in the graceful sway of the body, and this form also is artistic when there is no base purpose. Then there are drawing, painting, and sculpture. We take delight in reproducing nature and man with pencil, brush, or chisel, or in transferring to canvas or marble the picture in our imagination, so that we and others may see them with the physical eyes. In addition, there is music, through which, whether with the voice or with some musical instrument of our invention, we express our emotions. Finally, there is literature, as found in the essay, the drama, the story, the poem, or the history of what man has done.

These activities of the mind and the hand are not at all useful, in the sense in which the work of the carpenter, the mechanic, or the salesman is useful. But they are quite necessary, if we are to live a full life. They minister to our sense for beauty and truth, to something in us that sees with the spiritual eye.

Utah has not been lacking in this higher form of expression. But in casting up the value of what has been done in this field, we must bear in mind two things:

First, Utah is a young commonwealth. It is not yet a hundred years old, and a hundred years is a very short time in the life of a people. At least, this State is very young as compared with, say, Massachusetts, Virginia, or even Indiana, not to mention England, France, or Russia. Then, too, the population of Utah is small — only a half million or so people.

Second, our commonwealth is not yet out of the period of struggle for material things. Food, clothing, shelter, physical comforts — these come before books, pictures, music. That has been true everywhere. The "man with the hoe" is not thinking about building a song, a poem, or a piece of sculpture. His mind is on getting weeds out, on the matter of irrigation, on the possibility of getting a crop, so that he shall not starve. It is only the second or the third generation that has leisure to work upon artistic expression. That is the general rule. Anyway, this has been true in Utah.

Utah is one of the richest fields for literary, musical, and artistic *ores* to be found in America, and some day, when the material struggle does not press so hard on the spirit, these potential mines will be developed with sympathy and understanding and art.

In literature the output in Utah, from the beginning until now, has been meager, considering the large number of persons who have taken up the pen. That is due, perhaps, to the fact that Utah writers, as a rule, have been didactic. They have been anxious to say something, rather than to say it beautifully. Besides, the cultivation of literature demands leisure, freedom from the worries of the bread-and-butter problem; and that was not to be had in early Utah.

Parley P. Pratt, who died in 1857, had the poet's soul, but not the poet's training or artistic environment. Hence his writings, both in prose and verse, had too little restraint and careful phrasing. His brother, Orson Pratt, who lived until 1881, had high literary talent without being aware of it.

He possessed the fine clarity, logic, and compactness of style in his prose (he wrote no verse) that we find in such men as Thomas Huxley and our own American, William James — without, however, their imaginative qualities.

In the seventies a literary school tried to get itself established in Utah. It comprised such men as Edward W. Tullidge, T. B. H. Stenhouse, and E. L. T. Harrison — men of pronounced literary gifts. These found an avenue for expression in books, in the editorship of newspapers, and in a new magazine of great promise, which soon died, however, for want of patronage.

Undoubtedly the ablest of the trio was Tullidge. A number of books came from his hand — all on Utah subjects, mostly biography and history. He wrote one play, which was produced on the stage locally by no less an actress than the beautiful Julia Dean Hayne, who was here for several months and who endeared herself to the theater lovers. It was called "Eleanor de Vere."

Three names stand out in the literary history of Utah thus far. They are Sarah E. Carmichael, Alfred Lambourne, and Orson F. Whitney. All of them were poets.

"Our Lizzie," as Sarah Carmichael was affectionately known by her people, was born in New York State. She came here with her parents when she was about fourteen years of age. That was in 1852. After the death of the father, the widowed mother took in boarders. One of them was a certain Dr. Josiah Williamson. He had come to Utah with General Connor in 1862. He won the hand of the young poetess. One reason for the marriage, it appears, was that a wider field for her talents might be opened. But

that was only a mirage, for presently darkness fell upon her and the black cloud never lifted. She died in 1901, almost twenty years after her husband.

Meantime (before her marriage) she had attracted no little attention by her verses. These appeared chiefly in newspapers. Some of them must have reached the eyes of William Cullen Bryant, for he printed one of them in a collection which he made of American poetry. It was her "Stolen Sunbeam," an imaginative description of how gold came to be.

In truth, Sarah Carmichael possessed rare poetic talent. She spurned the purely didactic verse so common in Utah at the time, and reached out for beauty and freshness in her choice of subjects and in her treatment of them. Some titles will give a clue to her point of view: "Moonrise on the Wasatch," for instance, and "April Flowers." Her "Stolen Sunbeam" begins like this:

> There's a light that burns with a quenchless glow,
> In the wide, deep caverns of earth below;
> Like the fire that lives on the Parsee's shrine
> Is the amber torch of the lighted mine.
> Burning forever, stealthily bright;
> Flickering never, a changeless light;
> Proud and passionless, still and fair;
> Burning forever without a glare;
> Burning forever, so still and deep,
> A quenchless flame in a dreamless sleep;
> And Time's broad ocean may roll its waves
> While space hath room for the centuries' graves,
> It hath not billows to dim the shrine
> Of the wizard fagot that lights the mine.

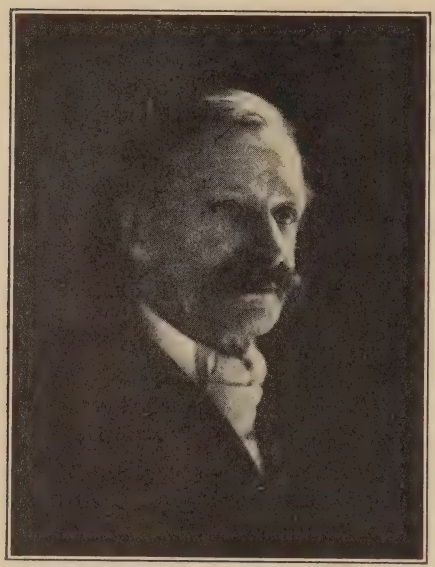
It is interesting, although not very profitable, to speculate on what might have come from Sarah Carmichael, if her light had not been dimmed. The "Stolen Sunbeam" surely was full of promise.

Utah waited a long time for her next poet, but when he came the wait was worth while. Alfred Lambourne was born in England. On coming to America the family settled in St. Louis. It was not until 1866 that they reached Utah. Alfred was sixteen at the time. Even then he kept a diary, in which he set down the events that happened on the way. There were seventy-five wagons in the train, with something over three hundred oxen — a typical pioneer company. Not only did he keep a diary, but he made pencil sketches of the principal features along the route — a prairie fire, some bluffs on the Platte River, a buffalo herd, Chimney Rock, a grave by the wayside, and a moonlight scene in Echo Canyon.

All these, together with a running description of them in an easy, graceful style, the artist published in 1897, and a copy was presented to every pioneer of 1847 who was alive at the time of the 1897 jubilee. The volume, bound in flexible leather, was called *The Old Journey.*

For many years Lambourne was a scene painter in the Salt Lake Theater. With C. R. Savage, a Salt Lake photographer of handsome figure and Paderewski hair, he went into Southern Utah with paint pot and brushes. He came back with the first sketches of the wonders in Zion's Canyon made by any artist. Later he accompanied Ottinger, Culmer, and others to the Uintah country among what was then known as the Grizzly Bear group of lakes — to which the artists gave names.

Many of the scenes visited on these and other trips (for Lambourne was an inveterate hiker and traveler) are preserved for us in scores of paintings and verbal descriptions. In the eighties he preëmpted Gunnison Island, out in Salt Lake, built a cabin on it, and lived there on and off for the next few years. No one knew better or loved more that body of salt water, its moods and colors, with the overhanging sky, than did Alfred Lambourne. In another chapter we shall have something to say of him as an artist. Out of this hermit existence we get his *Inland Sea* and many paintings of the lake.



Alfred Lambourne

Lambourne's life may be divided into three periods. In the first he was finding himself. The second he devoted assiduously to art. In the last he almost abandoned art for the pen. And it is this last period with which we are more concerned here. His first book appeared in 1889. It was *Pine Branches and Sea Weed* — a characteristic title. Some of the chapter headings in this volume indicate the new type of writer that had sprung up in Utah: "Mountain Night Storm," "In Mariposa Grove," "Spring-

time on the Seashore — a Red-letter Day" — the more remarkable when we consider that the work is in prose.

Among his publications in verse are: *Holly and Easter Lilies* (a collection of sonnets about his wife who had died), which he later reprinted under the title, *The Cross; A Lover's Book of Sonnets;* and *The Rose,* a work of incomparable beauty. His chief prose works include *The Inland Sea,* already mentioned; *Plet: A Novel;* and *The Old Journey.*

Alfred Lambourne's writings will compare favorably, in quantity and quality, with those of any of our American poets, except perhaps the Cambridge group, Walt Whitman, and Edgar Allan Poe, whom he loved and understood. But Lambourne was exceptional in this: He was a poet, a writer of good prose, and an artist — a combination without parallel in American literature.

His prose is graceful, easy, and full of charm; his verse is characterized by exquisite taste, beauty of imagery, and melody; of his art we shall speak elsewhere.

Here is a tender bit from *The Old Journey:*

Ah! here is a sad, dark sketch — "Left by the Roadside." The tall, rank growth and a low, half-sunken headboard are dark against the sky in which lingers yet, a red flush of the twilight. Two or three stars shed their paly rays from afar, and one feels that the silence is unbroken by even the faintest sigh of wind. But certainly there will come one soon, a long, shivering, almost moanlike sound, as the wind creeps stealthily across the waste and gently stirs the prairie grass and flowers.

Countless in numbers almost were those silent witnesses of death by the way. The mounds were to be seen in all imagi-

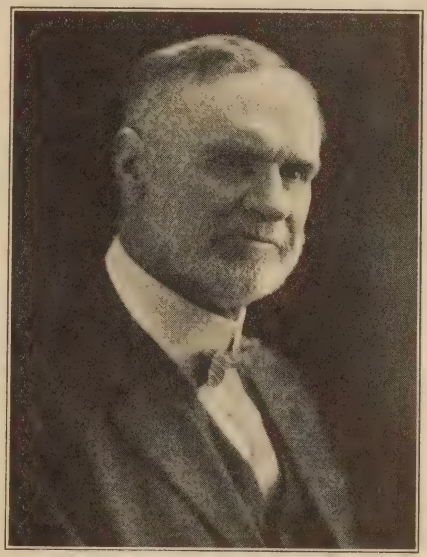
nable places. Each day we passed them, singly or in groups; and sometimes, nay, often, one of our own company was left behind to swell the number. By the banks of streams, on grassy hillocks, in the sands, beneath groves of trees, or among piles of rock, the graves were dug.

One remains in my mind as a very soothing little picture — a child's grave, and it was screened around with a thicket of wild rose that leaned lovingly over it, while the mound itself was overgrown with moss. I fancied that the parents of that child, were they yet living, would like to have seen how daintily nature had decked the last bed of their loved one.

Perhaps there is nothing that better expresses Lambourne's wealth of imagery, or his insight into nature, or his sense for rhythm than his poem, *The Rose.* The published work is an exact reproduction of the manuscript, as he wrote it in his own hand, with decorations of his favorite flower in numberless positions. Here are some stanzas:

> Behold the Rose! Ah, peerless is the Rose!
> Within her heart a magic deep there hides;
> But unto me its riches now disclose —
> O love, I've learned the secret there abides!
>
> Of love triumphant, love's exhaustless pain,
> Behold the Rose a symbol and a sign!
> Let no rough hand with vandal touch, profane
> The Rose whose beauty makes its life divine!
>
> Lo! now the Rose's scented petal gleams,
> By splendid day or in night's silent noon,
> All crimson-flushed beneath the sun's hot beams,
> Or teared with dew when comes the summer moon!

Orson F. Whitney was the antithesis of Alfred Lambourne. Large of stature, he was in striking contrast with the diminutive figure of his fellow poet. Yet the contrast was even greater in the subjects of their poetry and the manner of treatment. Whitney was more interested in what he thought; Lambourne, in what he saw and felt. The one looked for beauty in truth; the other, for beauty in form.



ORSON F. WHITNEY

Whitney wrote a poem, one of his earliest, about a gem. He tells how the jewel was trampled upon by the great, whose eyes were "on the distant main," but picked up and polished by a child playing on the beach. Now, had Lambourne written on the same subject, he would have been content to describe the rough diamond and his feelings at finding it.

Yet Orson F. Whitney was a typical product of Utah. Only, he stood for other things in the community than did Lambourne. Also he wrote for another class. Things by themselves had no interest for him; they had value only as they were related to other things, particularly to truth.

Always he looked for the hidden back of the seen, for truth behind phenomena.

Accordingly, his verse as well as his prose (for he wrote both) partook of the nature of the didactic. That is, they aimed to teach directly rather than by suggestion. He wrote a history of Utah in four volumes, which he later condensed into a single book of nearly six hundred pages.

His chief poetic works are: *Poems, Elias: An Epic of the Ages,* and *Love and the Light: An Idyl of the West.* The first comprises his early efforts to cultivate the Muse; the other two are religious poems in the style of Milton's longer epics. That is, they aim at a high theme and treat that theme in a dignified style.

The following illustrates both the subjects he liked and the manner in which he dealt with them:

> When was it great to loom 'mid glittering show?
> To sit in highest seat — is that to shine?
> Largeness or littleness, or high or low,
> Has but to breathe, and straightway he is known.
> What speech conceals, the spirit manifests.
> Fame, place, power, title, find a proper use,
> And rightfully demand all reverence due;
> But envy not the empty lot of him
> Who, winning without merit, wins in vain.

And here is another short selection from the same work — *Elias* — in another vein.

> A stranger star that came from far,
> To fling its silver ray,
> Where, cradled in a lowly cave,
> A lowlier infant lay;

And led by soft sidereal light,
The Orient sages bring
Rare gifts of gold and frankincense,
To greet the homeless King.

He wandered through the faithless world,
A prince in shepherd guise;
He called his scattered flock, but few
The voice did recognize;
For minds upborne by hollow pride,
Or dimmed by sordid lust,
Ne'er look for kings in beggar's garb,
For diamonds in the dust.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

HIGH LIGHTS IN ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, AND ART

What was said in the beginning of the preceding chapter should be borne in mind here: Utah is young in years, small in population, and comparatively unused to the tools of the cultural side of life. In architecture, in music, and in art, as in literature, it has made only a beginning, and it must be left to time and the special critic to determine just how important its first efforts are in these fields when measured by ultimate standards.

Early Utah seems not to have had any men who had specialized in architecture. There was an abundance of craftsmen, and this fact colors and conditions all that was done here in the building line. Perhaps the nearest to a professional architect that early Utah had was E. L. T. Harrison. He came from London, England, just after the Salt Lake Theater had been started, and was appointed to assist William H. Folsom in its construction.

Among the early builders in the Territory, besides Harrison and Folsom, were such men as Truman O. Angell, Elias Morris, John Parry, Henry Grow, William Asper, William Penney, and Shadrach Jones.

Angell was a carpenter and joiner, and had superintended the building of the Temple in Nauvoo, Illinois. Morris, an

immigrant from Wales, worked in stone and brick. He it was, as may be remembered, who built the first sugar factory in Utah. John Parry designed the Temple in Logan. Grow suggested the plan for the Salt Lake Tabernacle, after the Remington principle which he had applied in a bridge across

CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL

the Jordan river. Asper and Penney were stair makers, the former from Pennsylvania and the latter from England. Jones, a Welshman, was a stonemason.

Very naturally the early buildings in Utah took the form in which these craftsmen had previously worked. They had worked mostly in wood. When, therefore, adobe, rock, and

brick were used, the buildings sometimes took on the forms that were intended for the softer materials. This accounts for the design of the Salt Lake Temple, which was planned by Angell. These builders had all come to Utah either from the East or directly from "the Old Country," where the colonial style of the Georgian era prevailed.

Utah, therefore, abounds in old buildings of the colonial type, with such modifications usually as suggested themselves in the new environment. Some private homes of this style may be found in Bountiful, Willard, and elsewhere. Examples of public edifices of this type are the old Social Hall, in Salt Lake City, and the old Court House, in Fillmore. This latter building, in which some of the early sessions of the Utah Legislature were held, has lately been remodeled and made the official home of some interesting relics of early Utah.

The Salt Lake Temple, as already stated, is rock in the style of wood. Historically the Temple is interesting in that a building of such massive, substantial, and majestic proportions should have been erected by a community so numerically small and so poor as it was at the time the work was begun and during its earlier stages.

More in keeping with its surroundings, physically and emotionally, is the Tabernacle — that is, architecturally at least. It belongs in its setting. There is a direct application of the stylistic principle that form must conserve function. Also it is simple in its lines — another principle of sound architecture.

To-day Utah has a considerable number of trained architects, who have expressed their art in many costly private

and public buildings over all the State — chapels, churches, cathedrals, libraries, private residences.

Utah communities have always cultivated music. This has been due mainly to the religious impulse, which finds in this medium a simple and expressive outlet, but partly also because there is a large sprinkling of people in most of the communities from the singing nations.

Up almost to the present time, when there are numberless diversions in the way of entertainment, the Tabernacle choir has been the center of music in Utah. The choir has at times numbered as many as five hundred voices. And then there was the Tabernacle organ, which continues to be one of the largest and sweetest-toned instruments of its kind in the world.

The choir had its beginning with such trained masters of the baton as Charles J. Thomas and George Careless. It reached its peak of size and renown, however, under the direction of Evan Stephens. Stephens was a Welsh immigrant, was reared in Willard, was altogether self-taught, and possessed unusual native ability.

At present the choir numbers three hundred voices. It is directed by Anthony C. Lund, a technically trained musician. The national broadcasts of the choir and the organ, in classic music and in simple hymns, have brought laurels to both. Some of these broadcasts have reached England by the short wave.

Undoubtedly the outstanding organist from the beginning was the late John J. McClellen. He had both exceptional native ability and long training in the best schools of America

and Europe. His finest and most natural form of expression on the organ was in what is known among professionals as "mixing colors" or "registration." He possessed a knowledge of "combination stops" to a degree that bordered on genius. Whether he played the classics or the simple song or hymn arranged by himself, often improvised, or whether he gave a recital to children or grownups or the royalty of Europe, as he did on several occasions, he was always interesting. Herein lay his supreme gift.

Besides Evan Stephens, the director and composer, there were such musicians as A. C. Smyth and Anton Pederson. Smyth, whose activities were mostly confined to Sanpete County, was a composer as well as a director. Some of the best hymn music produced in Utah was composed by him. His music was usually dignified and sonorous. Pederson, who lived in Salt Lake City, was a fellow pupil in Norway of the great composer Grieg. He made a specialty of orchestral and male chorus work, in which he excelled. His directing of the male chorus was considered the "last word" in this kind of musical ability.

Arthur Shepherd is one of the outstanding composers of Utah. For several years he was a member of the faculty of the Conservatory of Music in Boston. Now, however, he is musical director in the Northwestern University at Cleveland, Ohio. He has composed a number of symphonic works, one of which — "Horizons" — was lately performed in New York City. In musical circles it is the most-talked-of symphony written in America, and is highly praised by critics.

The most widely known Utah violinist is Willard Weihe. During the Exposition held in San Francisco in 1915, when

the Tabernacle choir sang there and Weihe played, he was acclaimed by musical critics as the "Mormon Ysaye."

Among the singers, Charles S. Kent, Heber S. Goddard, and Emma Lucy Gates-Bowen deserve mention. Kent was

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SALT LAKE CITY

chief tenor in the Lew Dockstader traveling minstrels, once famous in the United States. Goddard, who sang with great success in Queen's Hall, London, was a brilliant baritone. Mrs. Bowen, after having received preliminary experience in home operas, won international fame with her flexible light soprano voice.

It is probably not too much to say that Utah has done more in art than in any other form of artistic expression. This is remarkable when we take into consideration all the circumstances. The beginnings of art in Utah are interesting.

Among the first Utah artists were George M. Ottinger, Daniel Weggeland, Henry Maiben, William Morris, A. C. A. Christensen, John Tullidge, and Alfred Lambourne.

Weggeland and Christensen were from Denmark, Maiben and Tullidge and Lambourne came from England, Morris hailed from Wales. Ottinger was the only one that was American-born. But, while his birth state was Pennsylvania, he was in reality a "citizen of the world." He had run away from home when he was a boy and gone to sea, to avoid being turned into a physician.

Not one of this group ever studied in Paris. Indeed, it was against their principles to do so. Study under the masters cramped one's individuality or hindered its development. To be an artist one had to be free from the leading strings of any other artist. All one needed was to have the artist soul, to go out and observe nature in her many-colored moods, and then to set down what he saw there, giving it his own interpretation. Only thus was it possible to express individuality on the canvas. That was their theory.

On the whole, the work of these men may be dismissed — excepting that of the versatile Lambourne, who knew the secrets of the sky, the sea, and rocks. But their influence carried over into another and greater period of Utah art and culture. That was their greatest contribution to the life of

their community. For these men were artists at heart. They loved nature and art. They possessed the spirit of the artist. Besides, they worked incessantly, not only to perfect their art, but to create an appreciation of art in others.

Every now and then they would hold an art exhibition in Salt Lake City. Here they hung their own pictures and whatever pictures they could borrow from such wealthy patrons of art as the Walker brothers, Jennings, and Hooper. Occasionally they sold one of their own paintings. A youth, just then thinking earnestly of taking up art as a profession, says that once he saw "Jack" Gillmore pay John Tullidge one hundred dollars, in five gold pieces, for a picture in one of these exhibitions.

Much of the work of these artists will remain, however, for it was put on the walls of the St. George, Logan, and Manti temples. They painted also in the Salt Lake Theater, but that building is now torn down. Later the Mormon Church sent four men away to study, with a view to decorating the Salt Lake Temple — John Hafen, Edwin Evans, Loris Pratt, and J. B. Fairbanks.

The next group begins with John Hafen. Hafen, in fact, forms a good connecting link between the old group and the new; for although he studied abroad, he was in Paris but a year and was for the most part self-taught. Better, perhaps, than any other Utah artist, he stands for the idea that, in order to be an artist in the true sense, one must devote one's self to the work in a spirit that sacrifices everything else. Nothing could drag him away from his art work, even when it meant hunger to stay with it. His sweet, gentle spirit responded best to the quiet moods of nature.

The later group includes, to name only a few, such artists as James T. Harwood, Edwin Evans, Lee Greene Richards, A. B. Wright, Mary Teasdel, Rose Hartwell, Mahonri M. Young, Cyrus E. Dallin, L. A. Ramsey, Will Clawson — the older members of the profession.

Harwood is the dean of art in Utah. His first ventures were in figures, but later he turned to landscapes. Evans's work, which is chiefly landscape, is characterized by strength. Richards specializes in portraits, although he does landscapes, too. Miss Teasdel works in landscapes, groups of flowers, and miniatures. Miss Hartwell does figures and miniatures. Wright finds his best expression in figures. Clawson is a portrait painter.

Young and Dallin are sculptors, although the former also paints. Young has won national, and Dallin international, fame in sculpture. The Seagull monument, on Temple Grounds, in Salt Lake City, is the work of Young. Dallin's fame rests chiefly on his figures of the American native.

Utah artistic achievements, whatever their value or in whatever field, have been attained under extremely adverse conditions, especially during the earlier periods. These conditions were due primarily to the almost complete absence of wealthy men here and to a small population. Few public buildings and private residences that demanded large expenditures were erected. Hence there was little encouragement for men and women to study architecture.

Literature lagged for the same reason. The only Utah magazines were religious, and their circulation was extremely

limited. Also the emphasis was on substance rather than form. Most of the books published, too, were limited to a few thousand. For many years writing, except for newspapers, was a side line, and done *gratis*.

Painting and sculpture were even worse off. There was almost no demand for the work of the artist, except in such

St. Paul's, Salt Lake City

places as the Salt Lake Theater and the temples. No wonder most of the artists have had to take up teaching as a means of living. The Utah Art Institute, which came into existence in 1899, helped somewhat to popularize art by offering a prize for the best product and by holding art exhibits yearly. Also the collection of pictures in Springville, the birthplace of Dallin, points in the same direction.

One of the art forces in later Utah has been Alice Merrill Horne. In the State Legislature she succeeded in getting bills passed fostering art here. Also she has done much in inducing high schools throughout the State to purchase works of art by home artists.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

UTAH'S OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

Now that we have come to the end of our historical journey, it may be well to pause here to ask the question: Just what has the commonwealth of Utah, in its eighty-six years of struggle for social and economic independence, contributed to life in the United States?

We are sometimes told that Utah originated the idea of modern irrigation, of dry farming, and of the cultivation of the sugar beet on irrigated soil. Indeed, there is some truth in the statement. But as a matter of fact, if we were to deny that this is so, we should still have to say that Utah *developed* the arts of irrigation, of dry farming, and of beet growing on irrigated land; that it meantime worked out some foundational principles of organization and practice in these fields, which have been of use to farmers elsewhere. Especially has this been the case in beet growing and in irrigation.

Utah, however, has done something bigger and more fundamental than farm processes in furnishing a conspicuous example of farm group life reared on the foundation of the religious spirit. This it is that has provided the groundwork and the stimulus for a coöperative effort without parallel in any other rural community in America.

In singling out the religious spirit as the social and eco-

nomic basis of country life in Utah, we do not, of course, have in mind any theological dogmas. On the contrary, we are thinking only of the essential social and ethical teachings of the great philosopher of the *Gospels* as they have affected farm life in this State.

Farming in Western America may be roughly divided into four social and economic periods. There is, first, the period of the *pioneer*. The life of the Western pioneer generally was marked by two characteristics — strong individualism and strong emotionalism. Alone he built his log cabin, cleared his land, planted and harvested and marketed his crops, and reared his family. All this grew out of his independence, his self-reliance. His emotionalism found expression chiefly in the religious revival that swept over the settlements once or twice a year.

There is, second, the period of the *farmer*, strictly so-called. Not only did the farmer till the soil during this period, but he lived on it, and developed there a certain type of life which we have come to associate with the name. It was a period of soil robbery. A piece of ground was cultivated till it ran out, and then another piece was sought for cultivation. Still individualistic and emotional, the farmer of this period showed a tendency for organization, for coöperation. Instead of a pastor visiting the farmers of a given locality once in a while and delivering a "message," there sprang up a church, with a Sunday school, in which were departments for infancy, adolescence, and middle age, and special organizations for the young people.

There is, third, the period of the *exploiter*. Land was

bought and sold, not on the basis of life values, but rather on the basis of money values. This condition, which signaled its presence by a rapid increase in the price of land, resulted in the retired farmer, on the one hand, and in the tenant farmer, on the other. The exploiter builded no community, established no church, was not interested in the farm group, except as it brought him money.

Finally, there is the period of the *scientific farmer*. This is the period of the country school, with its departments in chemistry and physics and farming; of the agricultural college, with its experts in soil analysis and its practical guidance of the farmer; of the Four-H clubs and other similar organizations, which create and stimulate farm interests in the youth of both sexes. Also it is the period of aloofness from the church (which teaches the farmer to "submit to the will of God" when his crops fail) instead of encouraging him to look for the cause of the failure, as the educators do, and instead of helping him to alter his methods of soil cultivation.

These four periods are not sharply drawn, to be sure, especially as between the last two, nor do they begin and end at the same time in all communities. But they serve to mark off the various phases of farm life as these have manifested themselves in Western America successively.

Meanwhile, two ideas have pushed themselves into the foreground of the agricultural picture in America. One of these is the tremendous importance of the farm in our civilization. Upon the shoulders of one third of America's population — the rural part — rests the great burden of feeding the nation. When, therefore, the farmers quit

producing, the men and women and children of the nation will quit eating. More and more, therefore, the problem comes to the front: What can be done to preserve the farm?

The second of these ideas is the immense value, not of the farm merely, but of the farm group life. Rural life presents a distinct type. Certainly it is different from that to be found in the large city. The men and women who live on the farms throughout America are, as a rule, more stable, more serious-minded, more religious at heart than those who live in the crowded centers of population. But what with the retired farmer, the tenant farmer, the corporation farmer, and the absentee landlord, group life on the farm is threatened as never before.

Rural community life in Utah has all along been different in its fundamental features from that elsewhere in the United States, not excepting even the Quaker settlements in New York State, the Scotch-Presbyterian group in Illinois, and the Germans in parts of Pennsylvania, of whom much has been said of late years in agricultural circles.

To be sure, there have been some things in common between the rural communities in Utah and farm groups generally in the West during the periods mentioned above. There have, of course, been wasteful methods, although not to the same extent, in the cultivation of the soil. There has been a gradual decrease in the yield per acre, owing to the lack of soil replenishment. There has also been a tendency in the direction of corporation farming, as seen in the fact that, according to the census for 1930, there are now in Utah nine thousand corporation farms. There has been

a similar increase in the number of tenant farmers — three thousand in 1930. Finally, there has been an increase in the size of the average farm from around thirty acres in 1869 to a trifle more than two hundred seven acres in 1930.

Utah Photo Materials Co., Salt Lake City

MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY

But there has been more difference than resemblance between what we find in rural Utah, these last three quarters of a century, and what we find in rural communities elsewhere, and that difference is at bottom the spirit of religion.

Religion has lain in the heart of country life in Utah from the beginning until now. It was what brought the people to Utah in the first place, not a desire to better their material

conditions, much less the spirit of adventure. In every settlement, accordingly, the very first public building to go up was the "meetinghouse," which was intended primarily for purposes of worship. And there all the activities of the community, individual and social, centered directly or indirectly.

Was there a school to be established? Its first home was always the meetinghouse, if the settlement had existed long enough to have one. Was there a political gathering, so that the group might have civic officers? It was held in the church, which as likely as not was of logs and without a steeple. Was there a local dramatic company, organized to present plays for the community's entertainment? The actors practiced in the meetinghouse and appeared there before the public. Was there a dancing party, where old and young might forget their cares? The church was given over temporarily to the "committee on amusements." The dance always opened and closed with prayer.

That was in early Utah — say, up to the time of statehood. In these days of comparative prosperity almost every rural community has not only a meetinghouse (it is oftener called the "chapel" now, however), with an amusement room annexed, but also a schoolhouse and a town hall on the public square. The country church in Utah is still the center of social activity, in addition to being the religious center in the community.

One church, usually, Utah has had in her farm communities all along, not two or more, as in the majority of rural communities in America. And this fact has counted powerfully for social and economic unity of action. Some recent writers

on farm life in the United States (Warren H. Wilson, for instance, in his *Evolution of the Country Community*) complain of the divided effect, economically and socially speaking, of having more than one church in a rural community; and Mr. Wilson mentions the fact that in one Western community of four hundred persons there are six different churches. Disunion in social and economic matters has not often resulted from this cause in Utah.

The habit of acting together in religious affairs, very naturally, carried over first into social concerns and then into economic. Individualism never was strong in Utah country life. Training and habit were all for coöperation. And as for emotionalism, it was distributed over three hundred sixty-five days of the year rather than confined to two or three occasions during the year.

At first, as we have seen in the preceding pages, both private residences and public buildings were erected by community effort. This was so, too, with the first factories. All the largest irrigation projects were carried on by public rather than private enterprise. In every community, moreover, was a bin filled with wheat, kept over from one year to another, against a possible time of want. This was the work of the women's organization, known as the Relief Society.

Rural life in Utah has usually, until late years, been recruited through preaching. Missionaries went for their church into various sections of the United States, into Canada, and into European countries; their converts "gathered" to the central place, which was Salt Lake City; and from here they were distributed among the settlements, where they

made use of whatever experience and technical skill they may have had, to the betterment of the community economically. The missionaries, too, when they returned home, enriched the group life to which they belonged by their contacts with people and ideas outside the territory. Always this enrichment was social, but often it was economic as well.

Just as the habits of the rural folk in Utah, both social and economic, led in the direction of coöperative effort, so their habit was to look for guidance from a leadership in whom they had confidence. This, so far as it concerned economic direction, was a transference of the religious ideal of "obedience."

Brigham Young did not hesitate about giving his people "advice" regarding social and economic affairs, as well as religious. As soon as the Utah commonwealth reached the point where it had a surplus of products, he endeavored to find a suitable outside market for them. We have seen that he brought into existence a chain of coöperative stores extending from Logan to St. George.

In later years Wilford Woodruff, who was for twenty-five years president of what is now the Utah State Fair Association, suggested the organization of a company to produce sugar from the beet. There is no doubt, in view of the evidence then available, that the men who planted beets those first years, as well as those who furnished the money for the enterprise, did so on the ground of his religious leadership rather than his business judgment.

And so the habit of Utah farmers, as a rule, has been to follow religious leaders. This is why, perhaps, farm organizations have succeeded better in Utah than they have in other

States, where they have had to fight against the current of individualism. The evidence of this is the success that has attended the poultry association in particular.

Thus the people in rural Utah have sought to solve their economic problems through the spirit of religion. Whether this solution of the problem of rural life will have any influence in a general way in the United States remains for the future to reveal. It is certain that the attention of students of the farm group life is directed more and more to the religious phase of country life.

"Social division," says Wilson in a striking passage, "is the impending danger which threatens the future of the American farmer. . . . The permanence of rural populations depends upon the social unity of the farmers in the community. The highest expression of this social unity is the farmer's religion. Worship thus becomes a symbol of agricultural prosperity."

And Professor Carver, of Harvard University, assures us that "the best farmers in the country are the Mormons, the Scotch Presbyterians, and the Pennsylvania Germans" — all of whom are bottomed, in their agricultural life, in the spirit of religion.

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